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WHAT MAKES AN AMERICAN

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IT is strange that the only common denominator accepted by all people to-day should be the one which most assuredly prevents them from living in peace with one another. That denominator is nationalism, the strongest single motive which inspires the action of modern men.

To define precisely what nationalism means to each individual would fill a volume. A Frenchman once said that nationalism is a certain number of illusions shared by a group of men and women concerning their origin, combined with a common hatred for any other group of men and women sharing another set of illusions. To most people, however, it is something much more noble than that because it represents an extension of the natural love of man for the country where he was born. It implies devotion, duties, and sacrifices under the general assumption that there is some sort of sacred link between each man and a definite spot on the planet.

The question whether nationalism, patriotism, the love of the homeland, is beneficial either to the individual or to the human race as a whole is open to discussion. It might be a much better

world if this instinct were eradicated. On the other hand, it might be worse. The fact is that the instinct exists, and that, far from losing its grip on us, on all of us, it is becoming constantly more intense, more exacting, more all-embracing.

I have a definite impression that during my own lifetime the French have shown a tendency to become more French, the Germans more German, the Americans more American. Or, to put it another way, there seems to be an increasing desire on the part of all people to assert more strongly what makes them different and even antagonistic to one another. And it does not matter at all that — owing to the shortening of distances and the facilities of communications — they are in fact getting closer and more alike in all the visible manifestations of their existence.

It may be that modern nationalism is an instinctive defense against a greater peril — a deadly and overwhelming uniformity. It may also be that in one or two hundred years historians will study this manifestation as one of the most extraordinary examples of mass neuroses that the world has known. Nationalism as we know it may pass, but for the

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moment it is more powerful than any other idea or even than any religion.

There are, of course, many variations of nationalism, and some think that it is dangerous only in its excessive forms, such as those practised by the Germans, the Italians, and the Japanese, with their 'blood and soil' mysticism, their imperialism, and their racial exclusions. But everywhere we see the same tendency, the same urge to counteract nationalism in one place by more nationalism in another.

II

To a European, no country is more interesting from this point of view than America, and in the seven years I have lived here none has interested me and puzzled me more.

To begin with, it took me some time to formulate to myself an answer to the very simple questions: 'What makes an American? How does it *feel* to belong to this nation?'

These questions will naturally sound absurd to an American, and he might retort, 'Well, how does it feel to be a Frenchman?' But that is just the point — most Frenchmen can tell you quite clearly what makes them conscious of being French, but I have found it very difficult to obtain from my American friends or from my reading a comprehensive definition of the American nationality.

First of all, it is obvious that the sense of nationality is not less developed in Americans than in any other people. It is quite as real and quite as visible in all its manifestations. But the fact that such expressions as 'Americanism,' the 'American way,' the 'American outlook,' and so forth, have had to be coined seems to indicate that Americans are the first to feel the need of qualifying themselves when they say, 'I am an American.' More than that, the American consciousness gives an impression of growth. It is not static, and one feels that it still

contains tremendous possibilities of expression.

For the moment, however, there is a very important trait in the make-up of the American nationality which does not exist, I believe, in any other. And that is the fact that America is a permanent protest against the rest of the world, and particularly against Europe.

This attitude has both historical and psychological reasons. Most Americans believe to-day the following facts concerning their nation: (1) that this continent was peopled by men who rebelled against the tyrannies of Europe; (2) that these men dedicated themselves, from the very beginning, to the purposeful establishment of a kind of freedom that should endure forever; (3) that they succeeded, by a 'revolution,' in breaking away forever from the oppressive domination and the cupidity of European imperialisms; (4) that in establishing a democratic government they determined forever the course of political perfection, and that whoever followed another course was on the road to damnation; (5) that although European nations were becoming progressively harmless in relation to the increasing power and resources of the ever-growing America, they remained a potential danger to the integrity of this great nation on account of their deplorable habit of wandering away from the true path of civilization, which is democracy, the pursuit of material comfort and more happiness for everybody on this earth as soon as possible.

An Englishman may have doubts regarding the British Empire, a Frenchman may be discouraged concerning the future of France. There are Germans who are not sure that they represent a superior race. All of them, however, remain thoroughly English, French, or German in spite of everything. The type of American who does not accept America as it is and has misgivings about it — such as Henry James, Edith Wharton, T. S. Eliot, and some others — belongs

to a past generation. To-day one seldom meets an American skeptic, for the reason that nothing is more assuredly un-American than to entertain any doubt concerning the fact that somehow or other this country will come out all right.

There are many who will find such a statement too sweeping, and say, for instance, that President Roosevelt is destroying the national ideal, that he is leading the country to ruin, decadence, anarchy, and so forth. But even those objectors are not skeptical about the future of their country. Even they feel that faith in America is what makes them Americans. All their irritation would be assuaged if Mr. Roosevelt were removed, all their confidence restored. This kind of skepticism is skin-deep. It does not affect the soul of Americanism.

This faith, like all faiths, does not engender a passive attitude towards the rest of the world. Americans are tolerant to all creeds and to all convictions, but few people express their distrust and indignation with more vigor whenever some of *their* beliefs are offended. Few people are more conscious that ideas may be more destructive than guns. And rightly so, because if any unorthodox creed really implanted itself in America — if the day came when an American citizen could really feel that his country was not following the right course and that a change was due — the political disunion thus produced would have unforetold consequences. The one serious crisis of this kind that America has known, the Civil War, showed the frightful results of a real political conflict. It nearly made two nations out of one. But this experiment in dissension seems to have served as a lasting lesson. It is difficult to believe that it would be repeated. Unity on the fundamental principles of politics is indispensable to the life of this country. The presence of even a small minority who would question the validity of Americanism would attack at the very core the concept of American nationality itself.

III

The crisis that shook Europe in September 1938 once more brought out the fact that 99 per cent of Americans distrust Europe as a whole, and that they *must* distrust it to retain the feeling that they are Americans.

This is no place to discuss the events leading up to or the consequences of the Munich peace, but the experience was conclusive. American opinion saw in all this affair one main point: democracy had lost out in the struggle, and something hostile to America had won.

Does this mean that many Frenchmen and many Englishmen do not feel the same way? Certainly not. But even the most ardent opponents of Mr. Chamberlain and M. Daladier, those who feel most bitterly that democracy and freedom are threatened to-day, do not think that their national integrity — their conception of what is British or French — is involved. Many of them may have become what Mrs. Anne O'Hare McCormick appropriately called 'spiritual refugees' within their own country, but — unpleasant as this change may be — it does not go any further.

Not so with the Americans. Most of them to-day have become isolationists. They despair of Europe and are all the more anxious to protect the Western Hemisphere from the anti-democratic plague that is sweeping the world. And at the bottom of their anxiety to preserve their political institutions, their habits of thought, and their form of civilization, there is more than a prejudice against the revolution brought about by the totalitarian doctrines; there is in the heart of every American the positive fear that his existence, as an American, is endangered.

It may seem presumptuous to say that these two fundamental factors — the permanent protest against Europe, and the faith in one definite outlook on life — are the most important qualifications of an American. One could argue that

Americans have a deep attachment to the section of the map which they occupy, and that they would still love it just as much if Hitlerism or Stalinism became the law of the land. This may be so, but it still has to be proved, because for one hundred and fifty years America has known only one form of government, one philosophy of life, and one aim. The elements which make up an Englishman, a Spaniard, or a Dutchman are the same as those that make up an American, but the emphasis is different. For instance, Europeans seem to be more deeply aware of their physical relationship to the place they occupy in the sun than are most Americans.

IV

It may be difficult to make this clear to people who profess such a cult of the home, the home town, or the state from which they have come. But, although this love of the motherland is genuine enough, it always appears to a European somewhat abstract, as if it were an acquired taste. Moreover, it is in constant conflict with another impulse, typically American — the urge to move and detach oneself constantly all through one's life from any definite surroundings.

This nomadic instinct is too well known to be emphasized. It has historical causes: the pioneer spirit; the very size of the country; the fact that means of communication, such as railroads, were available before there really was any place to go to; the urban civilization attaining a tremendous development without any marked transition between the village and the big city, and so forth.

But the relative weakness of the physical love of the Americans for their country shows itself most strikingly in very trivial manifestations, which, I believe, puzzle every European observer.

For instance, to travel in America is a psychological experience which cannot be compared with traveling in any other country. Having visited in the last three

years approximately one hundred cities for the purpose of lecturing, I find to-day that I have no memory of more than about ten of them. They are mere names in my notebook connected with a few incidents, but very seldom with any characteristic impression of the places themselves. If I were transported to-day on a magic carpet to most of these towns, I should be at a loss to identify them.

The explanation is obvious: there is more monotony in American towns than in those of Europe. There is also the question of distances. Landscapes and the general surroundings change very slowly in this huge continent. Someone said that Switzerland would be the largest country on earth if it were not *folded*. America is completely *unfolded*, and gives the impression in some places of being positively stretched out.

The European traveler experiences another strange feeling: that his ignorance of the geography of the country is usually shared by most of his traveling companions, who, moreover, seem to be considerably more indifferent about it than he is himself. This does not mean that the average American one meets in a Pullman lounge does not know where he is, or where he is going. As a matter of fact, he is usually more accurate concerning distances between various points and the time it takes to get from one to the other, either in a train or in a plane, than a Frenchman would be in his own country. But his knowledge is abstract. The railroad timetable and the esoteric map therein seem to give him all the information he requires. What actually *happens* between two given points, what the physical make-up of the land is, interests only a few.

Here again I suppose the question of size intervenes. Human senses cannot focus on a whole continent the way the painters of the Italian Renaissance could depict on one piece of canvas, and with all its details, the whole familiar area around them which was, in fact, their country. The American must be

content with a simplified and purely convenient kind of blueprint of the forty-eight states and the broad outlines of endless plains, tremendous mountains, and gigantic rivers.

However, when one is in an American train, the impression of traveling on nothing more substantial than a network of railroad tracks under which there may or may not be America is very disturbing to the European — as disturbing as the obvious fact that the American male reaches the maximum of happiness when, after a night in a Pullman, he goes into the smoking room to wash and shave in his undershirt, splashing and singing like a morning bird for no other apparent reason than that he is nowhere in particular (except far from home), detached from this earth along which he is being carried very fast with the minimum of awareness of its reality.

V

Nostalgia is not an American feeling. True enough, it has been the luck of Americans never to know all through their history the ordeal of exile from America. At one time or another, practically all nations of Europe have expelled some of their citizens for political or religious reasons, and these unfortunate minorities have known this curious human capacity for longing to 'go back' where they came from. In recent years this form of suffering has been imposed on larger and larger sections of human beings. Americans, luckily for them, have been spared this experience. Nevertheless, some of them have had to live abroad for more or less lengthy periods. During the 1920's, for instance, several thousands were established in Paris, but, although they occasionally yearned for 'home,' this yearning was momentary and generally explainable by some local cause of irritation, such as the difficulty of getting accustomed to French coffee, or the amount of rain which falls in France. The imperfections of Parisian

steam heat and the difficulty of obtaining orange juice or cereal at breakfast at the Hôtel de la Poste et du Nègre (although it is marked with three stars in the Michelin guidebook) may indeed give a pang to an American heart and bring sweet memories of the faithful radiator thumping away back home and of the corner drug store; but this is a far cry from the horrors of Biblical exodus.

I never saw the American exiles sit, like the Russians, around the equivalent of a samovar — namely, a pot of real American coffee — and indulge in an orgy of misery, with appropriate songs, over the fact that they were so far away from Buffalo or Omaha.

Speaking of songs, it is strange that most of those which express nostalgia come from the Negroes. 'Carry Me Back to Old Virginny' is a good equivalent of the Breton 'J'aime mieux Paimpol et sa falaise,' but it does not express a really American sentiment. As a matter of fact, the number of Americans who want to be 'carried back' to Old Virginia or to any other particular place is remarkably small. When it comes to retiring from active life and dying somewhere, they would rather move to a nice climate, if they can, like California or Florida, than to the place where they were born.

I fear that many readers will object to this statement. They will point out that nowhere in the world is there such a love of the family and of the home as in America. They will show me innumerable proofs that all representative and popular expressions of the American soul — such as the movies and advertising, for instance — play up constantly the theme of the American's love for the old homestead, for the state from which he hails, for his Alma Mater, and so forth. This is true, but I will confess that this concerted effort to boost sentiments which are taken for granted everywhere else gives one an impression of artificiality. The fact that the word 'home,' for instance, can be used and abused to the

point of having become meaningless makes one suspect that the millions of people who use it not only do not know what the word really means, but are actually not very much interested in the thing itself.

There are good reasons for this. One is that few Americans live in or near the house where they were born — that is, in their home in the proper sense of the term — because few habitations in America last as long as a man's life. Not infrequently in small towns one sees a single stone building, standing in the midst of less permanent constructions, preserved as a specimen of the home and dedicated to the town as a museum.

Another reason why the home is more a dream than a reality is the survival of early nomadism which in many parts of the country has blended itself with the sense of instability produced by industrialism and purely urban life. All modern countries are following the same trend; everywhere in the world men are returning slowly to the stage of the Bedouin — with complications. Home, for an ever-increasing number of men and women, is simply the place where they find work, and this place changes for most of them with growing rapidity. But in the Old World this trend towards chronic instability is checked by the toughness of the roots which still attach the individual to his province or village.

In France it is rare to find an industrial worker, an employee, or for that matter any *displaced* Frenchman, who has not kept some contact with his relatives who still live in the village or the small town where he himself was born. And it is usually his ambition to go back there when he is old.

Such roots exist in America also, but, with the exception of the oldest states, they are not very deep or very important in a man's life. There is also the tremendous fact that there are no peasants in America — a fact which alone would explain the curious impression that there is some sort of missing link

in the structure of American society. 'Peasant' (from the French *payisan*, meaning the man of a *pays* — that is, a very small area which may not encompass more than a village and its surrounding fields) may be a word which sounds badly to American ears, but it nevertheless represents a type of human being whose unchangeability through centuries, and whose total identification with the place where he was born and where he will die, probably constitute the soundest guarantee that some of the strongest virtues and some of the most useful vices of mankind will survive.

There are no American peasants, and this may be the real reason why to so many Americans the love of the land is little more than a poetic expression. It may be the reason why things pertaining to the soil retain a peculiar symbolic quality which is in marked contrast with the poignant connotation that these things have in other countries.

The nearest equivalent to the European peasant is, of course, the farmer, but it is obvious that his outlook on life is more akin to that of the business man than to that of the man who tills the earth. He is already urbanized, and in any event his numbers are rapidly decreasing. Not so very long ago farmers constituted 90 per cent of the population. Now, according to the *Encyclopædia of the Social Sciences*, they make up only 22 per cent.

VI

In most countries of the Old World, language creates a bond which is often invoked as a proof of national unity. The national language assumes sometimes a character of sacredness. All through the history of Europe, nations have gone to war for the right to speak and write their own language. It would seem a natural human feeling that, when a man loses the privilege of expressing himself in his mother tongue, something fundamental in him has been

destroyed. He feels that he can no longer defend himself against an alien culture and an alien domination. And, in fact, history proves that this is very often the case.

French happens to be an extremely difficult language to speak or write correctly, even for a Frenchman, but the French have for their language a veneration which has probably no equivalent anywhere else except perhaps in China, among the mandarins. A man who speaks or writes well enjoys an impressive prestige. No politician can get anywhere in France (even if he represents the most uneducated parts of the country) if his style is not approximately correct.

Colonel de La Rocque, leader of the once picturesque Croix de Feu movement, failed to achieve real power, not so much because he lacked political ability, but because nearly every day it was possible to pick up a howler in his speeches or in his articles. On the other hand, Léon Blum can address a very tough crowd in the most polished and even precious French and never be criticized for being too perfect.

Many Americans cannot understand why European nations do not stop quarreling and form the United States of Europe; but among the chief obstacles is certainly this matter of the language to which each nation, even the smallest, is passionately attached because it has become part and parcel of the people's sense of nationality.

In America, however, no such importance is attributed to the way a man expresses himself. Nobody requires an orator to speak perfect English. Some do and some don't. But this does not affect their prestige or their power in the least. Indeed, the average American audience has a tendency to resent a speaker whose eloquence is a little too punctilious.

The first reason for this attitude towards the national language is that the American language is still in a vigorous

state of creation. It offers vast possibilities of development, and it has already (in my way of thinking) made the kind of English which is spoken and written in England seem as dull and ineffectual as weak tea. Contemporary American writing and the forceful rhythm of good American speech are fast superseding British English. But the whole system of communication used by the Americans between themselves is still as unstable and experimental as was French in the time of Rabelais. And so the American purist has not much chance for another century or two.

Secondly, the language which is supposed to be officially that of the United States cannot be considered with great reverence as long as the millions of non-assimilated or partly assimilated foreign-born or children of foreign-born continue to speak their native tongue. According to statistics, out of 123 million American citizens counted in 1930 there were 53 million divided among the foreign-born and their children. Of course, most of these have learned to speak English, and in doing so have enriched their new language with many words and expressions of their own and even, I believe, with certain intonations and a rhythm which are making the American language what it is. But those who spoke Swedish, Italian, or Polish yesterday cannot be expected to feel that the King's English or General Hugh Johnson's has become part of their blood and that it is an important element in their national consciousness.

VII

A final factor which makes the concept of American nationality so difficult for the foreigner to grasp is the impossibility of giving a unified picture of a nation which does not really occupy a country, but is spread out all over a continent. The Europeans are used to countries which, however diversified they may be, are built more or less on the same pattern. They are historical con-

glomerations of various smaller people which gradually united under the centralizing domination of a more powerful or more influential conqueror. They are made up of provinces which have retained their original characteristics, but which have in most cases become static. In practically all of them the largest city is the political as well as the cultural capital.

There is, however, no such thing in America, and the more one lives and studies this continent, the greater one's sense of confusion.

An Englishman who has lived here many years said to me: 'My job keeps me in Washington, but Washington, of course, does not represent America. When I am in New York, I know also that New York is not America. In San Francisco, my American friends warn me that the Coast is not America. New England is not America; neither is the South. For a while I comforted myself in the belief that America was best represented by the Middle West. But now that I know the Middle West fairly well I have no particular reason to believe that it is more typical of what is really American than any other part of the country. After living ten years in America I still ask myself: Where is America? And my answer is that I don't know, and that I shall probably never find out.'

To look at a map of the United States is not helpful; the rectangular boundaries of the states are very disturbing to a European mind. We know that sectional patriotism is strong in the forty-eight states, even stronger in many ways than the regional idiosyncrasies of France, Germany, or England. But how can the inhabitants of these arbitrary rectangles actually feel a coincidence between one of the most primitive instincts of man — his attachment to his native land — and these geometric boundaries? Again one feels the same sense of abstraction which is so characteristic of America as a whole.

VIII

The truth is that the growth of the American sense of nationality has followed a course inverse to that of older countries. The European first becomes conscious of himself because he lives in a definite place where his forefathers lived before him, because he speaks a language which has always been spoken there, and because he feels a general sense of physical fixity in his surroundings. The *political* consequences of being a Frenchman, an Englishman, or an Italian are, in a sense, secondary manifestations of his nationality. They are superimposed.

But the Americans began to be *politically* conscious of being a nation before they felt that the land under their feet was really their homeland. It was only after they had broken off their allegiance to the British that they started — very slowly — to realize that America was the particular section of the planet to which they belonged, where their children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren would be born and would die. They began to grow roots after they were already in full bloom as an organized nation.

This — among others — is one of the important reasons why the Declaration of Independence is a certificate of birth not only for the whole American nation but for each American, even to-day; and why also the Constitution has always had a sacred character, for which there is no counterpart in any other country. It may be a wise political document, but it is even more important as the most genuine and most truly mystical source from which every American derives the consciousness of being himself. If the improbable choice were given to Americans by some great jokester, 'Would you prefer to go on living in your country and be deprived of your Constitution and everything that it stands for, or would you prefer to take it with you to some new wilderness?' I am not quite sure what the results of the referendum would be.

Most of the native Americans with three or four generations behind them forget that those who have come after them undergo a process of adaptation. It does not matter whether those who have crossed the seas are conscious of what takes place within themselves when they decide to be naturalized. It does not matter, either, whether they become Americans merely because they are tempted by better opportunities or because they were thrown out of their native land by persecution of one kind or another. The important fact is this: all those who are coming to-day and those who will come to-morrow are required first of all to accept a certain outlook on life and certain moral and political principles which will make them Americans. These things must take place in their minds and in their souls. Whether they adapt themselves to the landscape, to the architecture of the towns, to the food and drinks of their new country, is secondary. Whether they can speak its language is also not very important. The main thing is that they should be won over to Americanism, which is a set of moral and political doctrines.

Curiously enough, in a country where material changes are extraordinarily rapid, this moral and political frame has the stability of a dogma. For instance, America is the only country in the world which pretends to listen to the teaching of its founders as if they were still alive. Political battles of to-day are fought with arguments based on the speeches or writings of men dead over a century ago. Most Americans behave, in fact, as if men like Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, and many others could be called up on the phone for advice. Their wisdom is considered as eternal as that of the Biblical prophets. To show how distinctively American this conception is, one has only to imagine what would happen if Mr. Chamberlain justified his present policy by quoting William Pitt, or if M. Daladier evoked the authority of Danton as a guide.

In fact, to become an American is a process which resembles a conversion. It is not so much a new country that one adopts as a new creed. And in all Americans can be discerned some of the traits of those who have, at one time or another, abandoned an ancient faith for a new one.

This explains, perhaps, the importance of the factor mentioned at the beginning of this article: that, in the make-up of an American, his defiance of the rest of the world, and particularly Europe, is fundamental and unavoidable.

The majority of the people who compose the American nation came from Europe. To uproot themselves and cross the ocean was in most cases a painful operation, but one that was undertaken with hopefulness and courage, because Americanism, as a faith, has a tremendous appeal. But once a man has broken his roots from his native land, the reaction which takes place within himself is not a simple one. It is complex, like the state of mind of a child who has left his home; he may enjoy a sense of liberation while at the same time longing for home, but he also hates that home — because he has left it. America is a nation of prodigal sons who won't go back home — and this accounts for the undercurrent of irritation and bitterness against Europe.

This current is more manifest to-day than it has been for a long time, and it has now so many obvious justifications that one is tempted to overlook the fact that it is not incidental. Even the Europeans who come here now on a visit breathe a sigh of relief and enjoy the sense of security which they find on this continent. But the national slogan of America, 'Thank God for the Atlantic Ocean,' is not due to passing circumstances. It is a prayer which has always been heard, and will be heard again even if the Americans have to cross that ocean once more to go to fight 'someone else's war.'

Of course an increasing number of Americans are wondering to-day whether

God made the Atlantic Ocean wide enough, and President Roosevelt, with general approval, is giving a helping hand to the Creator by building many battleships and many planes which will reënforce this natural obstacle. But it seems to me that the desire to increase the physical defenses of the United States is inspired not so much by the actual fear of a foreign invasion as by the subconscious panic caused by the challenge launched abroad against what is loosely termed democracy — and the more one thinks of that vague word the more it appears to be synonymous with something specifically American.

The American battleships which are being built now may never fire a shot. They are there to defend American ideals more than to protect American soil.

IX

If the interpretation I have tried to give of what makes an American is not wholly wrong, it explains why the American is in a peculiar position in relation to the rest of the world. His conception of nationality makes him, in a way, better equipped to resist the degrading forces which are now at work in the world than the citizen of any other country. On the other hand, if these forces (which I call degrading because such is my belief) triumph, they will cease to be considered evil. Quite the contrary. They will be glorified as representing the true course of civilization for the twentieth century, and the American will find himself in the curious position of being isolated, not because he wants to be, but because he will be the last representative of a backward type of humanity that will appear completely out of step with this adventurous Europe that may be emerging under our eyes now. America, which we see clinging so passionately to the political and moral concepts of the nineteenth and even of the eighteenth century, will find itself in an even stronger opposition to Europe than it is now.

What will the American do then? Will he carry on the fight single-handed? Or will he try to cultivate within his own soul a sense of nationality less abstract and less doctrinary, as a compensation for the defeat of his ideals?

For the moment the general tendency is to rely on the possibility of maintaining an unchanged course. In fact, there is no question about that, but it is interesting to note that the 'Thank God for the Atlantic Ocean' attitude is not as self-assured as it used to be. Doubt is creeping in very fast, and, as always happens when faith is shaken, the natural instinct is to shout even louder that the reasons to doubt are nonexistent. The affirmation that America has been set apart from the rest of the world, that it can and will fulfill its mission, and that it has been *chosen*, is proclaimed with such eloquence and energy that one has sometimes the impression that it was not God who made the Atlantic Ocean, but the genius of the American people.

In the Progressive Party's platform published last April, for instance, one finds the following statement: —

'We believe that this hemisphere — all of it — was set aside by our Creator for the ultimate destiny of man. Here a vast continent was kept virgin for centuries. Here it was ordained that man should work out the final act in the greatest drama of life. From the Arctic to Cape Horn, let no foreign power trespass. Our hemisphere was divinely destined to evolve peace, security, and plenty. It shall remain inviolate for that sacred purpose.'

This is a lofty conception, and the immigrant, the pioneer, the refugee, or the oppressed, whether he arrived here a century ago or last week, cannot help being heartened by such words. The question is, however, how much longer can the American maintain the posture of a man who stands on tiptoe on the ground because he feels it is his destiny to keep his head above the clouds?

IN MEMORIAM: ANNIE SULLIVAN

BY ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

I

TO the great woman who was the daughter of her spirit, Mrs. Macy was always 'Teacher,' and, in the household which grew up around these two, everyone called her that. The secretary who took her dictation, the chauffeur who stood guard, the newsboy at the corner — they all called her 'Teacher.' And still do, remembering her every hour of every day. 'Teacher would have said we should.' That posthumous opinion is enough. However unwelcome the burden, they shoulder it and go on.

But it was as Annie Sullivan that I always thought of her, and when at last I came to know her — I count it as one of my great pieces of good fortune that I did come to know her — it amused her vastly that I always called her Annie Sullivan. At her funeral, the small ghost I saw beside that blossom-laden coffin was not Mrs. Macy, nor Teacher either. It was Annie Sullivan, a child unkempt, star-crossed, desperate, dauntless — Annie Sullivan from the Tewksbury Almshouse.

The Sullivans were shanty Irish, and of all their hapless brood only three were still living, if you could call it that, when the frail mother joined the others in the graveyard. The father went on the drink then and, like an unmoored row-boat, drifted out of history, casually leaving his two youngest on the doorstep of the selectmen. Of these, Annie, the elder, was going on eleven. By some fever that had once ravaged the shanty, her eyes were so blighted that she could

hardly see at all. Jimmie was seven, a doomed and twisted little boy with a tubercular hip. His sister loved him with all her tremendous might, but the world and the almshouse were too much for Jimmie. He died within the year, and it calls for a young Dickens to describe the time when little orphan Annie crept into the improvised mortuary and crouched all night beside the wasted, misshapen body of the only person she loved in the world. Indeed, you need the wrathful and compassionate Dickens of *Oliver Twist* and *Bleak House* to do justice to the Tewksbury Almshouse as it was in the '70s of the last century, when General Grant was President in Washington and Jim Fisk was riding high in New York. Cripples, epileptics, syphilitics, stranded old folks, marked-down streetwalkers, drug addicts — all the acutely embarrassing mistakes of the community were put there where no one could see them, much as a slapdash housewife will tidy up for company by sweeping the dirt under the sofa. In that almshouse it must have taken a bit of doing to have faith in Massachusetts.

It was from a lively old prostitute who used to read *East Lynne* to her that Annie first heard there was a place somewhere in the world where she, too, might learn to read — a school for the blind called the Perkins Institution. Thereafter the Overseers of the Poor could not make their periodic inspections in peace, what with this wild child always darting out at them and demanding that they

send her to that school. Once she caught hold of the right coat-tails — a visitor, with power to act, who saw the point. In no time a lone and stormy petrel, who could neither read nor write nor see, and to whom such fripperies as a nightgown and a toothbrush and a comb were unfamiliar refinements, was knocking at the door of the Perkins Institution. She was fourteen years old.

This school, the first of its kind anywhere, had been shouldered fifty years before by Samuel Gridley Howe, a gallant and gifted physician who has been overshadowed in the memory of his countrymen by the circumstance that his wife was the Mrs. Howe who wrote 'The Battle Hymn of the Republic.' He was the first to attempt the education of a child with neither sight nor hearing — little Laura Bridgman, after whom he named one of his own daughters, the Laura who was later to write *Captain January*. Never equipped to do battle with the world, Miss Bridgman lingered in the shelter of the Institution after Dr. Howe's death and was still there, a spinster pensioner, when Annie arrived. Because she, too, had no home to go to in vacation time, Annie was much thrown in old Laura's company and thereby became adept in the use of the hand alphabet. It is part of the endless fascination of Annie Sullivan's tapestry that in it the threads of destiny are thus so visible.

It was after she had run her course at the school that the doctors in Boston, even at a time when ophthalmic surgery was comparatively primitive, decided that the trouble with her shrouded eyes might be operable. It proved to be so. Wherefore she stood at twenty, lovely to look at, toughened by experience, a young woman with clear eyes who yet knew Braille and all the technique of darkness, a woman with sharp ears who yet knew by chance — or what we have the hardihood to call chance — the speech and the feelings of the deaf. At that fateful moment in space and time

there arrived at the Institution a letter from a certain Captain Keller of Tusculumbia, Alabama, wherein the pattern of Annie's tapestry first revealed its design.

The letter reported the plight of the captain's daughter. When this child, who had been christened Helen, was nineteen months old, some sickness had left her deaf and blind. Now she was seven, a mutinous, unmanageable animal, and would be needing something special in the way of a governess. In a book Mrs. Keller had read not long before, there was some account of a certain Laura Bridgman. But the book — it was *American Notes* by Charles Dickens — was already forty years old. This Dr. Howe and his protégée, could they still be living? It was a harness salesman from up Massachusetts way who, passing through Alabama, had then told the Kellers that the Perkins Institution, at least, was still in existence. The salesman had supplied its address. Thus Captain Keller's letter. Could the Institution recommend a governess? 'Annie, this looks like a job for you.'

The nominee invested a month in reading the manuscript of the diary which Dr. Howe had kept when he was learning to lead the Bridgman child out of the dark silence. While she was thus cramming for her first great test, the girls at the Institution clubbed together and bought a doll as a gift for Helen Keller. When old Laura made the clothes for it, that doll became not only a gift but a symbol and a talisman. Then Annie put the doll in her trunk, packed up her few belongings, afflicted herself with some new shoes that were far too tight for her, and started south. That was in March 1887.

II

It began — this great adventure which soon the whole world was watching — in the cottage where for one racking month the strange teacher and her still stranger

pupil were left alone together. In the beginning was the word, and, in memory of Laura Bridgman, the word was 'doll.' Our poor imaginations falter in contemplating the feat of first reaching that inaccessible mind with the notion that there *was* such a thing as a word. We still find miraculous the indisputable fact that at twenty-four, with girls of her own age or thereabouts, Helen Keller was graduated from Radcliffe — *cum laude*.

At the final examinations in history and French and Latin and mathematics, Helen was left alone in the room with her typewriter and the questions which had been prepared in Braille. Teacher had wanted to stand by and tap those questions into Helen's hand, but Radcliffe excluded her from the room. It might have trusted her — might have relied on her capacity to become, at need, a mere instrument of transmission, as self-effacing, as profoundly modest, as essentially invisible as the black boys who attend the actors on the Japanese stage.

On that stage, though the black boys are there, the audience sees only the actors, and indeed it was only Helen the world saw at first. Or so at least it seemed to one envious boy poring over the contemporary magazine accounts of the children who were famous when he himself was a child. Wilhelmina, the girl queen of Holland; Alfonso, the boy king of Spain; Elsie Leslie, the child who was *Little Lord Fauntleroy* on the stage; Josef Hofmann, the boy pianist — I followed them all and begrudged them their eminence. In that great gallery was Helen Keller, and in particular there comes back to me the familiar picture taken with Mark Twain, Helen listening with her hand upon his lips.

But in time it dawned upon us all that if Helen Keller was one of the wonders of the world, this woman who had taught her must be at least as extraordinary, a suspicion born of logic and confirmed when in 1933 there was published Nella Braddy's distinguished and indispensa-

ble biography, *Anne Sullivan Macy: The Story behind Helen Keller* — the record of such a shining triumph of the human spirit as must make any man or woman who reads it thank God and take courage.

It was when that book was new upon the shelf that there was unfolded the substance for its last and as yet unwritten chapter, wherein the wheel comes full round and life is caught in the act of rhyming. It came in the form of news from a little village in Scotland where these now legendary twain had sought refuge. Annie Sullivan was blind again, and, in the half century during which her eyes had served her well enough, she had forgotten all the ways of blindness. After all these years, she was even having to take lessons in Braille again. It was Helen who taught her.

I first met her after she returned to America for the operation which would restore her sight for a second time — first met her in hospital where I learned that the gift to send a blind person every day from the florist is one small fragrant blossom that can be held in the hand. Let it be a gardenia, a sprig of mignonette, a bit of heliotrope, or, best of all, I think, some leaves of rose geranium. Great costly bouquets, befouled with bolts of satin ribbon, and stupefying plants were sent her in abundance. These, because she could not enjoy them herself, she passed on to a beau she had triumphantly acquired in hospital, the man in the next room. Bless me, if it was n't Sam Goldwyn!

Annie Sullivan and I were already old friends when we did meet, for a blind person is more dependent than most upon the broadcasters and, I uneasily suspect, is on to all our tricks and our manners, hears through all our poor little pretenses. Because I used to read aloud to her, now on my desk as I write is a crystal ball borne on the back of a crystal elephant. Annie Sullivan gave it to me for being a good boy.

But the meetings that I most fondly

remember were those when there would be a jabbering circle of us out at the house Helen used to own on Long Island — Annie Sullivan and Helen each tucking away an old-fashioned; Polly Thomson, the Scotch girl who came to them as secretary twenty-five years ago and became, in due course, the rock to which both of them clung in time of storm; and — on one such occasion which I recall — Harpo Marx, entranced at the privilege of performing for such a one as Helen, who is just about the best audience in this world. Only afterwards would a newcomer realize with a start that in that circle had been one who could neither see nor hear, but who, now touching Teacher's cheek with her left hand or holding out her right to Polly Thomson, had got as much as any of us out of the talk. As much or more. Watch Helen at a play and see how — I suppose through senses we have lost or never known — she, in perception and appreciation, is just a hair's breadth *ahead* of the rest of the house. It is *her* laugh, joyous as a sunburst, which leads all the rest.

III

At Annie Sullivan's funeral there could have been no one who was not quick with a sense of the unimaginable parting which, after nearly fifty years, had just taken place. While I live I shall remember those services. Not for the great of the land who turned out for that occasion, not for the flowers that filled the church with an incomparable incense, nor for the wise and good things which Harry Emerson Fosdick said from the pulpit. No, what I shall remember longest was something I witnessed when

the services were over and the procession was filing down the aisle, Helen walking with Polly Thomson at her side. As they passed the pew where I was standing, I saw the tears streaming down Polly's cheeks. And something else I saw. It was a gesture from Helen — a quick flutter of her birdlike hands. She was trying to *comfort* Polly.

I saw them last on a December afternoon in the year just past — visited them on the remote New Hampshire farm to which Helen had beaten a retreat. As I came up the dirt road that wound its way to the farmhouse, she was waiting with so many things to show me. I remember the litter of drowsy puppies born of the Shetland collie Lord Aberdeen had given her. I remember a letter which had just come across the seas from Graham Robertson. 'Dear Helen Keller,' the letter began, 'Please take note that this is not a familiar form of address but quite the contrary. If I were called upon to address the Lady of Orleans, I could not begin "Dear Miss Jeanne d'Arc."'

Helen had retreated to that farm partly because, to one so dependent on her nose, such a city as New York in the automobile age is unbearably rank. Then she had to get away for a little while from the calls for help which reach her every day from the stricken cities of the world. Not, mind you, to get away for long. Annie Sullivan would count on her never to shirk. But just for enough quiet to let her put down on paper the story which only she can tell. For the book, when it is published, there can be, I think, only one title. That title would consist of only one word. The word is 'Teacher.'

AN APPEAL TO SANITY

BY ALFRED NORTH WHITEHEAD

IN international relations the world alternates between contrasting phases, resulting from variation of emotion between the phases of low and high tension.

In the low phase, a disturbance in one region due to some specific disorder remains local. It does not arouse emotions elsewhere. In such circumstances international relations take the form of local agreements or of local disputes, sometimes culminating in local wars. Determine finite questions are in this way settled one by one, without reference to each other.

In the phase of high tension, vivid emotions excite each other, and tend to spread throughout the nations, disturbing every variety of topic.

To-day the world is plunged in this second phase of contagious emotion. Thus, in the survey which constitutes this appeal, no item can be considered separately.

What is the justification of 'isolation' on the part of a powerful nation, when evil is turbulent in any part of the world?

The answer is that history discloses habitual disorganization among nations, somewhere or other. War is a throwback from civilization for victors and vanquished, whatever be the initial objects of these crusades. Even presupposing victory, we must weigh carefully the losses against the gains.

Thus the habitual policy should be 'Isolation — Unless . . .'

Each nation is a trustee for the fostering of certain types of civilization within areas for which it is directly responsible.

Its supreme duty is there. Thus a nation should remain isolated, *unless* (1) the evils of the world threaten this supreme duty, or (2) these evils can be rectified by an effort which will not indirectly defeat the performance of this special duty.

I

Now as to England. This country is a European island with a world-wide co-ordinating influence of many types. The continental civilization of Europe, and its political organizations, develop with singularly little reference to England. Throughout the last four hundred years the keynote of the English policy in Europe has been *safety*, and otherwise *isolation* (nonintervention) — that is, such isolation as is consistent with safety. The result has been that English policy is mainly directed to the western fringe of Europe. Regarding the interior of Europe the interest of England is indirect, and has been so from the Tudor times onward.

To justify this attitude we must refer to the English 'world-wide co-ordinating influence,' for which the popular designation is the ambiguous term 'Empire.'

In Burma and India there are almost 400,000,000 people, sensitive, acute, backward in modern techniques, with innumerable diversities. This population is nearly three times that of the United States. It requires, above all, co-ordination of its ancient civilizations with modern techniques. It requires generations of peace. For England, Central

Europe is a remote detail compared to this problem — that is to say, it is a detail if, as Englishmen, we consider our supreme duty. Our Empire isolates us from Europe — safety excepted.

Then there is the Mahometan world, beyond the Empire, but influencing and influenced. It lies around the route to India and within India. It spreads over North Africa, interwoven with English interests in Egypt, the Sudan, and Upper Nigeria. It touches the Atlantic Ocean.

Finally there are the self-governing Dominions, and other districts only partially autonomous. This confederation requires quiet growth. In varying degrees it is sensitive to the disorders of the world.

Thus English policy should be basically non-European. In England excited intellectuals are focused upon Europe. The mass of the population remembers its intimate relationships across the oceans — parents, children, cousins.

To understand English policy and its vacillations one must realize that intellectuals of every social grade are interested in the old European civilization, and that the masses gaze beyond the oceans. In Cornwall you will find in most cottages pictures of mining districts throughout the world; in Cambridgeshire I have presided over a village meeting aroused to a storm of indignation over some army regulation about service abroad. Our best garden boy emigrated to Canada. In Wiltshire there lived near our summer cottage an old man who had been in India, serving in the ranks. Such people have no direct connection with Central Europe. English policy sways between these two foci of interest, and has done so for centuries: Europe and the world.

In the confused sociological topics which constitute international relations, there are no clear issues. Such premises are either before their times or behind their times, and only rarely with their times. Sometimes they have no contact with temporal events. They are useful

as suggestions to enlighten the imagination in its dealings with practical affairs.

English foreign interests at the present moment can be vaguely classified under four headings, so far as immediate dangers are concerned — Central Europe, the Mediterranean, the Jews, and the Mahometans.

Central Europe, in its form up to the year 1938, had its origin in the Versailles Treaty and the League of Nations. Both these fundamental elements — the Treaty and the League — have suffered incessant violations and repudiations by every group of every opinion. In the negotiations which framed the Treaty, and in the subsequent repudiation of the sanctity of the Treaty, America took the lead — perhaps rightly. Thus even the vague sanctity of international law ceases to apply either to the Treaty or to the League. At the present moment they are historical reminiscences. They impose the minimum of obligation. Obligation, in European foreign policy, arises from the facts of the immediate situation and from duty to the future. Formal law can refer only to situations sufficiently stable.

The main motives generating excitement in Central Europe are (1) nationality, based upon various modes of community — such as language, analogies of physiological character, contiguity; (2) doctrines of social organization — liberal, dictatorial, communistic, capitalistic, religious; (3) economic opportunity. None of these motives is completely evil or completely good. Their moral justification depends on the particular circumstances of each case.

The social system of Central Europe is very unstable from the Baltic to the Black Sea, and throughout the Balkan States. There is no complete solution. We can only hope for something that survives with the minimum suppression of dominant aspirations. The point to notice is that war, even if successful, can only increase the malignant excitement. The remedy is peace, fostering the slow

growth of civilized feelings War may be necessary to guard world civilization. But for Central Europe the effective remedy is *peace*.

In Central Europe, the immediate focus of interest has been Czechoslovakia. This is a composite state created by the Treaty of Versailles. All states are composite in origin. The essential question is the mutual agreement of the various factors. The name 'Czechoslovakia' tells only half the tale. The full name should be Czechoslovak-Magyar-Ruthenian-Polish-Germania.

Having regard to genius, moral heroism, and tormented suffering, the histories of Czechs, Magyars, and Poles present three poignant tragedies which together constitute the tragedy of Central Europe. From century to century, from generation to generation, uncertain boundaries sway to and fro. By choosing your date you can make any claim for any one of them. Each group was surrounded by populations repugnant to itself—for some reason of religion or habit of life. Bohemia, Poland, Hungary, each in its own way tells a tale of the horror of history, and of the genius of mankind. In other words, *tragedy*.

The Great War immensely strengthened feelings of national unity and desires for national independence. The historical reasons for these feelings in different national groups are not to the point. The essential fact is their existence to-day. As peace approached, President Wilson proclaimed the satisfaction of these aspirations after national consolidation as one of the aims of the war. This objective was unanimously accepted by all concerned.

This clarity was deceptive. The Czech State could be made adequately self-sufficient only by including alien groups, for economic reasons and for purposes of defense. Also within it, as in other states, populations were intermixed. Thus, swayed by a legitimate admiration of the Czechs and by hopes for acquiescence in unification, the treaty makers

provided the Czech State with an amplitude of extension over a fringe of diverse groups. There was nothing necessarily wrong in this policy. It might have succeeded, in another century, or in the absence of German, Magyar, and Polish states across the border. The plain essential fact remains that the experiment has not succeeded now. Also the revolt can appeal to the great principle of nationality, proclaimed by President Wilson, and in 1918 accepted by the whole world.

Is a world war to be waged in support of the thesis that this great doctrine does not apply to Germans, or to Poles, or to Hungarians? At the time of the Versailles settlement some members of the Labor Party in England protested against the inclusion of alien populations in the Bohemian State. After twenty years some of their successors are prepared to fight for its maintenance. Up to a few months ago, the very mention of military armament provoked horrified resistance from the same party. To-day they clamor for a crusade in Central Europe, depending for success on the intervention of the Heavenly Powers. It is one lesson of history that these last-mentioned powers are usually on the side of common sense. Of course, miracles do happen; but it is unwise to expect them.

II

Since the World War the recovery of Germany has mainly taken the form of consolidating the Germans of Europe into a unified German State. This process has been in accordance with the dominant feelings of the populations concerned. Also these feelings are grounded in a long historical tradition. Between Waterloo and the Austro-Prussian war of 1866 there existed a loose confederation with Austria and Prussia as its leading members. From the time of Charlemagne to that of the French Revolution, a period of almost a thousand years, each century produced

some form of Germanic unity, more or less. This wavering exhibition of unity is termed, in history, the Holy Roman Empire. Thus the present unification of Germans into Germany is grounded on traditions of feelings which survive the oscillations of history. It is a sensible policy to respect it. To have a world war in opposition to this Pan-German movement would be madness. The United States would be the first power to adopt an unfriendly neutrality, when the mass of its population had been aroused to survey the situation. Its widespread attitude of criticism of its allies in the last war teaches a lesson which is not ignored by European statesmen.

Other nations, whose attitude is relevant to success, would be even more unfriendly. In fighting to maintain frontiers of the Czech State, we should be thwarting the keenest aspirations of the Poles and Hungarians. Thus we should have against us three great examples in Europe of thwarted aspiration after national unity. And what would be our justification? The sanctity of the Treaty of Versailles, and the fact that the Czechs would be more prosperous if their pre-existing frontiers were retained. Expansion for the sake of prosperity can be justified only by the reciprocal acquiescence and prosperity of the populations thus included. War on behalf of the frontiers of Czechoslovakia as determined by the Treaty of Versailles would have the weakest moral justification, and would involve active or passive opposition from states whose support is essential for success.

Is Germany to be allowed to extend her direct power over the whole of Central and Western Europe? The answer is that Germany (or any state) should be forcibly prevented when three conditions are fulfilled: —

(1) When she is violently interfering with the development of other states, without the justification of establishing any principle of social coördination, acknowledged as of prime importance;

(2) When the consequences of an attempt at forcible prevention will not be worse than the consequences of acquiescence;

(3) When such an attempt can secure its direct object.

In all human affairs abstract notions apply vaguely — more or less; we must be content with approximation. Also reasons merge into each other. For example, these three conditions overlap, and have no sharp distinction. But they do represent large approximations, which sometimes are adequate justifications for action, either separately or jointly.

It has been argued that condition No. 1 is not satisfied in respect to the Czechoslovakian question. But this conclusion bears upon the status of condition No. 2. For, owing to the fact that Poland and Hungary feel the same grievance, — namely, that their minorities were included in the Czech State, — it follows that a war waged by Britain and France on behalf of the Czechs would have involved Poland and Hungary in unfriendly neutrality, if not in active opposition. The two great Western democracies could not have chosen a worse test case.

Further, neither France nor Great Britain can directly reach the Czech State, to secure its immediate defense. Also, their war preparations still suffer from reliance on a League of Nations with mythical omnipotence. Thus victory could be achieved only by a long-drawn-out war of attrition. The populations of Europe would suffer years of acute misery. Millions of human beings would be killed. The young, active, and enterprising part of the population would supply most of the casualties. Europe would emerge exhausted, with its emotions barbarized, its ideals brutalized. Also, Czechoslovakia would have vanished.

In the preceding argument two factors have been omitted: (1) an estimate of Hitler's action in the face of threats; and (2) Russia in the background. Would

Hitler have given way if England and France had threatened war? Hitler bears no analogy to the kings, presidents, and prime ministers who achieve their positions by the normal working of established constitutions. Such people can retreat or resign. They retain a great position and high respect. Such men can estimate the consequences of the future with emotions guided by reason as it surveys situations settled as to their general structure.

For rulers such as Hitler and Mussolini the emotional situation is entirely altered. Their own safety and that of their cause depend upon an atmosphere of inflamed emotion. In this way their power arose; in this way it maintains itself. The alternative for them is a dungeon and a firing squad. Hitler is an enraged mystic; that is to say, he belongs to one species of prophet. He is not primarily thinking of personal safety. He is enjoying the hysteria which is the very life-blood of his cause. What is the sense of saying that such a man in such circumstances, knowing the strength of his opportunity with Poland and Hungary wavering, with his armies and air force ready, with his knowledge of the temporary weakness of England owing to the block to armament persistently maintained by idealists out of touch with reality — what is the sense of believing that Hitler, with these emotions and with this opportunity, would allow himself to be bluffed into inaction? It might have happened so, because miracles are always possible.

But, ought this miracle to happen? We have already seen that, for the settlement of Central Europe, the release of the alien populations of Bohemia from inclusion in its state was the very solution advocated by these idealists at the time of the Versailles Treaty. It is the readjustment most likely to appease Europe. If our policy is the appeasement of inflamed emotions by the removal of causes of irritation, this should be our first step. It is unfortunate that the

present crisis was required to bring it about. Such is history in all ages.

How is the preceding argument affected by the existence of Russia?

Russia is more than the eastern fringe of Central Europe and the northwestern fringe of China, with armed forces capable of producing predetermined results beyond these borders. We have omitted the one of most decisive importance for the future of the world — namely, the southeastern boundary, which touches the whole length of the central portion of the Mahometan world.

But Russia is more than its boundaries, just as America is more than its Atlantic and Pacific seaboard. The *Encyclopædia* states, '[Russia] is thus the largest unbroken political unit in the world and occupies more than one seventh of the land surface of the globe.' What is happening within this great territory? At times we learn of the execution of a batch of generals, or of a batch of political officers, or of a batch of industrial technicians. But we hardly know the reasons. We know little of the mental and physical health of the men in command. We know nothing of the emotions seething throughout the vast stretch of its population. Has the ideal of national coördination superseded the initial ideal of international revolution? We do not know. We gain little from the reports of men, however able and disinterested, who have lived for a few years in Moscow. There are three thousand miles from the Ural Mountains to Vladivostok, and a thousand miles from the Polish border to the Ural Mountains. It is difficult to fathom the emotional reactions of a hundred and fifty million people scattered over this vast region.

The country has just passed through the greatest sudden revolution in history. A moronic dynasty and an upper class, brilliant in all respects with the single exception of its complete political failure, have been exterminated. The revolution was horrible, but probably beneficial.

One fact seems as well established as

any other, in the doubtful maze of Russian policy: namely, Russian statesmen of all parties have a contempt for the liberal democratic type of state, illustrated by America, France, England, Scandinavia, Holland. They have no use for that mode of organization. Suppose that war had been declared, and that the Russian armies had successfully established themselves in Central Europe, with Bohemia as their base. Russian statesmanship would have been all-powerful in that region. Neither England nor France could send a soldier there. Is it sensible to assume that Russian statesmanship would be satisfied to have secured the nice little Czech State on the liberal lines approved by America? Surely we can wipe that dream out of the picture. Poland, Rumania, Hungary, and Yugoslavia would have been in a turmoil, the ultimate issue completely uncertain. Tens of millions would have died. The Russian state organization may be better than the present German state system, but the issue of a Central European war, with Russia involved, may produce any mode of social settlement devised in Heaven or in Hell, or by the usual collaboration of both. The only certainty would be a ghastly slaughter leading to an unknown future. The whole drama would be very exciting for idealists watching from the safety of distance. The great probability is that initially the Russian war machine would be very ineffective. There would be a long war.

Yet again essential factors in this crisis of world history have been omitted—the Mahometan world, Italy, the Jews.

If war by ill chance should break out now, there seems little doubt that Italy will join Germany. The effect of this alliance immensely strengthens the preceding arguments. France will be hampered on another frontier. The French fleet and part of the English fleet will be tied in the Mediterranean. Our pressure on Germany in the North Sea and the

Baltic will be to that extent diminished. The war will be longer and more destructive. Eighty-five million people in Great Britain and France will be facing a hundred and twenty million in Germany and Italy. It will be a long pull. The issue of wars does not wholly depend on the count of populations. Also there is the good hope that Russia would intervene and redress this balance.

But at what a cost! Years of war in Central Europe, and the whole Mediterranean world a turmoil of disorder.

We must now consider the Mahometan world. Recent discussions on international relations seem to have been conducted by one-eyed men. There is a renaissance in progress stretching throughout the great region of the ancient and mediæval civilizations from Persia to Mesopotamia, throughout Asia Minor, Syria, and Arabia, and reaching to Egypt. In these regions civilization was born, and in various transformations it flourished till it was overwhelmed in mediæval times by hordes from Central Asia. The old populations remain, and to-day there is recovery. Persian, Turkish, and the various Arabian nations have able and sensible rulers. Egypt is well governed. But the populations are as yet naïve politically, liable to spasmodic outbreaks.

In case of war, with Italy, Russia, France, and England involved, there can be little doubt that the whole of this central region of the Mahometan faith will be reduced to turmoil. Peace is required. There are two hundred million Mahometans in the world. Are their interests to be neglected in comparison with the importance of retaining four million Germans, Poles, and Hungarians, against their will, as subjects of the Bohemian State?

III

To-day the most universal problem is the relation of the Jews to the various countries in which they dwell. Our modern progressive civilization owes its ori-

gin mainly to the Greeks and the Jews. The progressiveness is the point to be emphasized. China and India long ago attained to types of life with more delicate æsthetic and philosophic appreciations, in some respects, than our Western type. But they reached a level and stayed there. The Greeks and the Jews, in the few centuries before and after the beginning of the Christian Era, intensified an element of progressive activity which was diffused throughout the many peoples in the broad belt from Mesopotamia to Spain. Political stability is not the point. We are considering ideals shaping emotions and thus issuing into conduct. This progressive character must be kept in mind. So far as Greeks and Jews were active, progress was not in a rut, degenerating into conservation.

The Roman Empire was a great creation. But no Roman ever disclosed a new idea in religion, in science, in philosophy, in art, in literature, or even in the law which is called Roman. The sustained habit of progressive activity was the discovery of Greeks and Semites in the marvelous thousand years which precede and include the foundation of Christianity.

The Greeks have vanished. The Jews remain.

The Jews are unpopular in many lands. In this fact there is nothing to arouse surprise. In England, with its tendency to relapse into a rut of tradition, the Scotch people were unpopular throughout the eighteenth century, after their union with England in the year 1707. They were performing for England services analogous to those of the Jews for all the races west of India and Central Asia. English literature in the eighteenth century, so far as thought is concerned, would be in a poor way if Scotch and Irish contributions were withdrawn. What brilliance was contributed to English politics throughout the nineteenth century by Gladstone the Scot, and Disraeli the Jew! They transgressed the average limitations. Apart from ability,

differences are quite enough to create prejudices.

Thus, in approaching the Jewish problem as it exists to-day, we are considering one of the factors operative to sustain the many values of life. The question at issue is not the happiness of a finite group. It is the fate of our civilization.

To-day civilization is in danger by reason of a perversion of doctrine concerning the social character of humanity. The worth of any social system depends on the value experience it promotes among individual human beings. There is no one American value experience other than the many experiences of individual Americans or of other individuals affected by American life. A community life is a mode of eliciting value for the people concerned.

It is true that there is a mystic sense of the coördination and eternity of realized value. But we here approach the basic doctrine of religion. To attach that coördination of value to a finite social group is a lapse into barbaric polytheism.

Further, each human being is a more complex structure than any social system to which he belongs. Any particular community life touches only part of the nature of each civilized man. If the man be wholly subordinated to the common life, he is dwarfed. His complete nature lies idle, and withers. Communities lack the intricacies of human nature. The beauty of a family is derivative from its members. The family life provides the opportunity; the realization lies in the individuals.

Thus social life is the provision of opportunity. If that opportunity be conceived as complete subordination to the limitations of one community, human nature is dwarfed. Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's. But beyond Cæsar there stretches the array of aspirations whose coördinating principle is termed God. It is not to be found in any one simple community life, either economic or knit by aim at domination. Even a religious community is inade-

quate. There always remains *solus cum solo*. We have developed a moral individuality; and in that respect we face the universe — *alone*.

This is the justification of that liberalism, that zeal for freedom, which underlies the American Constitution and other various forms of democratic government.

It is the reason why the 'totalitarian' doctrine is hateful. Governments are clumsy things, inadequate to their duties. A wise government makes provision for the interweaving of alternative forms of community life. The most valuable part of legal doctrine is concerned with the relation of the state to this indefinite group of communities within, and around, it. In this way an international element becomes an essential factor in human life.

To-day, by the introduction of modern techniques, the interrelations of human beings throughout this planet have reached an intimate importance far beyond anything dreamt of in past ages, even in the early lifetime of older people now living. Science is international and requires international relations among its societies. Art, literature, religion, and commerce are international.

In the simple age of mediæval Europe, the clergy and the Jews served the main purposes of interweaving the varieties of life into a unity of progress. And the clergy were the representatives of the interaction of Greek and Jewish mentalities in previous centuries.

For two and a half thousand years, Semites have continuously provided suggestion, novelty, and achievement, whereby the life of Europe never lost the subconscious ideal of progress.

Of course the Jews are not the only factor producing progress in Western life. But their services have been immense. Also, in the long run, no written document or artistic structure can perform this service. For example, it is possible, and almost usual, to construe the Bible, Greek literature, and the

American Constitution with all the limitations of their periods of origin. And then these heritages from the past are transformed into barriers to progress instead of its foundation. In asserting this danger, I am merely repeating the Catholic doctrine that a living Church is required to interpret lifeless documents. Many living agencies are required to transform our experience of the world that has been into our ideal of the world that shall be.

It is for this reason that the Jews have been a priceless factor in the advance of European civilization. They belong to each nation, and yet they import a tinge of internationalism. They are eager in respect to concepts relevant to progress, just where we have forgotten them. They have a slight — ever so slight — difference of reaction to those commandments which disclose ideals of perfection. They constitute one of those factors from which each period of history derives its originality.

To-day we are witnessing a relapse into barbarism. The tendency touches every country. But it is centred in Europe. And in Europe Germany is the main seat of the vicious explosion. The general character is overemphasis on the notion of nationality, producing the ideal of the totalitarian state. The activity, derivative from this debased notion, is the determination to exterminate international factors which exhibit human nature as greater than any state-system. The Jews are the first example of this refusal to worship the state. But religions, arts, and sciences will come next, until mankind are reduced to mean little creatures subservient to the god-state, embodied in some god-man. The worth of life is at stake.

Two problems of pressing importance are made urgent by the anti-Jewish explosion in Germany. How can the Jews in Germany be saved? How can the Jews from Germany and elsewhere be redistributed throughout the world?

It should be realized at once that war

is no solution for either of these perplexing duties. An immediate war would probably lead to the massacre of hundreds of thousands of Jews, together with the slaughter of other millions throughout various nations. Europe may be forced into war by the wild lusts of dictatorial states to achieve domination. It is necessary for the democracies to be armed and watchful. But war cannot solve the Jewish question. However successful the crusade, it will leave eighty million Germans with emotions yet more remote from civilized standards.

It is obvious, therefore, that our first task is to undertake the expense of receiving the Jews, and of enabling them to settle elsewhere after such training as is necessary for their new life.

The final problem is the permanent settlement. There is not one solution. There must be many settlements in diverse regions. In considering such districts we must be careful to judge them in reference to the techniques of the present and the future, and to free our imaginations of pictures derived from a vanished past. This caution especially applies to the large stretch down the East Coast of Africa. Hitherto it has been out of the way and remote. But to-morrow, when airplane traffic has developed, the whole coast line will be intimately connected with Egypt, Palestine, and India. The world is on the eve of a development as important and as revolutionary as that produced by the introduction of railways. Disastrous oversights will be committed by people whose imaginations are fettered to past history.

And yet, in other ways, the converse error of neglecting the lesson of history shows ominous signs of hindering the process of settlement.

The later centuries of Turkish domination in the Mahometan world have been a period of decay in civilization, even before the military power began to ebb. It is doubtful whether the capture of Constantinople was not a greater disaster to

Mahometans than to Christians. Probably not, because the Muslim world for three centuries merely shared the common fate of Asia when it came into contact with the progressive techniques of Europe.

To-day the tide has turned. Throughout Asia there is a revival. The lesson is being learned. Eastern Asia — namely, China and Japan — is not relevant to this immediate discussion. Consider Southern Asia from Burma and the Malay Peninsula, across India, upward to Persia, across Asia Minor, Syria, and Arabia, across Egypt, across North Africa, and ending at Gibraltar and Nigeria on the shores of the Atlantic. Consider the populations and their cultural influences and the vast stretch of the surface of the world.

Throughout this region, England, France, and Italy exercise various types of influence. English influence is the most extensive, especially in the numerical count of population. So far as indigenous military force is concerned, the Mahometan world is easily the most widespread and important. Also the Mahometan nations are producing vigorous and able rulers, and the Turks have had one recent genius in Kemal Ataturk.

How is this British imperial influence to be characterized? It varies from district to district, and from continent to continent. It touches the two extremes, from direct military rule in a few fortresses to mere diplomatic friendliness, especially with Mahometan nations. The chief feature is the general absence of direct military compulsion, except so far as it is supplied by the active assistance and the passive support of the populations directly concerned. Throughout the whole of this vast region, with its thousands of miles of territories and its hundreds of millions of inhabitants, the number of British soldiers can hardly exceed one hundred thousand men. Also in Great Britain there is no large reserve of soldiers, only a few tens of thousands. These sparse reserves can be quickly

transferred to a few spots by transport across the seas. The British Empire in Asia and parts of North Africa is now a coördinating agency, actively supported or passively accepted by the populations concerned. It is performing a service, sometimes well, sometimes in mediocre fashion, sometimes very poorly.

How in past times that Empire arose is not to the point. To-day it is introducing throughout its vast populations those sociological habits and those various coördinations which will enable them to resume their ancient functions in the advance of civilization.

This Empire is of enormous advantage to Great Britain, chiefly in two ways. In the first place, it promotes British trade in those regions; in fact, the Empire arose from that activity. In the second place, it provides civilian employment for a large proportion of the educated classes. Almost every such family has members spread throughout this area. The very army officers turn into governmental agents, governmental advisers, governmental administrators.

The final ideal is a large friendly coöperation of the populations concerned, each self-governing. This ideal is already realized by the confederation of British Dominions. It is an ideal of gradual growth; only within this century has it dominated British policy.

IV

Finally, the Hebrew National Settlement in Palestine remains for examination. Religion has been and is now the major source of those ideals which add to life a sense of purpose that is worthwhile. Apart from religion, expressed in ways generally intelligible, populations sink into the apathetic task of daily survival, with minor alleviations. Throughout the whole continental region under consideration, Palestine is the ideal centre to which various religious faiths converge.

It was the genius of the Jews, their

vividness of grasp of the religious problem, which bestowed on Palestine this commanding position. The three Western faiths, Judaism, Christianity, Mahometanism, point thither. The final dispersal of the Jews took place in A.D. 70, when Romans captured Jerusalem. Thus the Jews as a dominating element in the population have been absent for as long a time as they ever occupied the country. It was the Jewish genius that bestowed its radiance upon Palestine. Eighteen hundred years ago!

Thus many claims converge on Palestine — the Jewish claim in virtue of bygone occupation and of living genius, the Mahometan claim in virtue of age-long occupation and vivid association, and the Christian claim. It must also be remembered that at the end of the Great War the British would not have been in command of Palestine except for the Arab revolt against Turkey, with Lawrence of Arabia coördinating the Arab princes. Concurrently with this revolt, there is the Balfour Declaration, promising British assistance in the establishment of a National Jewish Home in Palestine, in a manner consistent with the rights of the existing Arab population. The carrying out of the policy presents a complex problem; but the policy in itself expresses the complexity of the keen interests which converge upon Palestine, claiming recognition. The whole question was referred to the Arab chieftains, and at the Peace Conference obtained their passive acquiescence. It must also be noted that the Arab princes of the surrounding states, and the Egyptian and Turkish governments, have been conspicuously careful in refraining from intrusion.

The records of the Middle Ages, during the brilliant period of Mahometan ascendancy, afford evidence of joint association of Mahometan and Jewish activity in the promotion of civilization. The culmination of the Middle Ages even in Christian lands was largely dependent upon this association. Thomas Aquinas

received Aristotle from it; Roger Bacon received the foundations of modern science from it. The commercial system of the Italian seaports was a copy of the activities throughout the preceding Dark Ages, carried on by Syrians and Jews.

The association of Jews with the Mahometan world is one of the great facts of history from which modern civilization is derived. The Jewish settlement in Palestine has been established with success, in respect to its immediate aims. It has been supported with ability and self-sacrifice. The result has made it evident that the country is capable of supporting yet larger numbers.

There is one exception to this satisfactory issue of the experiment. The Arabs in Palestine are dissatisfied — not all the Arabs, but large sections who are in open revolt. This serious state of things is probably in part due to lack of statesmanlike initiative on the part of British officials. Some genius was required and failed to appear; perhaps there was positive inefficiency. The situation has not been rescued by them, nor has it been improved by two committees of inquiry dispatched from England.

There is, however, another side to this question, which may produce disaster. Any fusion of Jewish and Arab interests must be produced by the Jews and Arabs themselves. This primary objective of statesmanship seems to have been largely overlooked by the Jewish controlling agencies. It would not be fair to the mass of emigrants from Central Europe to expect from them any insight into the complications of Syrian life; but the controlling agencies in England and the United States might have been asked to show some grasp of the essential objectives.

Unfortunately in public utterances, whatever may have been done behind the scenes, there has predominated the demand that Great Britain should force upon Palestine an unrestricted Jewish domination. In one instance there was even a suggestion that the Jewish agen-

cies should refuse to attend any conference to which dissentient Arabs were to be admitted.

This attitude, if maintained, is signing the death warrant of the Jewish Home in Palestine — perhaps not to-day, but in the near future. In the region of large political affairs, the test of success is twofold — namely, survival power and compromise.

The literary interest of historians is captured by transitory brilliance. Survival power is the basic factor for political success.

For Palestine any immediate solution which depends on the persistent military might of Great Britain is bound to fail. Within the next century there is every prospect that in times of crisis England will be unable to transport sufficient troops. She cannot be depended on to exercise continuous military domination along the Syrian coast. She may return; but continuity is unlikely.

Any convulsion within the vast area of British influence may occupy her reserves of military strength, which merely amount to an adequate police force. When this happens, a convulsion in Palestine must go its own way. Also, in that neighborhood, convulsions do happen. Within this century, Armenians have been massacred, and the Greeks have been driven from Asia Minor, which was their homeland for nigh three thousand years.

Most British statesmen are keenly aware that they are primarily a coördinating agency, exercising police control, and seeking political structures with intrinsic survival power. Some English statesmen of vigorous decisiveness forget this rôle; they try to decide and impose. They are the failures in modern English history, much beloved by vivid intellectuals. Cromwell in Ireland is an outstanding example in the past, and Carlyle was an admiring intellectual.

The second element in political success is 'compromise.' The essence of freedom requires political compromise. A clash

of interests arises when the social system concerned involves a divergence of aim; compromise means an endeavor to adjust these differences so that the social life shall offer the largest spread of satisfactions. Political solutions devoid of compromise are failures from the ideal of statesmanship.

The tradition of Jewish life does not include any large experience in the political management of the societies throughout which it is spread. Jewish thought naturally concentrates on specific ideals, conceived in the abstract, devoid of compromise and of the requisites for survival.

This characteristic, combined with the ability of the race, is the reason for the incalculable services of the Jews to civilization. They supplied ideals beyond conventional habits. At the same time it explains the failure of the race throughout its long history to maintain stable political structures. Jewish history, beyond all histories, is composed of tragedies.

Christianity was founded in Jerusalem, proclaiming ideals beyond the customary habits of the world. The Christian Church, which gave Europe its modern civilization, was seated in Rome, where the long habit of imperial rule adjusted ideals to immediate necessities. Christianity gained its genius from Judæa, and its survival power from the Roman Empire. In the result, Christianity was a Jewish creation interfused with Roman stability.

To-day another tragedy is crucifying the Jewish race. The work of rescue is again vivified by a prophetic hope — the ideal of a Jewish National Home in the central region of its history.

There is always a condition attached to the success of any ideal seeking embodiment in historic reality. The condition in this case is the coöperation of the Mahometan world. There is good reason to anticipate success; Jewish coöperation

was a factor in the great period of Mahometan brilliance. In the present remodeling of the Mahometan world, Jewish skills give the exact assistance that the populations require: Jewish learning can mould Mahometan learning to assimilate modern knowledge; Palestine is placed exactly at the sensitive point where the Western world touches Mahometan life.

The University of Jerusalem, technological schools, modes of agriculture and of manufacture, should extend their influence throughout the Near East. Also care should be taken to avoid the indiscriminate extension of European legal ideas into a social life to which they are alien. Crude notions of personal ownership, or of state dominance, fail to apply to the subtleties of tribal life. A sensitive response to the real facts of the life around is required. The simplicities of abstract thought must be shunned.

These warnings are commonplace. Unfortunately they are required.

In the adjustment of Jews and Arabs, one-sided bargains are to be dreaded. They spell disaster in the future. The hope of statesmen should be to elicit notions of mutual service and of the interweaving of habits so that the diversity of populations should issue in the fulfillment of the varied subconscious claims on life.

There is a new world waiting to be born, stretched along the eastern shores of the Mediterranean and the western shores of the Indian Ocean. The condition for its life is the fusion of Mahometan and Jewish populations, each with their own skills and their own memories, and their own ideals.

War can protect; it cannot create. Indeed, war adds to the brutality that frustrates creation. The protection of war should be the last resort in the slow progress of mankind towards its far-off ideals.

I MARRIED A GENTILE

ANONYMOUS

I

MY wife and I read the recent *Atlantic* article, 'I Married a Jew,' with interest — but I am afraid without any sense of kinship for either Ben or Gertrude. They got under our skins — but what a difference that *s* makes! My wife was blunt enough to imply that Gertrude's attitude is a bit on the side of what she calls 'keeping a pet Jew.' For myself, I feel a touch — just a touch — of what I call the 'confessional Jew' in Ben.

Perhaps the difference between us is not so much a matter of skins as of shirts. My wife and I know what hair shirts are, but, extremely doubtful of their comfort or utility, eschew them by mutual consent. Our agreement, unspoken, could well borrow something from Gertrude's article: in the case of hair shirts 'both cannot be right,' since they must cover a 'quarrel of the centuries,' and also since, to make the metaphor really tough, 'adjustments must be made on both sides' — we wish to have nothing to do with hair shirts! Besides, why add another to the brown shirts, black shirts, and silver shirts? Or why get shirty at all? My wife and I are primarily interested in our skins — and what gets under them, like Ben and Gertrude!

I married a Gentile. I married a Gentile because with her I was happier and more at peace *most of the time*. Looking back upon fifteen years of marriage, I come to the conclusion that I am essentially a grateful, if perhaps simple-

minded, person. How else could one account for the fact that with my Gentile wife (add complications of fatherhood, and so forth) I still am happy and at peace most of the time? My simplicity is something I am glad of, because I must have my simplicity of concept if I am to make anything of this world of declared peace and undeclared wars, or of rights which so often seem to be on the left!

I am a Jew, Russian-born, and South Russian at that — out of the orthodox merchant-Jewry of the Ukraine. The negative meaning of that background any of Mr. Pelley's Silver Shirts could gleefully define without any help from Messrs. Hitler, Goebbels, et al. However, my nose is not shaped quite like an inverted six. My lips are less flabby than they should be according to the Nazi primer (as a matter of fact, my wife says that my lips thin too much when I am aroused — something I vehemently deny). I seldom gesture when I am speaking, though one of my professional tools is speech. In my lack of all these more notorious Hebraic (*sic*) characteristics I take no special pride.

I married a Gentile whose progenitors were among the first boatloads of English emigrants to reach this country. If it was not the very first boatload, that was only because of an ancestral trait, easily traceable in my wife: a chronic contempt for transportation schedules. With them the point simply is to get there. They did and do. They came,

settled, bred, and fought wars (civil, on both sides, with equal impartiality and gusto), and rarely recall any of these things.

I had never lived with Gentiles before I met my wife, though I had lived among them. Perhaps it is typical of the arrogance of the Jew that I had expected to find living with a Gentile in a Gentile family not much different from living with Jews. I was not surprised, shocked, or disappointed in what I found.

I soon became acquainted with my new family. My father-in-law was handsome, intelligent, and always changing jobs. The usual reason was that he found his employers grasping and without ideals. He had a fascinating way of discouraging such antisocial behavior on the part of his boss. He would simply leave the job, go straight home, and get into bed. At first I did not know what behavior pattern he expected of his immediate family upon that action, or rather inaction; but, once told that Father was not feeling well, I was perfectly at home. My own mother had shown traces of hypochondria too.

My wife's paternal grandfather, sixty years after the fact, was still fighting the Civil War, but no romantic dreamer he, as his family well knew. Commander of the G. A. R., he had set himself on a realistic crusade against predatory young hussies who were bent on 'flamdoodling' the boys of '64 by snaring them into marriage. The old man interested me greatly — he reminded me so much of my own grandfather, who, in Russia, had been so devout that nothing could move him from his routine of Tuesday and Thursday fast days while his wife devoted herself to buying and selling heavy sacks of grain from the peasants.

My wife's maternal grandfather was my pal. He fought the Civil War with me and I fought the World War with him. The war hilarity between us was nip and tuck until he told me about the time his company commander only upbraided him for aiding in the rape of a

load of watermelons. Then I capitulated. What chance had my dozen bananas against his load of watermelons?

My mother-in-law was and is a saint — not alone because for overlong she cheerfully provided while her husband went to bed; but because she still vaguely feels that I should have been happier had I married a Jewess. Telling her that, for the time being, I am happier as I am does not entirely convince her. In a not too direct comparison she reminds me of the statement my mother made to me before my marriage: 'Even after thirty years of mixed marriage I have known people to call it a mistake.' Perhaps she is right; I have been married only fifteen years, and so cannot tell. But I am as sure as anyone can be.

II

But it is my wife that I married. And it is of our marriage that I must make a simplicity, as I must make simplicities of undeclared wars and rights that are on the left. It seems to me that I can make something of public, national, and international contradictions, because my not uncommon private experiences seem to even these out for me. For instance, anyone who has met my Gentile wife is impressed at once by her serenity and by the quiet wholeness of her logical self. These qualities, they feel, are the major, if not the sole reason, for whatever peace and happiness they find in our marriage. Perhaps they are right. I can only say that at times her very serenity is her undeclared war on my declared peace.

But I do understand it. I am not a serene person. A design of my character would be composed of light, doubtful harmonies. Often I regret this. But mostly I suspect I like myself that way. It may not be comforting, but it is comfortable. It is at this place that I find my declared peace in my wife's undeclared war. Both of us are aware of it, see it, and go on.

My wife's logic is as clear as her gaze.

I have worn glasses since my twelfth year. My logic must compensate for my lack of good vision, and therefore the directness of her logic irritates me. I feel it is a sort of duress, a sort of insult. I feel it a duress because I'd rather come to my own conclusions. And it becomes an insult, because when I arrive at my conclusions my Gentile wife is waiting there for me. Thus in my marital affairs, as in international affairs, I can make sense of the right which so often seems to be on the left. However, my wife does occasionally say that, whereas simple ideas she finds easy to express, I certainly emerge with greater facility from beneath the profound ones. I do not affirm; I do not deny. That thought of hers, however, does comfort me.

This leads me to the fact that I am an average Jew. My kind is to be numbered neither among the Rothschilds nor among the Einsteins. Neither the compulsion toward economic arrogance nor that toward intellectual humility seems to be necessary or present in me. I have unpaid bills at the end of the month, my wife tells me, and I don't remember my ideas long enough after I have expressed them to be either proud or humble concerning them. Neither does my wife. I am aware both of being a Jew and of being average; but I am sure I had little to do with either of these awarenesses. My life within my Jewish family before marriage provided me with the first; my family life since then has fortunately provided me with the second. I say 'fortunately' advisedly (this time not on the advice of my wife), because I should never have been comfortable with the first awareness if the second had not come along.

My wife here tells me to keep to the point. Well, it seems to me the point in a marriage is the place where husband and wife recognize each other as individuals. That point is difficult to define. It seems to me that when the point arrives my wife and I either grin for a moment at each other or refuse to look at

each other for what seems to me to be a longer moment. But both moments pass. I don't regret either of them. I am happy to have experienced both. I could be at peace with neither sustained.

For instance, my fourteen-year-old son, straight, tall, blue-eyed and blond, emerges between us just as we are discussing that most interesting credo of Hitler's, Aryanism — to inquire into the important internal economic problem of achieving a pair of ice skates by selling subscriptions to a nationally known magazine. My wife and I smile. We advise, and then both my son and the moment are gone. For that latter fact I am glad. I would not sustain my faint uneasiness over my friends' being approached to buy another subscription!

Or another time, in discussion between us on the relative value of passive resistance as opposed to determination (I am the passive resister in my family and my wife the determiner), my ten-year-old, of still deeper blue eyes and more golden mop, is found to have satisfied a desire quite positively but without the hindrance of undue publicity. I may find such a phenomenon indicative of maternal chromosomes. Now I know, myself, that the indicator is not as simple as all that; but the opportunity to make my point, and my momentary irritation, have combined to make this moment a much longer one than is comfortable for me. I am glad that this moment passes, too.

Rereading this, I find myself prone to the judgment that a contented dullard wrote it. On the point of my being dull I see no quarrel. But contented I am not. Various things disturb me. For one thing, I do not feel like a Jew. I do not feel like a Jew of my own accord. It is others who make me feel for him in me. Jews and Gentiles alike do this to me. And so I suspect the authenticity of any Jew feelings I get, simply because my wife has never yet made me feel for the Jew in me.

I have a certain fairly close Jewish

friend. Whenever I am with him I have an uneasy awareness of vulnerability. It is then that I usually ask myself, 'Is this the Jew in me reacting in sympathy?' But I hear him uttering the most sophomoric kind of drivel; and then that awareness is extinguished because I hear my own voice, high and senseless and thin, like a fishwife's.

On the other hand, a still closer Gentile friend steps so lightly about my Judaism that one would think it were on a sickbed. At such times my tongue feels for the temperature gauge and I am helpless and weak — because I cannot find anyone on the bed. I so much want to discover the fever-ridden thing that must be the Jew in me. My friend must have it to give it tender compassion.

When I am about to explain to my wife some particular of my reaction to my Jewish friend, a particular which I bring to a flourishing generality, and am about to say with Benét, 'That's the Jew of it, my Gentile friend,' my wife, with her usual serenity and logic, will point out a particular reaction of my Gentile friend which by taste, smell, and sight is suspiciously, and therefore devastatingly, kosher. I am indeed on the horns of a dilemma.

We three — that is, the other Jew, my Gentile friend, and I — work for the same concern. Consequently we often face the concern's problems together. My Gentile friend may be described as a prepossessing extrovert. (Must a Jew always express himself in Freudianisms?) My Jewish friend may be described as the opposite. Here they are facing the same problems. Tell me which is which from the following reactions. One smiles, he may even laugh aloud, after the first contemplative silence, and then with cold, deft reaction has passed the crisis. The other, pale and drawn, hesitates, teeters, and then takes the plunge as though someone had shoved him. Again and again it has annoyed me. My Jewish friend, who, I am certain, is emotionally

unstable, is harder and colder than the proverbial glacial ice. My cold, deliberate Gentile friend, who, I assure you, under ordinary circumstances does not possess a nerve in his anatomy, jitters so easily and over so wide an area that I, the spectator, am suddenly and involuntarily drawn in.

I am merely mentioning my two friends because their marital lives constitute for me a check on my own. Both are 'happily' married to women of their separate religions. I am fairly certain that each of my friends would say as I do: they married and are married to their women because their women make them happy and give them peace most of the time.

Here the reader might ask, What is your check? My check is reduced to an investigation of differences between our states of peace and happiness; and that, in turn, reduces itself to this utter simplicity. The long moment of silence between my friends and their wives (the silence without the grin) is longer than that between my wife and me.

My friends love their wives. The Jewish wife of my Jewish friend gives the appearance of serenity as does my wife. But also she gives the appearance of a serenity induced by a long-drawn effort to reform her husband — an effort that failed, to which failure she has resigned herself. The Gentile wife of my Gentile friend is, as she appears, explosively restless. That is, my Gentile friend's wife is also continuing a long-drawn effort to reform her husband; and to this my Gentile friend himself brings a serenity induced by a long-drawn and successful effort to resist! The efforts and the reforms both are lost causes.

My Jewish friend says my attitude is 'defeatist.' And he is right. When it comes to reform efforts in my marriage, there is something in me that knows when it's licked — something that likes to feel that way. Is that something in me Jewish? I don't think so. My Gentile

friend has it in him, but it seems necessary to his reason for being that he vehemently deny it.

III

And now to return to the Gentile I married. From any overt glimpses one might have of my two sons, they are simply a projection of my wife. My older son promises physically to be a super-Nordic. Excepting that he is an extraordinary swimmer and, as I have already mentioned, thinks perhaps ice skating would be fun, the athletic world, through his choice, might as well be Mars. My son is deeply, quietly immersed in the world which Nazi Aryans would say betrays his father. What a glorious betrayal, says that complete Nordic, his mother. It is not simply that, with his violin tucked under his chin, he is song encased in silence. His mother, at the piano glancing up at him, is tied by a silver thread and dragged deep into that ecstatic silence, something I have yet to see possible between two Nazi Nordics.

Our ten-year-old charges the room as he charges into it. He is our potential Aryan brute. Right now this is a world for him of flailing, rushing, blocking, and tackling. He bicycles, footballs, skates, baseballs, basketballs — and talkstough. But at the close of this past duck-hunting season he assured me he would be my companion next year for the following very Jewish reason: he wanted to see how the under side of a mallard's wings shines when it is in flight!

My daughter, our youngest child, looks just like her father, poor dear, as a friend of ours said, but let's hope she'll outgrow it. She, I think, has the essence of all that is wisest and best in both backgrounds.

What may I conclude from all or any of this? That, looking backward or forward, this is an extraordinary game we play, in a world where one person marries a Jew — and I marry a Gentile.

For one thing, I conclude that this is a world of recurring patterns, each with something baffling in its design.

For certainly my parents, and the parents of the Gentile I married, wanted us to marry within the established routine of their religious lives. That wish was part of their protective love. But when I have said that we had to consider our love for each other, then *all* is said, in justice to our parents, our marriage, and these entities we call ourselves.

My wife and I may look back to dramatic circumstances preceding our marriage, too, surrounding the thought of it on the part of our relatives; but those circumstances are now faint and slightly humorous echoes. We had it all: entreaty, stubbornness, bitterness, and, ultimately, embraces. That whole drama, for my wife and me, was a shadow show called 'Much Ado about Some Old Hair Shirts.' That's what it is to-day. We had and have our own 'shows' to put on.

'We Don't Like Hitler' is one of them. But I imagine it will get increasingly smaller houses, that show, because everybody seems to be putting it on.

'Let's Discuss' is another. And since we too (some of the time) do not believe it conducive to marital harmony to shroud things in a veil of silence, we go at acting this play hammer and tongs. I say 'some of the time' only because that 'Let's Discuss' play often generates a monologue in place of which, I suspect, we would rather have a silence between us.

We discuss Jews and Gentiles, but my wife chooses never to do it in a tactful way — that way which implies that her poor darling husband still has the Jewish hypersensitivity towards all criticism of his race! My wife is right in her choice. That's no race with me — it's a slugging bout. Let my wife make her own rules and I'll make mine.

When I say this or that about a Christian I can't stomach, I mean it — at the time. And should my wife begin with

'But, my dear' (which she does n't) and then prove that the fault lies with my stomach and not the Christian, should I be crushed? I should say not. I'd only grab for a figurative jawbone of an ass (out of the Old Testament, of course), and go find me another Christian to lambaste. *I'd expect* my wife to find herself another Jew and grab an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. Believe me, my Gentile wife does not use the New Testament when she plays 'Let's Discuss.'

Neither does she comfort me if I lose my place in the play. She takes the stage centre until I can reënter ad-libbing and flailing. In this play, 'Let's Discuss,' do we parry each other? I do not recall. I therefore doubt it. What I do recall is that neither of us has time for that. We are too busy exchanging gorgeously happy blows with deep solemnity.

Do we ever tread softly? My wife excoriates a Gentile friend: for the sake of argument, I, treading softly, interpose that I can understand that frailty: I feel the same frailty in me; my Gentile wife misunderstands our Gentile friend. Is that so? Then woe is me. By treading softly I have tripped myself into a fine kettle of fish.

Like most Jews and Gentiles, my wife and I read neither the Old nor the New Testament often enough. And therefore in our plays, 'Let's Discuss,' we seldom put our modern characters into Biblical dress. When we people these plays we do not say, 'Mr. Shropnik — a ratlike Judas,' or 'Mr. Brown — a saintlike Luke'; we simply say, 'Shropnik — the rat' and 'The devil take the nimbus.'

The reverent and the relevant things, according to both Rabbi Hillel and Jesus Christ, are simply love, peace, and justice. But when my wife and I discuss these things we are agreed! Hence there is no need to drive points home, to parry, to be tactful, comforting, or crushed — not for either of us.

It is so simple — but not easy to take for granted — that, Jew or Gentile, we are individual, and lonely. To reach for a common point of view is good and fine. To reach it is still better. But even up there at the summit I am afraid most of us will find that there is another distance to climb. Most of us will find that it is not only 'a common point of view that makes people kin,' but, rather, 'a consanguinity' still to be reached and still to reach for. It is in that reaching that I married — a Gentile.

LETTERS OF T. E. LAWRENCE

EDITED BY DAVID GARNETT¹

'I WONDER how the Powers will let the Arabs get on.'

The last line of a letter to Major Scott reveals what was to be Lawrence's preoccupation for the three years following the war. He returned to England before the Armistice because he was already preparing for the Peace Conference. During the next three years he was engaged in fighting for Arab independence at Versailles, Downing Street, and Cairo, finding the work more exhausting, physically, mentally, and spiritually, than any of the hardships and dangers he had undergone during the Arabian Campaign.

J. M. Keynes, who observed him closely at the Peace Conference, gives the following estimate:—

The first part of 1919 was the only time when I was really acquainted with T. E. L. I agree with you strongly that it was subsequent events which twisted him. I have always thought that the view which attributed his state of mind to the privations and experiences of the war years was wrong. When I knew him in the spring of 1919, I should have said that he was a man fully in control of his nerves and quite as normal as most of us in his reactions to the world. He had, of course, his aloofness and his mingled like and dislike of publicity, but, reckoned nervously, he was a fit man.

A year later no one could have thought the same. There are two reasons which can be given for the

change. One is a simple and physical one: he was in a bad aeroplane crash which resulted in broken ribs and an injury to one lung, which troubled him for the rest of his life. The second and more important is the disillusion and the bitterness of defeat resulting from the Peace Conference. He had complete faith that President Wilson would secure self-determination for the Arab peoples when he went to the Peace Conference; he was completely disillusioned when he returned.

What increased Lawrence's disgust, and strained and warped him far from the normal, was that during the years when he felt himself defeated and dishonored a popularized legend of his achievement was being broadcast in the newspapers, and in a series of lectures by Lowell Thomas.

His feelings are expressed, to some extent, in the introduction to *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, which I quote here from the Oxford Text. It was omitted, on the advice of Bernard Shaw, from the Subscribers' edition. This is, in my opinion, one of the most moving things Lawrence ever wrote, expressing the disgust and bitterness of the generation which had fought and won the war and which found all it had fought for was betrayed. It is because of that betrayal that the world is crumbling into war to-day, and I think this is a fitting introduction to the fragmentary records of the Peace Conference:

We were fond together, and there are here memories of the sweep of the open places, the taste of wide winds, the sunlight, and the

¹ A selection of Lawrence's letters, vividly descriptive of his undergraduate years and his exploits as an archæologist and leader of the Arab rebellion, appeared in the February *Atlantic*. — EDITOR

hopes in which we worked. It felt like morning, and the freshness of the world-to-be intoxicated us. We were wrought up with ideas inexpressible and vaporous, but to be fought for.

We lived many lives in those whirling campaigns, never sparing ourselves any good or evil; yet when we achieved and the new world dawned, the old men came out again and took from us our victory, and re-made it in the likeness of the former world they knew. Youth could win, but had not learned to keep, and was pitifully weak against age. We stammered that we had worked for a new heaven and a new earth, and they thanked us kindly and made their peace. When we are their age no doubt we shall serve our children so.

This, therefore, is a faded dream of the time when I went down into the dust and noise of the Eastern market-places, and with my brain and muscles, with sweat and constant thinking, made others see my visions coming true. Those who dream by night in the dusty recesses of their minds wake in the day to find that all was vanity: but the dreamers of the day are dangerous men, for they may act their dream with open eyes, and make it possible. This I did. I meant to make a new nation, to restore to the world a lost influence, to give twenty millions of Semites the foundation on which to build an inspired dream-palace of their national thoughts. So high an aim called out the inherent nobility of their minds and made them play a generous part in events: but when we won it was charged against me that the British petrol royalties in Mesopotamia were become dubious, and French Colonial policy ruined in the Levant.

I am afraid that I hope so. We pay for these things too much in honour and in innocent lives. I went up the Tigris with one hundred Devon Territorials, young, clean, delightful fellows, full of the power of happiness, and of making women and children glad. By them one saw vividly how great it was to be their kin, and English. And we were casting them by thousands into the fire, to the worst of deaths, not to win the war, but that the corn and rice and oil of Mesopotamia might be ours. The only need was to defeat our enemies (Turkey among them), and this was at last done in the wisdom of Allenby with less than four hundred killed, by turning to our uses the hands of

the oppressed in Turkey. I am proudest of my thirty fights in that I did not have any of our own blood shed. All the subject provinces of the Empire to me were not worth one dead English boy. If I have restored to the East some self-respect, a goal, ideals: if I have made the standard of rule of white over red more exigent, I have fitted those people in a degree for the new commonwealth in which the dominant races will forget their brute achievements, and white and red and yellow and brown and black will stand up together without side-glances in the service of the world.

Any hope of such an achievement appeared to have been forever defeated by a peace treaty founded upon the principle of self-determination for all peoples. But Lawrence would not acknowledge defeat, and, after what he described as a 'dog fight in the corridors of Downing Street' lasting for three years, he brought two Arab kingdoms into being and retired, feeling that he was quit of his Arabian adventure with clean hands.

One further scruple troubled a conscience which had developed into an abnormal character sharply separating him from the vast majority of his fellows. He must not benefit in any way from what he had done in Arabia. The honors which he had won were refused. The jobs offered on account of his reputation had to be declined, nor would he allow himself to exploit his success by profiting from writing a single paid piece of journalism under the name of Lawrence. As the war receded, his scruples of conscience about profiting from the part he had played in it became greater. The Subscribers' edition of the complete *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* resulted in a large overdraft at Lawrence's bank, but the profits of *Revolt in the Desert*, the abridged version, after wiping this debt off, were given by Lawrence to an Air Force charity.

The clue to what appears to many people to be Lawrence's abnormality, eccentricity, or whimsical refusal to behave like other people, is simply that his con-

science forbade him to profit from the part he had played in the war. All conscientious scruples involve inconsistencies and absurdities: Lawrence was involved in many — though, as he was n't married, not in as many as Tolstoy.

— THE EDITOR

To Lionel Curtis

[BOVINGTON CAMP]
19.3.23.

Lorde, My mind moves me this morning to write you a whole series of letters, to be more splendid than the *Lettres de Mon Moulin*. Nothing will come of it, but meanwhile this page grows blacker with the preliminaries.

What should the preliminaries be? A telling why I joined? As you know I don't know! Explaining it to Dawnay¹ I said 'Mind-suicide': but that's only because I'm an incorrigible phraser. Do you, in reading my complete works, notice that tendency to do up small packets of words foppishly?

At the same time there's the reason why I have twice enlisted, in those same complete works: on my last night in Barton Street I read chapters 113 to 118, and saw implicit in them my late course. The months of politics with Winston were abnormal, and the R. A. F. and Army are natural. The Army (which I despise with all my mind) is more natural than the R. A. F.: for at Farnborough I grew suddenly on fire with the glory which the air should be, and set to work full steam to make the others vibrate to it like myself. I was winning too, when they chucked me out: indeed I rather suspect I was chucked out for that. It hurt the upper story that the ground-floor was grown too keen.

The Army seems safe against enthusiasm. It's a horrible life, and the other fellows fit it. I said to one 'They're the sort who instinctively fling stones at cats' . . . and he said 'Why what do

you throw?' You perceive that I'm not yet in the picture: but I will be in time. Seven years of this will make me impossible for anyone to suggest for a responsible position, and that self-degradation is my aim. I have n't the impulse and the conviction to fit what I know to be my power of moulding men and things: and so I always regret what I've created, when the leisure after creation lets me look back and see that the idea was secondhand.

This is a pompous start, and it should be a portentous series of letters: but there is excuse for it, since time moves slower here than elsewhere: and a man has only himself to think about. At reveille I feel like Adam, after a night's pondering: and my mind has malice enough rather to enjoy putting Adam through it.

Don't take seriously what I wrote about the other men, above. It's only at first that certain sides of them strike a little crudely. In time I'll join, concerning them, in Blake's astonishing cry 'Everything that is, is holy!' It seems to me one of the best words ever said. Philip Kerr² would agree with it (one of the engaging things about Philip is his agreement with my absence), but not many other reflective men come to the same conclusion without a web of mysticism to help them.

I'm not sure either that what I've said about my creations is quite true. I feel confident that Arabia and Trans-Jordan and Mesopotamia, *with what they will breed*, are nearly monumental enough for the seven years' labour of one head: because I knew what I was at, and the others only worked on instinct: and my other creation, that odd and interminable book. . . . do you know I'm absolutely hungry to know what people think of it — not when they are telling me, but what they tell to one another. Should I be in this secret case if I really thought it pernicious?

[21 lines omitted]

R.

² Now Lord Lothian.

¹ General Alan Dawnay had helped Lawrence to join the Tank Corps.

To Lionel Curtis

27. VI. 22 [really 23]

Old thing, This correspondence nearly died: might have died if you had not asked whether I did not join for the sake of the others here. Of course I did n't: things are done in answer to a private urge — not one of altruism.

You've been talking to Hogarth about my discomfort in the Tank Corps: but you know I joined partly to make myself unemployable, or rather impossible, in my old trade: and the burning out of freewill and self-respect and delicacy from a nature as violent as mine is bound to hurt a bit. If I was firmer I wouldn't cry about it.

It is n't all misery here either. There is the famous motor-bike as a temporary escape. Last Sunday was fine, and another day-slave and myself went off with it after church-parade. Wells we got to, and very beautiful it was: — a grey sober town, stiffly built of prim houses, but with nothing of the artificial in it. Everything is used and lived in; and to make the xvth century habitable today they have put in sash-windows everywhere.

One 'close,' the Vicar's close, was nearly the best, it was so cloistered off (even from its quietest of streets): and so grey and green: for the local limestone has turned very sad with time, and has crannied, so that its angles are living with flowers of many sorts: and each of the 'cells' in this close has a little grass-plot between it and the common path down the centre: and on these plots poppies stood in groups like women at a garden party. There was sunshine over it, and a still air, so that all the essence of the place was drawn out and condensed about our heads. It was a college-like place, and looked good to live in: so for a while the camp waiting here for me became an ungrateful thought. Hogarth had written, hoping to get me back into the R. A. F. and the prospect of such happiness had made the Army

nearly intolerable. However that's over, easily, for I was only hoping against the knowledge that it would n't be possible.

Afterwards I trailed into the cathedral precinct, and lay there on the grass, and watched its huge west front, covered over with bad sculpture, but very correct and proper still, in the manner of the town. There is a remoteness about cathedrals now-a-days — : they are things I could not contribute to, if they were still a-building: and in front of Wells to-day there was a white-frocked child playing with a ball; the child was quite unconscious of the cathedral (feeling only the pleasure of smooth grass) but from my distance she was so small that she looked no more than a tumbling daisy at the tower-foot: I knew of course that she was animal: and I began in my hatred of animals to balance her against the cathedral: and knew then that I'd destroy the building to save her. That's as irrational as what happened on our coming here, when I swerved Snowy Wallis and myself at 60 m.p.h. on to the grass by the roadside, trying vainly to save a bird which dashed out its life against my side-car. And yet had the world been mine I'd have left out animal life upon it.

An old thing (it pleased me to call him Canon) doddered over and sat by me on the grass, and gave me a penny for my thoughts: and I told him (reading Huysmans lately) that I was pondering over the contrasts of English and French cathedrals. Ours set in closes so tree-bound and stately and primly-kept that they serve as a narthex to the shrine: a narthex at Wells grander and more religious than the building proper. Whereas French cathedrals have their feet in market places, and booths and chimneys and placards and noise hem them in: so that in France you step from your workshop into the aisle, and in England you cannot even enter till the lawns have swept the street-dust from your feet. The old clergyman gave me another penny to read him the riddle and

I did it crab-wise, by a quote from du Bellay, and that Christ-church poem about Our Sovereign Lord the King. He was a book-worm too, and we talked Verhaeren and Melville and Lucretius together, with great pleasure on my part, and the vulgar relish that I was making a cockshy of his assurance that khaki covered nothing but primitive instincts.

He took me round the bishop's palace-garden, pumping me to learn how I endured camp life (living promiscuous seemed to his imagination horrible, and he by profession a shepherd of sheep!), and I hinted at the value of contrast which made all Wells crying-precious to me: and then we leaned over the wall and saw the fish in the moat, and it came upon me very hardly how excellent was their life. Fish are free of mankind you know, and are always perfectly suspended, without ache or activity of nerves, in their sheltering element.

We can get it, of course, when we earth-in our bodies, but it seems to me that we can only do that when they are worn out. It's a failure to kill them out of misery, for if there is n't any good or evil but only activity, and no pain or joy, only sensation: then we can't kill ourselves while we can yet feel. However I'd rather be the fish (did you ever read Rupert Brooke's 'And there shall be no earth in heaven,' said fish')¹ or the little bird which had killed itself against me that morning.

There, my letters always end in tears!
E.

To Mrs. Thomas Hardy

21. v. 23.

Dear Mrs. Hardy, I'm afraid I'll come on Saturday next at tea-time! De la Mare is known to me only by his books — but he should be delightful, if he lives up to them: and most good people are better than their books.

It sounds greedy, always to come when

¹ 'And in that Heaven of all their wish, There shall be no more land, say fish.'

you ask me: but your house is so wonderfully unlike this noisy room that it is difficult to resist, even for its own sake: and then there is Mr. Hardy, though you must n't tell him so, for the thrill is too one-sided. He has seen so much of human-kind that he must be very tired of them: whereas for me he's Hardy, & I'd go a long way even to see the place where he had lived, let alone him living in it.

There, you will think me absurd: but still I'll arrive on Saturday! Yours sincerely

T E SHAW

To Robert Graves

8. ix. 23

Peccavi: but always that happens. Look upon me as a habitual incorrigible sinner: and blame upon yourself part of this last silence: for in your letter to me (that which caused the silence) you said 'Tell me about Max Gate'² — and I can't!

The truth seems to be that Max Gate is very difficult to seize upon. I go there as often as I decently can, and hope to go on going there so long as it is within reach: (Sundry prices I've paid in Coy Office for these undefended absences) but description is n't possible. Hardy is so pale, so quiet, so refined into an essence: and camp is such a hurly-burly. When I come back I feel as if I'd woken up from a sleep: not an exciting sleep, but a restful one. There is an unbelievable dignity and ripeness about Hardy: he is waiting so tranquilly for death, without a desire or ambition left in his spirit, as far as I can feel it: and yet he entertains so many illusions, and hopes for the world, things which I, in my disillusioned middle-age, feel to be illusory. They used to call this man a pessimist. While really he is full of fancy expectations.

Then he is so far-away. Napoleon is a real man to him, and the country of

² Thomas Hardy's house which he had built himself on the outskirts of Dorchester.

Dorsetshire echoes that name everywhere in Hardy's ears. He lives in his period, and thinks of it as the great war: whereas to me that nightmare through the fringe of which I passed has dwarfed all memories of other wars, so that they seem trivial, half-amusing incidents.

Also he is so assured. I said something a little reflecting on Homer: and he took me up at once, saying that it was not to be despised: that it was very kin to *Marmion* . . . saying this not with a grimace, as I would say it, a feeling smart and original and modern, but with the most tolerant kindness in the world. Conceive a man to whom Homer and Scott are companions: who feels easy in such presences.

And the standards of the man! He feels interest in everyone, and veneration for no-one. I've not found in him any bowing-down, moral or material or spiritual. [6 lines omitted]

Yet any little man finds this detachment of Hardy's a vast compliment and comfort. He takes me as soberly as he would take John Milton (how sober that name is), considers me as carefully, is as interested in me: for to him every person starts scratch in the life-race, and Hardy has no preferences: and I think no dislikes, except for the people who betray his confidence and publish him to the world.

Perhaps that's partly the secret of that strange house hidden behind its thicket of trees. It's because there are no strangers there. Anyone who does pierce through is accepted by Hardy and Mrs. Hardy as one whom they have known always and from whom nothing need be hid.

For the ticket which gained me access to T. H. I'm grateful to you — probably will be grateful always. Max Gate is a place apart: and I feel it all the more poignantly for the contrast of life in this squalid camp. It is strange to pass from the noise and thoughtlessness of sergeants' company into a peace so secure that in it not even Mrs. Hardy's tea-

cups rattle on the tray: and from a barrack of hollow senseless bustle to the cheerful calm of T. H. thinking aloud about life to two or three of us. If I were in his place I would never wish to die: or even to wish other men dead. The peace which passeth all understanding; — but it can be felt, and is nearly unbearable. How envious such an old age is.

[3 lines omitted]

I hope your writing goes: that your household goes: that your peace of mind grows. I'm afraid that last does not. Yet I have achieved it in the ranks at the price of stagnancy and beastliness: and I don't know, yet, if it is worth it.

E. L.

[Lawrence had taken a cottage, Clouds Hill, a mile and a half from Bovington Camp, across the heath. There are some acres of wooded land, with oak trees rising among rhododendrons. E. M. Forster has published a description of Clouds Hill, from which the following passages are quoted: —

In those days the two bottom rooms were full of firewood and lumber. We lived upstairs, and the sitting room there looks now much as it did then, though the gramophone and the books have gone, and the fender with its bent ironwork has been remodelled. It was, and it is, a brownish room — wooden beams and ceiling, leather-covered settee. Here we talked, played Beethoven's symphonies, ate and drank. We drank water only or tea — no alcohol ever entered Clouds Hill . . . and we ate — this sounds less romantic — out of tins. T. E. always laid in a stock of tinned dainties for his guests. There were no fixed hours for meals and no one sat down. If you felt hungry you opened a tin and drifted about with it. . . . T. E. slept in camp, coming out when he could during the day, as did the rest of the troops. It was fine being alone in Clouds Hill at night: so silent. . . .

I don't know whether I'm at all conveying in these trivial remarks the atmosphere of the place — the happy casualness of it, and the feeling that no one particularly owned it. T. E. had the power of distributing the sense of possession among all the friends who came

there. When Thomas Hardy turned up, for instance, as he did one sunny afternoon, he seemed to come on a visit to us all, and not specially to see his host. Thomas Hardy and Mrs. Hardy came up the narrow stairway into the little brown room and there they were — the guests of us all. To think of Clouds Hill as T. E.'s home is to get the wrong idea of it. It was n't his home, it was rather his *pied-à-terre*, the place where his feet touched the earth for a moment, and found rest.]

To John Buchan

CLOUDS HILL MORETON DORSET
19. v. 25

Dear Buchan, I don't know by what right I made that appeal to you on Sunday.¹ It happened on the spur of the moment. You see, for seven years it's been my ambition to get into the Air Force, (and for six months in 1922 I realised the ambition), and I can't get the longing for it out of my mind for an hour. Consequently I talk of it to most of the people I meet.

They often ask 'Why the R. A. F.?' and I don't know. Only I have tried it, & I liked it as much after trying it as I did before. The difference between Army & Air is that between earth & air: no less. I only came into the army in the hope of earning my restoration to the R. A. F. and now the third year is running on, and I'm as far away as ever. It must be the ranks, for I'm afraid of being loose or independent. The rails, & rules & necessary subordination are so many comforts. Impossible is a long word in human dealings: but it feels to me impossible that I should ever assume responsibility or authority again. No doubt any great crisis would change my mind: but certainly the necessity of living won't. I'd rather be dead than hire out my wits to anyone importantly.

The Air Ministry have offered me jobs: a commission, & the writing of their history. These are refinements of cruelty: for my longing to be in the

¹ Lawrence had met Buchan in the street and had spoken of his longing to return to the R. A. F.

R. A. F. is a homesickness which attacks me at the most casual sight of their name in the papers, or their uniform in the street: & to spend years with them as officer or historian, knowing that I was debarring myself from ever being one of them, would be intolerable. Here in the Tank Corps I can at least cherish the hope that I may some day justify my return. Please understand (anyone here will confirm it) that the Battalion authorities are perfectly content with me. Nothing in my character or conduct makes me in any way unsuitable to the ranks: and I'm fitter & tougher than most people.

There, it's a shame to bother you with all this rant: but the business is vital to me: & if you can help to straighten it out, the profit to me will far outweigh, in my eyes, any inconvenience to which you put yourself!

I think this last sentence is the best one to end on, Yours sincerely

T E SHAW

[Approval of Lawrence's transfer from the Royal Tank Corps to the R. A. F. was signed on July 16, 1925.]

To Edward Marsh

[KARACHI] 10. vi. 27

Dear E. M., It seems it was n't Freeman, so much as the *London Mercury*, which was inept: for a 'Clennel Wilkinson' goes one worse about me, this last number. 'The happy warrior' who 'enjoyed his little scraps.' A reckless, cheerful, man of action. 'The fact is that everything worth having in the Arabs comes to them from the days of Saladin, who was born a Christian. 'The fact is' who told the idiot that? The supreme assumption of it! And Saladin was born a Kurd, which I've never heard tell was the same thing as a Christian. Poof! Piffle!

Also he says that I was a physical weakling. I'm not that yet, despite my extreme age. In fact I passed into the

Army as a first-class recruit, in 1923. In 1914 I was a pocket Hercules, as muscularly strong as people twice my size, & more enduring than most. I saw all the other British officers' boots off in Arabia: they went to base, or to hospital, while I did two years in the fighting areas, and was nine times wounded, & five times crashed from the air, and had two goes of dysentery, & suffered enough hunger & thirst & heat & cold and exposure, not to mention deliberate maltreatment, to wreck the average constitution. I go so far as to claim that I've been perhaps the toughest traveller who has ever written his true history. 'Mooning about the towns of South Italy.' Gods! [4 lines omitted]

Winston wrote me a gorgeous letter. Called his *Crisis* a pot-boiler! Some pot! and probably some boil, too. I suppose he realises that he's the only high person, since Thucydides & Clarendon, who has put his generation, imaginatively, in his debt. Incidentally neither T. nor C. was impartial! That does n't matter, as long as you write better than anybody of your rivals.

He alarms me a little bit, for I feel that he wants to go for Russia, and the ex-bear has n't yet come into the open. It's hard to attack, for its neighbours, except Germany, are n't very good allies for us. We can only get at her, here, through Turkey, or Persia, or Afghanistan, or China, and I fancy the Red Army is probably good enough to turn any one of those into a bit of herself, as the Germans did Rumania. Persia certainly: Turkey will be very strong, soon, and should be our ally, if common interests make for anything. China I know nothing of, but she is too huge for anyone to swallow. The most dangerous point is Afghanistan. Do you know I nearly went there, last week? The British Attaché at Kabul is entitled to an airman clerk, & the Depot would have put my name forward, if I'd been a bit nippier on a typewriter. I'll have to mug up typing: for from '14 to '18 I

served a decent apprenticeship in semi secret-secret work, & Russia interests me greatly.¹ The clash is bound to come, I think. In modern Europe it was first Spain which tried to dominate: then France had two tries (Winston's ancestor the spoiler of the first. I wonder what he thinks of him? England's only first-rate military genius, I fancy . . . but a doubtful honour to us in other respects): then Germany has her go. It works from West to East, does n't it? And England has been the main obstacle each time. Usually there has been about a hundred years between each effort: but the tempo of life has grown so much faster since the age of machines opened, that it's quite on the cards Russia may have her go in our time. It will be a complicated and difficult affair, which we will win, of course, after we have learnt the necessary modification of tactics. The Dardanelles & the Tanks both show how much dead weight has to be moved in favour of a new idea. Do you know, if I'd known as much about the British Government in 1917, as I do now, I could have got enough of them behind me to have radically changed the face of Asia? Russia, to these people, seems the new and growing idea: whereas there is more promise and capacity in our structure than she will contain in the next thousand years.

Apologies. I burble. This is Drigh Road and my proper job is hut orderly. The explanation of this recent shower of letters upon you was: —

- (i) My delight in *The Crisis*.
- (ii) My fury at Freeman's blindness & prejudice
- (iii) This letter: my apology for being furious with as little a thing as Freeman.

It does n't seem to me that evolution will produce a No. iv. So you will have peace now. Yours

T. E. S.

¹ This passage shows that the belief of the Labor Party that Lawrence had been engaged in secret-service work in Afghanistan was not stupid, but only incorrect.

To Frederic Manning

MOUNT BATTEN, PLYMOUTH
15.v.30

Dear Manning, That would have been a pleasant letter to get, for the tallest author alive: and therefore many times pleasanter for me, who think myself no great shakes at writing, from one whose writing I so vainly admire. Your prose has a very definite and deliberate manner, which appeals to me, as most 'airs' do. Your poems have helped you to that concision and force. The best of poetry is all the clauses it leaves out, and that is why poets so often write such tough and nervy prose — or so I fancy.

Your remarks hit off very closely the obstacles that attended the delivery of *The Seven Pillars*. I was a rather clumsy novice at writing, facing what I felt to be a huge subject with hanging over me the political uncertainty of the future of the Arab movement. We had promised them so much, and at the end wanted to give them so little. So for two years there was a dog fight, up and down the dirty passages of Downing St., and then all came out right — only the book was finished. It might have been happier, had I foreseen the clean ending. I wrote it in some stress and misery of mind.

The second complicity was my own moral standing. I had been so much of a free agent, repeatedly deciding what I (and the others) should do: and I was n't sure if my opportunity (or reality, as I called it) was really justified. Not morally justifiable. I could see it was n't: but justified by the standard of Lombard St. and Pall Mall. By putting all the troubles and dilemmas on paper, I hoped to work out my path again, and satisfy myself how wrong, or how right, I had been.

So the book is the self-argument of a man who could n't then see straight: and who now thinks that perhaps it did not matter: that seeing straight is only an illusion. We do these things in sheer vapidity of mind, not deliberately, not consciously even. To make out that we

were reasoned cool minds, ruling our courses and contemporaries, is a vanity. Things happen, and we do our best to keep in the saddle.

After the Arab business, I rather fore-swore saddles. The R. A. F. is a socket in which I fit safely: after many tribulations, as you will discover if P. D.¹ lets you read my *Mint* which describes how the Air Force rounds off its pegs to fit into their holes. Now-a-days my mind does not concern itself greatly with abstractions. Hence the red face and round belly and comfortable port. I think I am happier than most people.

What you say about the descriptive stuff slowing down the narrative pleases me, rather. I had suspected it. Descriptions should n't be more than a line or two. Only I was not really out to make a masterpiece (— or was I? I think I wanted to, and felt that I could not, and had not) and the sense of the country and atmosphere and climate and furniture of Arabia hung so tightly about me that I put too much of them into the story, in hopes that they would make it life-like. I wake up now, often, in Arabia: the place has stayed with me much more than the men and the deeds. Whenever a landscape or colour in England gets into me deeply, more often than not it is because something of it recalls Arabia. It was a tremendous country and I cared for it far more than I admired my role as man of action. More acting than action, I fancy, there.

Your seeing Jahveh and the Baalim is of course what I was trying to convey.² My two years taught me the inwardness of all Semitic history, from its beginning: and that includes Zeno and other unexpected persons. As for my harnessing to my go-cart the eternal force — well, no: I pushed my go-cart into the eternal stream, and so it went faster than the ones that are pushed cross-stream or up-stream. I did not believe finally in the Arab movement: but

¹ Peter Davies.

² In *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, Chapter LXIII.

thought it necessary, in its time and place. It has justified itself hugely, since the war, too. So, even to a political or statesman, the conflict is measurable and significant. I am still puzzled as to how far the individual counts: a lot, I fancy, if he pushes the right way.

Joyce¹ and his party try to 'present objects to the vision simply by enumerating' not all, indeed, but a careful selection of their qualities. I was at least as selective as Joyce, in intention. Only perhaps I did n't see, precisely enough, what was significant. I'm sorry about 'dolerite' and 'striated' . . . but these seemed easy enough, after one had thought of them. I tried not to be technical, unnecessarily.

'Slowing down the dramatic action' Yes: as I hinted, much of the dramatic action was very reluctantly put in. It felt cheap, then, and looks cheap now. I preferred Arabia when I wasn't in it, so to speak! [3 lines omitted]

The first draft was not destroyed by me, but stolen from me; left behind in the refreshment room of Reading Station, and taken by some unknown! It was shorter, snappier, and more truthful than the present version, which was done from memory. I do not think it was franker and angrier, for I do not get angry much, and 1920 (the date of this text, in the main) was a worse year for me than 1919, the date of the first draft. My compromise with fate you will see happening gradually in 1922-23, as I settled into the R. A. F.; if you read *The Mint*. Here is the chronology:

1914-1918	: the War.
1919	: Peace Conference: misery
1920-1921 (Aug)	: Dog fight in London with the British Government
1922	: Eighteen months work with Winston Churchill settling the Middle East after my lights.
1922 (Aug)-1930	: R. A. F.

It is exceedingly good of you to have taken all that trouble. T. E. S.

¹ James Joyce.

To Henry Williamson

OZONE HOTEL, BRIDLINGTON, YORKS.
11. XII. 34

Dear H. W., I have so much the better of you: for when I want a talk, it is just putting out an arm and taking a book from my shelves. That's as it should be, at least; but just now I live in this house with a jesting name (here to watch the refit of ten R. A. F. boats for next season's work on the bombing range) and for a word with you yesterday I had to go to York and lay out three days' pay on *The Linhay*² . . . which I have been dipping into, with satisfaction, all this too rough Sunday. Too rough for a walk from lodgings. No clothes, poor fire for drying.

What a sentence for No 1! Do you find it hard to begin books? Let me take down your hackles by two quotes from the *Linhay* bad sentences. P. 67 'how heat and the floating algae . . . takes' . . . P. 36 'many old bucks are caught in gins which otherwise would eat young rabbits.'

It is n't fair, for I would like to write like you, easily or grudgingly but copiously, able to make a sentence of all you see and do, with a catching intimate easy speech, like a man in slippers. For a mannered writer, you have the best manners in the world.

Don't vex yourself over Walpole or Shanks or Hanks or Banks: or vex yourself only because they discourage your book-buyers. Or do they? The best way to sell a novel was to persuade the Bishop of London to preach against it. I can conceive Hugh Walpole being second-best. I fancy writers get so wrapped up in their own sort of writing, that they find all variations from it bad. At least, they seem to me to make poor critics of contemporary stuff. You write almost disarmingly well. You write better than Richard Jefferies, splendid fellow though he was. Better for me, that is: I feel more heart and see less eye,

² Williamson's *The Linhay on the Downs*.

in you. You look for the unusual, he for the average. Of course he had an awful life. No Alvis, no country contentment, or comfort, anyhow. Few concerns aside from earning, and no war to light his background. We learned a lot in those years, which makes us immemorially older and wiser than the old or the young.

Stop burbling? All right, I'll stop. Let's get back to history. I am discharged from the R. A. F. (my life, almost) next March: and cannot make even the ghost of plans for afterwards. There is my cottage in Dorsetshire (Clouds Hill, Moreton, Dorset) on the heath just north of Bovington Camp, between Dorchester and Wareham. I'll have to go there for my savings have not been very successful: I'll have only 25/- a week. So I must sit under my own roof, and do nothing till I want to do something. Is that a programme?

I hope an Alvis may visit me, for if you ever go to England, via S. Dorset is not much further than via the Plain. In my cottage is no food, and no bed. At nightfall there is a flea-bag, and I lay it on the preferred patch of floor in either room. The ground-room is for books, and the stair-room is for music: music being the trade name for a gramophone and records. There are five acres of rhododendron and fires every evening from their sticks. It sounds to me all right for living, but then so does your valley — yet you often throw yourself angrily away from it. Well, we shall see. But bring your own food. I shall have no cooking. It smells in so small a house. A tiny house. No water near, alas!

As I said, at the beginning, I have the advantage of you, for when I want a word with Henry Williamson, it is only the stretching of an arm to a shelf. If I want him objective, there's *Tarka*:

subjective, there's *The Pathway* or *Falcon* or *Dream of Women*. I feel greedy, at having so much of so many people (though not the half I should have had. Books have gone from my hands wholesale while my back was turned. My cottage holds only the rags of a collection) and at liking them so much without making a return. (By the way, did I ever lend you the typescript of my R. A. F. book? Surely I did, poor return though it is.) Sometimes I sit on my chair amidst the books, afraid to open any of them, not having earned it. If only I could write like I read.

Stop burbling again? All right, but this sea rushing and sliding in my ears won't stop. My room is a tower room, over the harbour wall, and the waves roll all day like green swiss rolls over the yellow sand, till they hit the wall and run back like spinning rope. I want to walk out in the wind and the wet, like at Clouds Hill, and can't, for my landlady's sake.

Keep cheerful. And let us meet after my R. A. F. life is ended. Yours

T. E. S.

[On May 13, 1935, Lawrence rode into Bovington Camp on his Brough motorcycle to send off a telegram to Henry Williamson. He was on his way back to Clouds Hill when he came on two errand boys, riding pedal cycles, in a dip in the road. He swerved violently to avoid them, lost control, was thrown over his handlebars, and received severe injuries to the brain. His physical vitality was so great that he lay unconscious for nearly five days before he died of congestion of the lungs and heart failure. Mr. Cairns, the brain surgeon, stated that had Lawrence lived he would have lost his memory, been paralyzed and unable to speak.]

THE WEDDING JOURNEY

BY WALTER D. EDMONDS

VIII

WHEN Bella opened her eyes she thought that she had waked in Bedlam. The white wall beside her pillow was washed in sunlight, the air was warm and close. The cabin, except for herself, was empty.

But beyond the open windows was an uproar of strange noises — men bellowing oaths and a tremendous roaring of water and the stamp of mules and horses, and through it all came a persistent whir and clacking that she could not identify.

As she lay there, dazed with sleep, and still trying to sort the noises, the door opened and Viney slipped into the cabin.

'Good mornin', Mis' Willcox.'

'Good morning, Viney. What on earth is all the noise about?'

'Oh, that!' Viney cocked her head backward on her thin neck and laughed. 'We're in Little Falls and the captain's out on the towpath clearing passage for us to the locks.'

As she spoke the *Western Lion* jerked ahead. Bella gave a startled squeak as the side bumped into another boat just opposite her head. Viney sprang to the window.

'We done bumped the crumbiest dirty old box you ever saw,' she said delightedly. 'Oh Lawd, Mis' Willcox, do come here. The captain's getting his mad up.'

An explosion of profanity smothered all the shouting. Bella slid out of bed in her nightdress and took her place behind Viney at the window. The black girl crouched down to let her see and manip-

ulated the curtains skillfully to screen her.

'Lawdy! Ain't he rarin'!'

'Where, Viney?'

'On the towpath, mis'. Just bend yo' head and look back.'

Bella looked out on a scene of hopeless confusion. The towpath had given way to a stone parapet on which towing teams were crowded so close they seemed in danger of bumping each other over into the river that, by the roaring of the water, she could tell ran just below. Right and left, boats were lined up against the stonework, waiting their turn at the series of locks. To the left the red sides of a mill building rose close to the canal, and from its almost windowless interior issued the whirring and clacking of weaving machinery.

The packet boat was drifting slowly, losing way. The packet team stood nearly opposite Bella's window, with the towrope lying loose over the back of a freight boat. The driver boy, white-faced and sleepy from his early morning ride, sat sidewise on his horse and looked back. And, looking back herself, Bella saw canallers, men and women together, crowding towards two men on the towpath. One of them was the captain, one hand holding down his beard to give his remarks free passage. The other was a round-shouldered, bear-like man, who pointed towards his almost paintless boat and clamored with monotonous hoarse anger for everybody to examine the damage.

The captain's face was flaming. Bella could not hear everything he shouted, but she could see his rage. Suddenly the crowd formed a ring about the two. Their faces looked eager. Some laughed. Some shouted for a fight.

But the freight boatman did not want a fight. He wanted damages. He repeated that. He pointed again at his boat.

'Just look there,' he said. 'Just look! Damn all packet boats and their damned lousy crews and their damned lousy captains.'

Behind him a woman screeched and threw her weight against his shoulders. The man lurched, tripped, and abruptly caught his balance. Bella gasped. The captain had brought him up on his feet with a solid smash to the mouth. The man stopped and spat. His spit was bloody.

A little boy who had shinnied up the bow standard of the boat next in line yelled at the top of his shrill voice: 'Hey! Look at Georgie!' Another little boy, who was obviously Georgie, scampered along the embankment and thrust his head between the legs of a bystander. He was wearing an undershirt and nothing else, and the sun had made his tight little buttocks red.

Bella started to laugh. But her laughter broke, for now the fight was joined. The bearish man grunted and closed in. He had tremendous forearms, and his shoulders were bunched under his red undershirt. The captain met him with hard quick blows.

Bella heard the captain's fists strike into the man's face. She heard it over the roar of the river, and the whirl of the mill machinery, and the muttering of the clustered freight boatmen. She had never seen two men fight before. She had never seen a human being badly hurt. Now she watched the packet captain carve the man's face. Her insides did funny things to her, but she could not look away.

The two men manœuvred very slowly,

the freight boatman standing almost in one place and the captain shifting in a small circle. As the freight boatman's body came round, Bella saw his cheeks puffed and swollen, one eye half closed, a smear of red under his nose, and a broad trickle of blood running from the broken lips down his chin.

When he faced Bella, she saw his mind groping unsteadily with an idea as plainly as if the captain had opened up the man's brain for her inspection.

'Look out!'

Viney started and looked up at her, and Bella realized that the high voice was her own.

The man leaped. His fingers were hooked for the captain's face; but the captain had jumped back, and as the man ended his rush the captain started a swing from way back that traveled up like a scythe stroke and broke the man's face wide open. He went down where Bella could not see him.

The captain stood over him, panting and wiping his hands on his trousers.

'There's your damages, you dumb hog.'

Somebody laughed. Then everybody laughed and a couple of boatmen shook the captain's hand. The captain laughed too. He caught sight of the snarled towrope and roared at the driver boy. But now his voice was hearty and without anger, and all the freighters lent a hand in getting the packet free. Viney, giggling, whipped shut the curtains.

Bella was shaking, not from horror of what she had watched, but from sheer excitement. Viney exclaimed delightedly as she poured water in the washroom, 'Did n' the captain jes' natchally lay him out?'

'Hurry, Viney.'

'Yes, Mis' Willcox. The water's ready for you. It's spring water.'

The water was icy cold against Bella's cheeks.

'What time is it, Viney?'

'Most half-pas' seven, Mis' Willcox.' Viney had the giggles again. 'They was

starting breakfas' when we came in here. But I reckon Mistah Willcox been awaiting you.'

IX

In the saloon the beds had been put up for the day; the long tables had been set, and at one end the uncleared dishes of the other passengers were still in place. Bella realized that she was very late.

Mrs. Neilson was sitting in the library with an open prayer book on her knees and a newspaper in her hands. There was no one else. When Bella said good-morning to her, she replied as if nothing out of the way had taken place. She said it seemed to be really quite a tolerably pleasant day.

Bella agreed cordially. Did Mrs. Neilson know where everybody was? 'No,' said Mrs. Neilson. She really could n't say. They had gone on deck some time ago and that lazy steward had disappeared. The service on this boat was terrible.

It was quite obvious that Mrs. Neilson knew exactly what had taken place. Bella thought it more than likely she had been peering through the bull's-eye window.

She said, 'I think I'll run on deck and see where my husband is.'

'I should n't do that,' said Mrs. Neilson, turning for support to Mr. Neilson, who just then came down.

'Good morning, Mrs. Willcox,' he said. 'No, I most certainly should advise against your going on deck. There's been — ah — a rather unpleasant contretemps.'

'I'd say it was a damn good fight, myself.' Mrs. Cashdollar blundered down behind the minister and patted her hair with satisfaction. 'Oh, hello, dearie. Too bad you missed it. A boatman tried to block us from the lock. The captain had to beat him up.'

'I saw it through the window,' Bella said before she thought. She heard Mrs. Neilson's instant sibilant disapproval.

But Mrs. Cashdollar said heartily, 'Did you, dearie? I need whiskey. Excitement's bad for me this early. Steward! Where in Halifax is that steward?' He appeared tardily. 'Leave those dirty dishes, young man, and fetch me a whiskey. A small one. Don't put water in it.'

She took the glass into the library and sat down opposite Mrs. Neilson, tilted her head, and let the whiskey slide.

'A drop in the bucket,' she remarked. 'Well, well. So you were watching from the cabin window, dearie? Did you see that big bezabor kiss the captain's hand?' she said to Bella. 'Oh, here's your young man. He's been waiting breakfast for you. You'd better sit down quick.' She gave Roger a full smile.

Roger stood stiffly at the foot of the steps, listening to Mrs. Cashdollar's remarks and looking at Bella. Bella wanted to giggle. 'I did n't know he could look down his nose like that,' she thought, and went up to him. It would n't do to kiss him, but she would like to. Instead, she slipped her hand in his arm and said, 'It was sweet of you to wait for me.'

They sat down at the far end of the table. Opening her peach, Bella wondered whether he would always look down his nose before breakfast and asked him how he had slept.

'Not much,' he said.

'I slept beautifully,' she said. 'I did n't expect to, though.'

Roger said he was glad. His voice was perfunctory. He was peeling his peach slowly and carefully with his strong hands. 'He's so neat,' she thought. 'Look at the mess I've made of mine.' She felt how improper she was and she wanted to giggle again. She could n't help thinking what fun it would be to ask him if he did n't think the captain's fight had been glorious.

But he said suddenly, 'Too bad about that fuss. The captain had to do it, but I was afraid it might upset you.'

She said, which was true, 'I was just waking up.' He could set that against Mrs. Cashdollar's remarks if he wanted to. But she noticed with relief that by the time he had eaten one egg he was no longer looking down his nose.

'I must see that breakfast is on time in our house,' she said to herself. 'Always!'

X

The Little Falls packet dock was situated above the locks and close to the entrance of the feeder aqueduct. The *Western Lion* tied up there for five minutes to take on two passengers, a Mr. and Mrs. Ransom. They had descended from a smart carriage and pair and booked passage for Syracuse. Mrs. Ransom brought an atmosphere of refinement into the saloon, and Bella instinctively classed them both as gentlefolk with Roger, Mr. Atterbury, and herself.

Mrs. Ransom said good-morning all round with a gracious lack of discrimination that Mrs. Neilson seemed to find netting. She immediately asked whether Mrs. Ransom had enjoyed breakfast yet, and, finding she had, asked if she could help her to select a bed. Mrs. Ransom thanked her kindly, but replied that, as she felt rather fatigued, she would prefer to sit in the shady corner of the library to wait until Mr. Ransom came down. She retired behind the *North American Review*. Mrs. Neilson forced a smile. But she made a remark to Mrs. Cashdollar which seemed to amuse that lady very much. It was obvious that Mrs. Neilson had tried to put herself and Mrs. Ransom in a separate class, that she had failed in her first attempt, and that she did n't like it at all.

On deck, Bella found the air warm but bracing. A west wind was sweeping down the valley carrying clouds that drew their shadows over the steep flanks of the hills. Sheep drifted on the upland pastures. Men were reaping in the river flats, while behind them the bent forms

of women bound the sheaves and set the shocks in files. There seemed to be movement over all the earth, as though the wind had wakened every living thing.

As Bella walked up and down between Roger and Mr. Atterbury, she was made conscious again of the delightful ease of packet traveling. There was no jolting, no dust, no smell of horses. The motion of the boat was unwavering; it went so steadily that the towing team and the long curving towrope lost their visible relation to the journey. The narrow bright blue ribbon of the canal was like a scroll, unwinding west along the valley, the boat a picture painted on it, herself and Roger portraits of a bridal pair.

The ribbons down the sides of Bella's dove-gray traveling dress fluttered gayly, and the silk covering of her parasol snapped like a pigeon's wings. Though she sauntered with demureness back and forth along the fifty feet of deck, she longed to jump ashore, to lift her skirts and run a race with the packet, with Roger, with the wind.

A hawk, its wings two swords against the sky, roused envy in her. He needed no boat to take his way across the earth. As she lifted her eyes to follow the keen flight, the wind blew her bonnet ribbons over her lips, and under cover of untangling them she kissed her fingers.

Mr. Atterbury's alert eyes caught the gesture. She saw him smile, and she glanced hastily at Roger. But Roger was watching the country, not the sky. And she cried to him, 'Look, Roger. The hawk.'

She did not need to point; he had good eyes. He found the bird at once.

'He'd make a long shot.'

Bella said, 'I would n't want him shot. I wish I were him.'

'Why?'

'To fly, Roger.'

'Where would you fly to?'

'Away. Anywhere. It would n't matter. Only fly.'

She looked so eager.

'Away from me?' he asked, grinning.

'Yes. If you loved me you'd grow your own wings.'

She said it lightly, but she was annoyed. She did not want to be made fun of by Roger. Mr. Atterbury understood what she meant. She could tell that by the way he looked at her. He too was smiling, but his smile was to himself.

Roger said, 'Look at your hawk now. Do you still like him?'

He pointed. The hawk had bounded a hundred feet, breast to the wind, his wings like tempered steel. He was keeping an exact spot in the blue. His wings fluttered, lightly touching the wind. Then they slid back and his body, a gray arrow, stooped to the river's edge.

'Watch,' said Roger.

A thin metallic scream issued from the grass. A moment later they saw the hawk rise again, thrusting steadily with his wings, his legs straight down, and a brown shape swinging in his talons.

But Bella did not care about a dead water rat. Her eyes followed the magnificent towering climb, up and up, until the hawk had gained the level of the highest hill. Against the sky she could not see the bird move, but his shape dwindled until it was a speck.

Bella's glance swung challengingly round on Roger. She had forgotten Mr. Atterbury. She had forgotten everyone but herself and Roger, earth-bound, moving four miles an hour, on their pitiful twelve-by-fifty feet of packet deck. He was still grinning at her.

'I thought you hated rats,' he said.

The steersman, leaning idly against the rudder stick, stared between them with a blank face.

'Let's stop talking about him,' Bella said.

XI

'Bridge.'

'Low bridge.'

Bella turned on her heel, and the wind met her lips as she faced westward.

The team, a gray led by a black, were

trotting into the arched shadow. The white timbers framed a circle of blue — blue sky and blue water in which they were reflected. The horses passed out of sight beyond the abutment timbers, then returned to the frame at the end of the towrope, treading above their own reflections, with the driver boy's jacket a scarlet bud against a line of willows.

Bella was by herself. She had been cross with Roger. She would n't talk to him. He would n't even get angry, and after ten minutes of it he had left her, going below.

She glanced quickly fore and aft. She did not want to go down on the steersman's deck. Mr. Jason was standing there, confabulating with the steersman in an offhand voice.

Bella knew that she was involved in their conversation. Both of them had been amused when Roger stalked down into the saloon. The steersman looked red in the face when she met his eye; but Mr. Jason stared right back. Then his eyes embarked on a tour of inspection of her person, speculative, probing, vulgar.

But the bridge timbers were looming over the boat's course.

'I don't care what they think,' she said to herself.

She ran forward swiftly and looked over. At the sound of her footfall Mr. Atterbury's hat appeared. He touched the brim with his fingers. Seeing that she was going to jump, he pointed to what she had missed in the darkness last night, a small ladder leading from the corner of the saloon deck to the catwalk. She had just time to step over, step down, meeting his fingers with hers, and step round the corner of the ladies' cabin to the deck. The bridge shadows swept over her with the cool echoing sound of water lapping against wood. Mr. Jason's sudden laugh sounded obscene. She flushed, bit her lip, and said to Mr. Atterbury, 'I don't like that man.'

'Nor I,' said Mr. Atterbury. 'But when you travel in this country you

must make up your mind to put up with his genus. They are regrettably plentiful.'

'I suppose so,' Bella said. 'But I don't like him at all. What do you suppose he does?'

'Land speculator, probably.'

'Oh?'

Mr. Atterbury elaborated: 'He probably runs or works for a company that buys up tracts of poor land and advertises them in the East, — or, better yet, in Europe, — selling them sight unseen to credulous poor souls.'

The steward had set out some chairs on the deck. Bella and Mr. Atterbury seated themselves.

'I hope you don't object to my segar, Mrs. Willcox.'

'No, not at all. I love the smell of fine tobacco.'

She leaned a little forward, letting her wrists lie on her knees. Pulling smoothly at his segar, Mr. Atterbury appreciatively studied her. She had a pliant, graceful back, and slim, youthful arms. The dove-gray dress, fitting snugly, was particularly becoming. Her leghorn bonnet, with its demure Quakerish crown and the visor decked with most un-Quakerish ribbons, was drawn low on her brown hair. Even in the shadow of it her small face was bright with her resentment of Mr. Jason. 'Spunky,' Mr. Atterbury said to himself, seeing the little pucker of her brow. She looked delicious when she frowned. Her lower lip became sullen; she did not seem quite so indecently young and innocent to be a married woman. He sighed. Parents, he thought, had no business letting their daughters marry out of sheltered households at Bella Willcox's age; but he thought indulgently of them, also, knowing that it was this youthful innocence that made her so delightful a study for an old man. It was n't the world she was making acquaintance of — that would come later; it was herself.

He sighed again. She was trying to make easy conversation. She wanted to

appear mature. Well, it was only fair to let her gain confidence. She would need it, poor pretty child, he thought. It seemed a pity that all her awakening fire should be wasted on a young man who quite obviously could not appreciate what was taking place.

'Yes, Mrs. Willcox,' he said, rousing his tongue. 'I suppose I have traveled about a good deal. I probably bored you and your husband half to death last evening. But old men become garrulous, you know.'

'Oh, no indeed, Mr. Atterbury. I never listened to anyone so interesting.'

'You flatter me, my dear. I get fits of running on sometimes, and hardly know what I'm saying.'

She glanced at his shrewd eyes.

'I don't believe that. But I wish you'd run on some more, anyway. You said something last night about being held up on the highroad by the queerest man you'd ever met. I was dying to know who he was.'

'Were you?' He smiled. 'I'll wager you forgot all about him ten seconds after you left the saloon.'

She blushed, and then annoyance at acting so youthfully made her blush deeper.

'If I did,' she said, smiling back at him, 'I did n't forget it for keeps, did I?'

Her honesty delighted him.

'Just for that, I'll tell you. The highwayman was a Mr. St. Clair of the very finest Virginia stock. The highroad would have served much better as a bridle path than as a stage road. I was on my way from Nashville in Tennessee to Memphis. I was a good deal younger then, and no doubt I was singing a song, or filling my head with thoughts of the company I had parted with in Nashville, which was very pleasant, though I've never had opportunity to renew it. I dare say I was n't paying much attention to the road.'

Mr. Atterbury's eyes rested kindly

on Bella's face; but he did not seem to see her, and she thought, 'Maybe I'm making him remember some other woman.'

'I had — it sounds preposterous — eleven hundred dollars in a belt around my waist, the result of a lucky investment in Nashville. But I was a chuckle-headed boy in those days and thought I could take care of myself anywhere. I got a jolt when my horse reared; and when I got him in hand I found I was looking right into the business end of a horse pistol.

'He was very handsomely dressed,' continued Mr. Atterbury, drawing smoothly on his segar, 'for a man in those lonely districts. He was clean-shaven, and I saw at a glance that he was a gentleman. But I was badly rattled, and I lifted my hands at once.'

Mr. Atterbury laughed so infectiously at the recollection that Bella could not help joining in.

'Did he rob you?' she asked.

'Technically. But not of my money. He robbed me of an evening's conversation. He never gave me a chance to say a word until he had ridden me ahead of him for a mile or so down a narrow by-path. Then he said, "Now, sir, we're safe from interference and we'd better come to an understanding." I looked back over my shoulder and thought it was all up. He still had the pistol aimed square at me, and he had a devilishly steady hand. He said, "May I enquire your name, sir?" I told him, and he bowed over his horse's withers. "Reginald St. Clair, sir, of Magnolia Grove, Hardeman County." So I bowed. And he said, "I am obliged to disconvenience you, Mr. Atterbury. I'm a lonely man, and I am forced to collect company as I am able. If you'll resume your ride, we've only a mile to go, sir."'

Mr. Atterbury chuckled to himself.

'He was a fine fellow. And he had elegant manners.'

'He did n't touch your money, then?' Bella asked.

'Good heavens no, my dear. He gave me as good a dinner as I've ever sat down to. He had a beautiful house and a fine plantation and a plenty of slaves. But he felt that the vicinity was too lonely to bring a lady to, so he lived by himself.' Mr. Atterbury sighed reminiscently. 'Luckily he had no such compunctions about his cook. I enjoyed every mouthful. I slept in a four-post feather bed on lavender sheets. In the morning he took me back to the highroad and sent me on to the next village with two of his niggers, armed, for an escort.'

'I wish I were a man,' Bella said, drawing a deep breath.

'You'd make a pretty gentleman, my dear. But if you were, in bare justice to your new sex, you'd have to wish yourself a woman again.'

Bella lifted her hands and rested her chin on them.

'If I *were* a man I wonder if I would like women.'

'Pretty women,' said Mr. Atterbury.

'Blonde ones, I think. And I'd treat them heartlessly.'

Mr. Atterbury pulled on his segar.

'Well, for Mr. Willcox's sake I hope you'll never have the opportunity to find out.'

Bella laughed.

'Oh, Roger. He wants a girl to be small and fluffy, with lots of lacy clothes, I think.'

'It's a practically universal taste among men. Good ones, too.'

'He was very stuffy this morning,' Bella said. 'He did n't seem to like anything I said.'

'You must n't let it trouble you, my dear. You know it takes a good many years for a young man to discover he has n't married a valentine in a lace envelope.' Mr. Atterbury smiled. 'He's a nice young man, but I'm sure you'll shock him a good many times.'

'I shock *him*?''

'Yes, my dear. It's much easier to shock men than women, I've found.

And you see you're a very genuine person and not at all a copybook young lady.'

Bella said ruefully, 'I know it. My sister is different, though. She takes such pains with things. But then, it's worth while for her. She's lovely-looking.'

She felt a pleased little tremor take hold of her as she encountered Mr. Atterbury's eyes. They were remarkably young for a man with white hair, she thought.

'You know, Mr. Atterbury, I watched that fight this morning. And I was n't shocked. I loved it!'

He nodded. 'I'm not surprised. But it does n't mean that your heart is any the less gentle, my dear.'

'Mine was n't gentle a bit.'

He seemed amused at her vehemence.

'And yet here you are getting yourself all upset over that big husband of yours just because he teased you.'

'I'm not upset. I don't see why he should get stuffy just because I feel so wonderfully.'

'My dear child, you've just been set free in the world.' Mr. Atterbury's kindly smile robbed his words of all offense. 'But your husband has just been caught. And you see, he has no resource.'

'Resource?' Bella turned to him. Then she flushed. 'I see what you mean. But that's silly.'

'No, it is n't. You have n't any idea. You've showed that already.' He blew a stream of segar smoke. 'I hate to think how I'd behave in his shoes.'

He tactfully examined the ash of his segar.

'Oh,' Bella said in a muffled voice. She stared forward along the canal. After a while she asked, 'What can I do?'

'If you want advice, I'd suggest distraction for Mr. Willcox. Maybe you could plead a headache or some indisposition this evening, and don't let him take you on deck.'

'The cabin's so stuffy with Mrs. Neilson in it.'

Mr. Atterbury laughed.

'I'll bet it is. But lots of things are stuffy.'

'Well, I'll do it. Though I don't see how it can help much.'

'I'll try to amuse him with other things.'

'Could you?'

Mr. Atterbury accepted the naïve question with forbearance.

'Backgammon — or maybe I could arrange a small game of cards.'

Bella was interested at once.

'Oh, Roger would like that. He loves cards. I believe he plays very well.'

'Does he? That's fine.'

'It's very kind of you.'

'Pshaw. I'd enjoy it myself.'

'But it is.'

'Not at all, my dear.'

Mr. Atterbury leaned forward and laid his hand over hers.

'Don't worry,' he said.

She thought nobody could have been kinder, and at lunch she was particularly nice to Roger.

XII

Mrs. Cashdollar had brought up her bags. She stood by the steersman with Bella, watching the town draw nearer, while, level with their eyes, the feet of Roger and Mr. Atterbury walked briskly up and down the saloon deck.

'I always like to come up when I get to my own home town,' Mrs. Cashdollar said. 'It's pretty coming into it on a canalboat.'

Utica lay ahead. Against the bright blue sky it did look inviting, with its tall buildings, some of them five stories high, its white church steeples, its glittering, gilded weather vanes.

'Don't it strike you pretty, Jake?'

Mrs. Cashdollar was familiar with the steersman. They had done business together once. But the steersman replied guardedly, 'Utica is a nice enough town,

Lucy; but it's got the most consarned crowded basin on the line.'

The captain appeared on deck, roaring at the driver boy to tickle some style into the team, and the driver boy cursed and lashed with a show of zeal. The captain pulled out his watch. 'Twenty minutes,' he said calculatingly. 'I ain't going to wait for passengers. I'm out for a record. If they don't show up they can wait or they can walk.'

'A record?' Bella asked. 'Why do you want to make one?'

'Stage lines have cut their rates,' the captain explained. 'We're still under them. We throw in food on the price of the ticket. But people want speed nowadays, ma'am. By God, the Red Bird Line's going to give it to them, too.' He smiled patronizingly. 'You don't realize it, ma'am, but you've been traveling a dang sight better than four miles an hour.'

The canal slanted away from the river towards the heart of Utica. The packet passed a drag of four cribs of scantling chained together. The last crib had a kind of ramshackle hut on it, and three nearly naked men with poles kept fending the drag from the banks. They looked wild and partly drunk, and they cheered raucously as the packet went by.

After the *Western Lion* passed the lumber, though it had the canal to itself for a short way, the captain jumped up on the saloon deck and began blowing his bugle: 'Yankee Doodle,' and the 'Irish Washerwoman,' and 'Anacreon in Heaven.' The notes soared away and the brightness of the music in the bright air pricked even the horses' ears.

'He's warning the weighlock,' explained the steersman. 'They'll have the level ready and the gates open and hold back the freights for us.'

The *Western Lion* glided suddenly into the shadow of a house; the canal narrowed. A garden fence stood right upon the bank, and the thud of hoofs echoed against wood walls. The bugle notes seemed to shoot away with redoubled

volume. A window opened and a maid looked forth and waved a duster. Two little black children screamed and chased the boat and did fancy steps for pennies.

Bella looked at the backs of the houses. Trees grew over the fences; she smelled blooming phlox above the stale smell of the canal water. Slanted avenues of sunlight succeeded shadows and put enchantment on the women's dresses, so that even the incredible display Mrs. Cashdollar wore was made attractive.

'You can get up on top now,' the steersman said after they emerged from the shadow of another bridge. 'It's free from here to the packet dock.'

They mounted, Bella and Mrs. Cashdollar, the Ransoms and the Neilsons, joining Mr. Atterbury, the captain, and Roger. Mrs. Cashdollar touched Bella's elbow. Bella started. She had been traveling in enchantment for an instant, not realizing how short a time it was since she had seen the signs and smelled the smells of people living close together along city streets; it seemed ages ago.

She turned to find Mrs. Cashdollar studying her with unaccustomed diffidence.

'I just wanted to say, dearie, I hope you'll be happy. You've got a nice boy. Stick to him tight.'

'Thank you,' said Bella.

The woman's painted face looked sentimental.

Then she faced ahead.

'It's pretty, ain't it?'

They were in a belt of shadow, and already the noise of the basin hung dimly before them like a drone of swarming bees. The scent from a rose garden hung in the shadow, and a clear voice of a young woman calling a child.

Then the captain again blew on his bugle. They emerged into blistering sunlight. Bella saw boats lined up along the towpath, beyond them a square building, housing the canal like a tunnel, and a group of men all staring towards the *Western Lion*.

The driver boy yelled backward, 'Mind your step, George.'

'Slog ahead,' roared the steersman.

The packet seemed to pick up speed. The rope, now passed over the standard in the bow, remained taut. The packet swung into the middle of the canal, slowly, tensely, until, when the bows straightened, they were aimed for the weighlock like thread for a needle's eye.

For a breathless instant Bella felt her heart constrict. Suppose they struck. But she knew they would not. The team plunged through with a deafening thunder of hoofs on the plank run. The packet slid in and out again, and the sunlight suddenly dazzled her. The steersman was nonchalantly leaning on the rudder stick. He arched a spit, then wiped his mouth, and with the gesture dropped his hand to the stick, bore on it, and the boat eased into the packet dock like a feat of magic. Handlers caught the ropes and snubbed them fast to the ties; the gang clattered down. And Mrs. Cashdollar was saying good-bye as if the whole display had been contrived expressly for her return to Utica.

XIII

Bella lay stiff on her back, her hands under her neck, her eyes closed, pretending to sleep. Mrs. Neilson, who had had more than the usual port at supper, had mercifully dropped off; but when Bella peered through her lashes she discovered Mrs. Ransom's eyes turned meditatively in her direction.

Bella did not feel like talking. She lay quiet, her nerves on stretch. She would have liked to get up, to move about the cabin, to lean out of a window. It was almost airless in the cabin — the circle of light in the lamp chimney burned blue, as if the flame found insufficient oxygen. The curtains hung limp, though every window was wide. Outside the blackness was unbroken. There were not even stars to-night.

They had passed no locks, for the packet was still on the Long Level, which extended from Frankfort to Syracuse. The *Western Lion* had drawn through Rome at sunset, and the captain had then said that Rome was halfway on the Level. Now they were in the black-snake section of the canal, winding through hemlock and balsam swamps and long open bogs. Frogs made a continual bellowing that traveled with the boat, drowning all smaller sounds, until Bella felt the blood beating in her head.

She tried to make herself sleep by thinking of her family in Albany, but the scenes were blurred, and through them the faces of Roger and Mr. Atterbury kept emerging — one grinning and mocking, the other keen, and both watching her while she followed the free flight of the hawk.

After putting the washroom to rights, Viney came into the cabin. She moved with the casual stealth of a wild animal and made her bed upon the floor without a sound. She curled up on the pallet, one thin arm outstretched across the boards, the other curved across her face, her mouth opening a little for a long silent exhalation.

The boat slid onward through the rumbling of the bullfrogs. There were no bridges any more to raise the driver's cry. There had been no lights for an hour, except one passing glow from another boat, more lonely in the darkness than the night itself.

Bella felt afraid.

She did not know why, but her mind turned suddenly towards her future. For the first time it occurred to her to wonder what living with Roger was going to be like: sharing her bed with him, feeling the beat of his heart, hearing him breathe, seeing him in the morning when he woke, having to dress and undress in his sight. A wave of nausea swept over her. She could smell the saloon again as it had been last night, heavy from the breathing of men and the deadness of

Mr. L. D. Jones's segar. She shivered and felt sweat on her forehead.

'Don't be a fool,' she said to herself. 'I wanted him. I wanted him from the beginning.' Roger was not like that. He was very clean. He never smelled of staleness. The skin on his wrists was very white. 'I'm going to make him happy and be happy.' She said it with her teeth clenched.

She was thinking of a time when, as a little girl, she had been on her uncle's farm outside the city, and she and Clorinda had stolen off to the barn mow to see one of the mares served. She had heard her uncle talking about it with one of the hands, and she and Clorinda had thought it would be enchanting to see a horse being served. They had climbed up the ladder and looked into the paddock through a crack in the hay door. They could see far out from there over the country, and they were hardly settled before they spied a little man leading a big black horse along the road. They had wondered what that horse was coming for and kept watching for the mare. They knew her very well, having often stolen carrots from the kitchen garden for her. But the little man kept leading the black horse along, and he turned with him into the paddock, and the horse had put up his crest and neighed, and it was then that the mare appeared. They brought the bay mare into the paddock.

Before that Bella had always thought of her as a fine, spirited animal, but now she seemed to have lost all courage. Clorinda had asked what was going to happen. Clorinda had been all eyes when the men put the mare into the paddock. But Bella had been sick. When she was through being sick, the mare was back in the stable, and the men were out by the gate, laughing a little. The stallion was going back down the road, by the way he had come, making play on the halter, so that the little man seemed light on his toes, like a dancer. It had been a bright sunny day with a

sweeping wind. She remembered how the stallion's mane had blown forward as he walked.

Outside a boat horn blared, and Bella lay still.

It was so near that almost immediately she heard the team on the tow-path; and then the light came by. She wondered whether she had been asleep and missed the first note of the horn.

With the passage of the freight boat, silence crept into the cabin again. Then through the wall at her head she heard the dim sounds of the men's voices. They were playing a long game.

Mr. Atterbury had made his suggestion to Roger before supper, but Roger had consulted her privately before agreeing. She was glad he had. But she pleaded a headache and said she would prefer to go to bed early. She had not realized then how hot it would be in the ladies' cabin. She had counted on having it to herself for a while; but as soon as the other ladies had seen that Mr. Atterbury was getting up a game of cards they had followed her example, and now she was trapped.

The sound of cards irritated her with its persistence. She thought resentfully of Roger's pleasure at the idea. He had, of course, been solicitous about her headache, and he had been attentive all through supper. But he had not suggested that fresh air would be better for a headache.

He was fond of cards. Maybe it was only fair that he should have a game — he had been submerged for so long by all her relations and the frilleries of getting married in a respectable family. But it did not seem fair either that she should have to be cooped up in this stuffy box of a cabin with two women, one of whom snored.

Mrs. Neilson was not snoring, but Bella thought it was only a matter of time before she would start.

'I just can't stand it if she does,' she thought.

She lay quite still, and little by little

the darkness came in upon her through the airless windows with the clamor of the frogs. After a while she wondered whether Mrs. Ransom had gone to sleep. She opened her eyes and carefully looked through her lashes.

Mrs. Ransom was still sitting up in bed with her face turned to the open window. Her hair was loose on her shoulders. It had streaks of gray growing back from the temples, but they hardly showed across the cabin. Her absorption made her face look young.

Bella was surprised to see what a pretty nightgown Mrs. Ransom was wearing. Not at all what she would have expected — nothing like her mother's staid garments that laced tight round the neck and had half sleeves in summer, full in winter. Mrs. Ransom's was low-cut and edged with lace. It was cut far lower than Bella's own. Through it her breast shone under the lamp with a clean soft line.

'Why,' thought Bella, 'she looks beautiful.'

She let her eyelids droop. Mrs. Ransom had been smiling, and a sixth sense made her aware that Mrs. Ransom had been looking at her just before she opened her eyes. . . .

XIV

Through the wall she heard one of the men laugh. She was not positive, but it had sounded like Roger's voice. It had sounded forced, though. She held her breath. The men were silent now. Then she heard the chink of silver on the table. She realized that they were playing for money.

She had never thought of their playing for money. That was not right. She had never believed that playing cards was as sinful as her family maintained, so she had not felt shocked when Mr. Atterbury made his suggestion. But this was gambling.

To her surprise she found that she was sitting straight up in bed and that

Mrs. Ransom was looking across at her.

'Can't you sleep, either?' Mrs. Ransom asked after a quick glance at Mrs. Neilson.

Bella could not answer.

Mrs. Ransom regarded her steadily for a minute, then slipped from bed and tiptoed across the cabin.

'What's the matter, my dear? Do you feel ill?'

Bella shook her head.

'Something's the matter.'

'I'm afraid,' Bella said. 'I can't bear it any more in here.'

'It's terribly close. But wait a minute.'

Mrs. Ransom went back to her bed and returned with a bottle of smelling salts.

'Sniff this.'

Bella obeyed. But the ammonia only served to clear her head. Again she heard the terrifying chink of money.

'Do you hear?'

Mrs. Ransom nodded. 'They're still playing.'

'But they're playing for money!'

'Is that what's worrying you?'

Mrs. Ransom smiled, and Bella felt better. Mrs. Ransom was n't upset.

'Why should n't they play for money?' Mrs. Ransom asked. 'It's theirs.'

Bella tried to laugh.

'I guess I've been silly.'

'Not quite.'

Mrs. Ransom implied nothing. Her face was thoughtful. Then she looked at Mrs. Neilson's huddled form.

'I've been dying to get out of here myself. I wonder if we could n't.'

Bella said, 'We could n't go through the saloon.'

'No, but we might get out the window.'

Her eyes had a mischievous light. She seemed like another girl to Bella.

'Yes, let's,' Bella whispered, slipping from her bed.

'Are you going to dress?' Mrs. Ransom asked.

'Ought n't I?'

'I could n't bear the feeling of clothes to-night.'

'But we ought to put on something.'

'You young people are always so proper,' said Mrs. Ransom. 'Well, maybe we ought to wear our cloaks. We'll have to protect ourselves from the mosquitoes, I suppose.'

She got her cloak and slipped it over her nightgown. Then she stole back to Bella. They looked down at Viney. The black girl was stretched on her pallet, one arm still outflung above her kinky hair.

'Viney.'

She opened her eyes instantly and sat up.

'See if you can help us through the window and pass us some blankets and two pillows without waking Mrs. Neilson.'

Viney grinned. She led the way to a side window and poked out her head.

'Ain' nobody on deck, Mrs. Ransom.'

Mrs. Ransom pulled up her nightdress and stuck a slippered foot over the sill. In a moment, with surprising suppleness, she was through. Bella followed.

Viney handed out the pillows and blankets and looked at them enviously.

'Don't you want to come, Viney?'

'Yes, Mis'. I sho'ly does. But she'd wake if I was n't here and call the captain.'

Bella felt Mrs. Ransom take her hand.

'The steersman won't see us if we keep our heads down.'

Mrs. Ransom went along the catwalk on hands and knees. When Bella joined her on the bow deck, she was laughing softly.

'The driver has n't looked back. Once we're wrapped up, we'll look perfectly respectable.'

They made themselves a place between the windows with their backs to the cabin wall, as Bella and Roger had on the preceding night.

It was much cooler outside, and the sound of the frogs, strangely, did not seem so deafening. The woods looked near and black, but far back in them fireflies were carrying lanterns. The sparks moved here and there, tracing patterns, and giving the night depth.

'I think we'll have a thunderstorm,' said Mrs. Ransom.

Bella nodded.

(To be concluded)

THOU ART MY LONG-LOST PEACE

BY WALTER DE LA MARE

Thou art my long-lost peace:
All trouble, and all care,
Like winds on the ocean cease —
Leaving serene and fair
The evening-gilded wave
Above the unmeasured deep —
When thy serene dark eyes
Call to the soul, in sleep —

In sleep. The waking hour —
How sweet its power may be!
How lovely the bird, and flower
That feigned reality!
But further yet, there is
A spirit, strange to earth,
Within whose longing lies
What day can not bring forth.

So I — though hand and lips,
Being body's, pine for thine —
Watch from my dreams in sleep
What earthly clocks resign
To cloaked Eternity:
Then weeping, sighing, must go
Back to that haunt in me,
In rapture, and in woe.

ON GREENEST GRASS

BY LAURENCE BINYON

ON greenest grass the lace of lights
Beneath the shadowing tree
Trembles, as when eyes more than lips
Are smiling silently.

Its motion, all but motionless,
Is like a dancer's feet
Half-still, half-stirred, ere music throb
To float them on its beat.

Is it a music ears can hear?
Or in a world so jarred
With inward wrong, is it a sound
Too happy to be heard?

O tell me, tell me! Could I slip
The time's perversity,
There would be music in the air
And I the trembling tree.

A spirit smiling to itself
Seems in those leaves to live, —
And for a moment, lost in it,
This world I can forgive.

THE DEFEAT OF THE SCHOOLS

BY JAMES L. MURSELL

MOST people — certainly most laymen — would be apt to think that the chief business of the schools is to give pupils at least a modest working knowledge of the subjects of the curriculum. Not a few students of education, it is true, consider that this is a misconception, and that the true purpose of schools is to bring about an adjustment to social demands for which the various subjects are at best only means. Nobody, however, who surveys the conventional working apparatus of courses of study, textbooks, recitations, examinations, and marks can have much doubt that in practice the schools are making the mastery of the curriculum an end in itself. Whether in theory they ought to or not, this in fact is what they are manifestly trying to do.

But they are not succeeding. About that there is no room for theorizing. Nor is their failure sporadic, and confined to a few places where management is unusually bad. It occurs almost universally, in the cities and in the country, in large institutions and in small. The schools go through an elaborate, costly, and exasperating set of motions called teaching natural science, foreign languages, English, and so forth. Yet what is contained in textbooks and syllabi obstinately refuses to transfer itself to the minds of the patrons and stay there. In the grand struggle to get subject matter off the page and into the head, the schools are suffering a spectacular and most disconcerting defeat.

This, I am aware, is a formidable state-

ment. But it is made on formidable evidence. The recent investigation carried on by the Carnegie Foundation in the colleges of Pennsylvania, issued under the title *The Student and His Knowledge*, which has caused considerable furore over the ignorance of college seniors, is only a drop in the bucket. For proof of the defeat of the schools does not depend on one investigation alone, or on a dozen, or a score, or a hundred. We have here nothing less than the consistent testimony of thirty years of enormously varied research in education.

Since about 1910 many thousands of investigations have appeared, dealing with almost every conceivable aspect of school work. Comparatively few of them explicitly and directly consider the efficiency of the schools in terms of how much subject matter they manage to induce the pupils to learn. Yet a great many, without particularly setting out to do so, throw a most startling light upon the results of education. Taken in the mass, they add up to a consistent, coherent, and extremely impressive body of testimony, pointing towards one conclusion: whatever the goods which our schools are delivering, they are not what one might expect to find in packages labeled science, history, foreign languages, English, and so forth.

I

Suppose we call the roll of the principal subjects, asking in each case what a person ought to learn if he is to have

anything worth calling an elementary working mastery of it, and also to what extent this is really being acquired.

Let us start with mathematics. Here we have the most precise and powerful instrument for abstract thinking and analysis devised by man. This, indeed, is the very essence of the subject. Mathematics is a technique of thinking, and if you have not learned to think in its special language you just have not learned mathematics at all. Such thinking may not be very intricate or advanced; but, all the way from simple arithmetic to differential equations and beyond, it is the same kind of process. That process is quite different from doing sums, because when one is set a sum one is told either directly or by the most obvious sort of hint whether to add, subtract, multiply, divide, or what not, and all one has to do is to follow certain rules and remember certain tables, which clearly is routine rather than thinking. Essentially the job of every mathematician, all the way from a first-grade child to an Einstein, is to take hold of situations and disentangle them by the techniques of the science. A beginner may not be able to deal with very complicated situations, or to carry the disentangling very far. But he must go some appreciable distance along this road — he must be able to decide what treatment the given situation requires, whether addition or multiplication or something else — before he can claim anything that can possibly be called mastery of mathematics.

Now we know beyond peradventure that a very large percentage of children studying mathematics in school go hardly a step in this direction. For instance, the educational authorities in Iowa have carried through an ambitious project known as the 'Every-Pupil Testing Program.' Part of that program was an examination for mastery of the material taught in ninth-grade algebra. In constructing this examination it was clear to the experienced workers that

they must use only very simple items, or almost every pupil would be defeated. (An ominous consideration at the start. Inexperienced test-makers tend strongly to expect far too much.) Sixty-two such items were assembled, samples being the following: 'Write a formula for the perimeter of the rectangle.

Write a formula for the π  area of the rectangle.

A dealer sold a suit of clothes for \$42, making a profit of 20 per cent on the cost; how many dollars did he make?' Simple enough, one would say; yet genuine problems, because they require not the mere recalling of knowledge, but its application to the analysis of situations. Yet it appeared that half of the large number of pupils taking the test, all of whom had taken algebra, could do no more than ten of the items. Other results showed that actual working knowledge of the ostensible content of the algebra course was being acquired in only the most meagre degree.

Again, another investigation was carried on in which a test in elementary mathematics was given to a large number of children. When they were simply told to perform certain operations, such as factorization, reduction of fractions, the 'solution' of easy equations, and the like, 1000 out of 1200 succeeded. But when problems were set up, which not only were simple, *but involved no operations other than those which these children had shown they could perform*, only about 300 succeeded. What shall it profit anyone to be able to do a certain kind of sum on instruction but unable to use his skill in a problematic situation? Can we say that such a person has any genuine mastery of mathematics?

Very similar results are reported for geometry. Pupils may be able to repeat the proofs of theorems, or to recite definitions and postulates; but this is no evidence that they can deal with 'originals' — that is, with problems for the attack upon which theorems and definitions are only tools. Once more we ask

in what sense a person has 'mastered' a set of tools which he cannot use. If you feel inclined to say that one cannot learn a proof without thought and understanding, consider this: it has been shown again and again that even very small accidental changes in the proof of a theorem will destroy the ability of many pupils to repeat it. These children know how to prove that the square on the hypotenuse of the right-angled triangle ABC is equal to the sum of the squares on the other two sides. Good! Now call the triangle PQR. A surprising percentage of your group will be rendered helpless. Have they really learned and understood the proof at all?

Moreover, geometry does not stay learned. College freshmen, all of whom had studied the subject within the past two years, were given a test designed for high-school students: 86 per cent of these freshmen were below the high-school norm; 50 per cent did worse than 75 per cent of the high-school students; and 26 per cent did worse than nine tenths of the high-school students. Also, they were conspicuously weak in applying geometric reasoning to problematic situations — that is, in the *use* of the geometric equipment they had labored to acquire. A subject which has been grasped and understood does not fade from the mind so easily and fast.

Other investigations have turned the spotlight on the intimate processes of pupils who are tackling the job of dealing with simple mathematical problems. Put pupils up against a situation requiring mathematical thinking, and what happens? Do they carry through intelligent methods of attack, rational in themselves even when slips in computation result in wrong answers? Do they experiment and analyze and try out alternative procedures in some sort of planned sequence? The author of one important study finds that few of them seem to reason at all, and that reflective thought is not evoked. 'Instead, many of them appear to perform almost ran-

dom calculations upon the numbers given. Where they do solve a problem correctly the response seems to be determined largely by habit.'

Still another body of disconcerting evidence is at hand. One would naturally suppose that the longer a person studied a subject, the more mastery of it he would gain. Yet, when tests of mathematical competence which do not simply duplicate the situations and routines of textbook and course are applied, it has often been found that there is little of such gain with time. Apparently pupils are going through textbooks and courses but not effectively gaining in mathematical insight and mastery. Everything comes together in an inescapable conclusion. Mathematics is being energetically taught, but it is not being learned to a degree that would, judged by common-sense standards, seem worth while.

II

In natural science the situation is much the same. Teachers of physics in twenty-eight schools began to have misgivings about the efficiency of their work and the amount of physics actually penetrating the minds of their pupils. Obviously a person might be able to recite fairly well on assignments prepared *ad hoc* the night before, or to do fairly well on examinations closely related to the course, and still have no independent mastery of the subject as such. So the teachers constructed a test which, on the basis of their pooled judgment, represented what one ought to know when he had covered the two topics of mechanics and heat. The results were illuminating, not to say startling. The majority of pupils fell far below expectation. Such questions were asked as: 'A stone is dropped and takes two seconds to hit the ground; from what height is it dropped?' 'How much work is done to raise two pounds one yard?' These particular problems had never been set, but everyone was supposed to have the knowledge

and technique needed to solve them. Inability to answer could only mean lack of mastery of the subject as contemplated in the courses; yet this appeared very generally. Also, it was found that a student's performance on the independent test had very little relationship to his rating in the course in physics. It was one thing to give correct answers under the special promptings of assignment, textbook, and recitation, but quite another to show a mastery of physics as such.

A few years ago a comprehensive test to reveal competence in chemistry, including in its scope mechanical operations, the use of formulæ and equations, and general information, was given to groups of students in high school, and to college students who had completed freshman chemistry. Let us begin with the showing of the college students. Remember that all of them had finished freshman chemistry; some had taken the subject in high school, and others had not. But on the test there was no significant difference in the performance of these two groups. Apparently the time spent studying the subject in high school as a preliminary to taking it in college was an almost total loss. University teachers might easily think this a severe reflection on high-school chemistry. So indeed it is. But they should not boast too soon. For those who had taken chemistry in high school and had not yet gone further showed up just about as well on the test as those who had taken the subject both in high school and as freshmen in college. Two years of the subject did not give much better results than one, whether that one year was spent in high school or in college.

Moreover, with both physics and chemistry it has been shown that failure is most conspicuous in the learning of those techniques and principles of analysis which are the chief values of these subjects, and on which their practical application principally depends. A smattering of unrelated facts, rather than an insight into integrated, functioning laws,

is what is acquired. And even such facts are insecurely learned.

Quite recently investigators have been raising a new question, more fundamental than any I have discussed so far. Does the study of science, including mathematics, teach scientific thinking? Just conceivably this might happen even without the student's gaining any very extensive or exact information, or any very firm grasp upon techniques and methods of analysis. Of course it is much harder to tell whether a person is able to think scientifically than whether he knows certain facts or is able to use certain techniques, so results here are apt to be less reliable than elsewhere. Still, the attempt has been made rather frequently, with great care and seriousness, and the answer to the question is: No! There is practically no evidence at all that science, as taught in school, makes one more careful about hypotheses, more willing to suspend judgment, more open-minded towards alternative views, more able to distinguish truth from hokum. It does not, so far as we can tell, successfully promote these or any other typical virtues of the scientific mind.

III

Now let us turn to the so-called language arts — foreign languages and English. Regarding the former not much need be said; technical research simply confirms a painfully obvious case. No one can be said to have a mastery of any language unless he can read, write, or speak it, and not much of a mastery unless he can compass all three. The language must serve him as an instrument of communication in its own right, which means not only far more than being able laboriously to translate it by main force of grammar and dictionary, but also something essentially different. How many pupils achieve any such freedom with French, German, or Spanish? Very few! Ask the same question about Latin, and you must change

'Very few' to 'Virtually none.' It has been shown that, under the conditions commonly found in our schools, a person must study Latin in high school, through college, and for one graduate year before being able to read it as freely as an average fifth-grade child reads English. Given really efficient teaching, an average person can attain a good reading mastery of French, German, or Spanish in two school years. (For Latin one might have to make it three years.) The thing can be done, but it happens all too rarely. What is the use of learning a language to a point below that of mastery?

But what about English? Here too there is a record of failure and defeat. Do pupils in school learn to read their mother tongue effectively? Yes and no. Up to the fifth or sixth grade, reading, on the whole, is effectively taught and well learned. To that level we find a steady and general improvement, but beyond it the curves flatten out to a dead level. This is not because a person arrives at his natural limit of efficiency in reading when he reaches the sixth grade, for it has been shown again and again that with special tuition much older children, and also adults, can make enormous improvement. Nor does it mean that most sixth-graders read well enough for all practical purposes. A great many pupils do poorly in high school because of sheer ineptitude in getting meaning from the printed page. They can improve; they need to improve; but they don't.

The average high-school graduate has done a good deal of reading, and if he goes on to college he will do a good deal more; but he is likely to be a poor and incompetent reader. (Note that this holds true of the *average* student, not the person who is a subject for special remedial treatment.) He can follow a simple piece of fiction and enjoy it. But put him up against a closely written exposition, a carefully organized and economically stated argument, or

a passage requiring critical consideration, and he is at a loss. It has been shown, for instance, that the average high-school student is amazingly inept at indicating the central thought of a passage, or the levels of emphasis and subordination in an argument or exposition. To all intents and purposes he remains a sixth-grade reader till well along in college.

Moreover, the schools are not successful in promoting an interest in reading. Survey after survey has come out with the same general results. Pupils in school, and also high-school and college graduates, read but little. Medium-grade magazines and fair-to-medium fiction are the chief standbys. Reading choices are made on hearsay, casual recommendation, and display advertising. Education is clearly not producing a discriminating or venturesome reading public. As one investigator concludes, there is no indication 'that the schools are developing permanent interest in reading as a leisure-time activity.'

The case is the same when we consider the art of writing the English language. No great number of people are going to turn into subtle and imaginative stylists, even with the best of teaching. But properly directed effort over a period of years should certainly equip the average human being with what it takes to express himself clearly, exactly, and correctly in his native tongue. This happens, however, only on the most meagre scale. Investigators use a good many different techniques to reveal the competence and maturity with which a person can express himself in English. One of these is the ratio of the number of dependent clauses used to the number of sentences used, which serves to indicate the complexity of the linguistic pattern turned out. On this basis, to be sure, there is a steady development throughout the school years. But other criteria show that we have little cause for satisfaction. All through high school and well into college we find the most

amazing solecisms of grammar and usage persisting. A great many high-school pupils are not able to discriminate between what is a sentence and what is not.

There is yet another highly significant criterion whose application yields some very startling results. This is range of vocabulary. One does not, of course, want people to use five-dollar words in profusion; but without adequate vocabulary equipment it is not possible to express fine and precise shades of meaning. Now word counts show that in the English of students, both in formal compositions assigned in school and in letters, very few words occur outside the thousand most commonly employed in the language. More significantly still, as one goes from senior year in high school to senior year in college, the vocabulary content of written English hardly seems to increase at all. After twelve years in school a great many students still use English in many respects childish and undeveloped; and four years more bring slight improvement.

In the social studies and history the situation is much the same; I shall mention the results of but one typical investigation. A test was constructed calling for knowledge of a range of very simple facts in United States history. It was given to pupils in the upper grades who had covered the field once. They could answer only 15 per cent of the questions. High-school students, who had spent an additional year on material largely identical, could manage 33 per cent. College sophomores, after a third journey over the same pathway, answered, on an average, 49 per cent. Less than half the simplest and most obvious facts assimilated after three exposures! Surely a time-consuming, inefficient process, to say the least.

IV

Clearly, then, the campaign to induce and enable students effectively to master the chief subjects of the curriculum is not yielding any very striking victories.

What about the effect of the schools in building up in people's minds a stock of general knowledge or information? This has been a tempting problem for research workers, largely because a general knowledge test is comparatively easy to construct; so we have plenty of material. The Carnegie Foundation inquiry in Pennsylvania, to which I have already referred, dealt with this question, and its results may be taken as representative, though they are played up with unusual impressiveness. It showed that the gain in general information between sophomore and senior year in college, and indeed between high-school and college graduation, was meagre and uncertain. Many college seniors had no wider range of general knowledge than sophomores, and some of them were no better informed than high-school seniors. The report has stirred up considerable comment, but to anyone familiar with the literature of educational research it comes as no surprise.

In this day of encyclopædias, *World Almanacs*, and public libraries, a large stock of miscellaneous information for ready reference does not seem particularly vital. Even professional scholars can and do look up specific data when and as needed. It is far more important to know where to look for facts, and what to do with them when found, than to be able to produce them from under one's hat at a moment's notice. So the very strong and consistent evidence that twelve to sixteen years of schooling leave most people very inadequately equipped with ready-to-use memory knowledge, though highly suggestive, seems of secondary significance.

The other body of experimental results, however, is quite a different affair. These are the investigations dealing with what is known as *transfer of training*. Probably all of us have at some time been told that a subject which seems useless and futile for its own sake is still worth studying because it helps with some other subject. Latin is said to help

with other foreign languages, and to improve one's English. Grammar is thought to enable one to write and read better. Elementary mathematics is supposed to be an aid to physics. Geometry trains one in reasoning. Such claims are quite familiar. What one learns in one subject is said to *transfer* to others, and so to help in mastering them.

The hypothesis of transfer has been one of the chief topics of educational and psychological research. Something like one hundred and seventy published investigations have been devoted to it. Their general and accepted testimony is that very limited transfer takes place. Students who have taken Latin show up no better in other languages than those who have not; nor do they read better, write better, spell better, or use larger vocabularies in their native language. It has been shown again and again that work in English grammar has almost no value as an aid to the accurate and competent use of the English language. Persons who have spent a great deal of time studying grammar do no better either in composition or in reading than others who have had little or no grammatical training. Teachers of physics frequently complain that when pupils enter their courses they seem to forget all the mathematics they ever knew, and research backs up such grumblings. As to the argument that geometry teaches people to reason better about things in general, it is preposterous, and advanced without a shred of evidence.

The cumulative results of this long list of investigations are authoritative and accepted. They are summarized in almost every elementary textbook on educational psychology, and are one of the commonplaces at teachers' gatherings. Practically every professionally trained teacher in America has heard the news that transfer of training does not take place, though without a very critical or adequate insight into the evidence.

When one studies a subject, any benefits there may be accrue within the

subject itself and not somewhere else. Such is the ascertained fact. (I state it broadly, and without various, not unimportant, qualifications.) But the proper inference from it, the moral of the tale, is hardly ever pointed out. *Transfer of training ought to take place. Its failure to do so is a reproach to teaching.* When pupils cannot use their mathematics in a physics course, something must be wrong. Perhaps they never really learned their mathematics in the mathematics course! Latin, with its close affiliation with other languages, ought to help with French, Spanish, and German, not to mention English. When this fails to happen, it is a reflection upon the teaching of Latin. Again, English style is, in a sense, applied grammar. So when we prove that learning grammar does not improve English expression — and this has been proved to the hilt — the inference must be that grammar was pretty badly learned.

Lack of transfer is not a law of nature or a fiat of the Almighty. It is an indictment of teaching. Learn Latin as it should be learned, and it will help you with other languages. Acquire a real grasp of mathematical thinking, and it will not fail you when you tackle physics. The investigations on the transfer of training simply go to swell the great volume of evidence that the schools, in their attempt to generate adequate and worth-while masteries in the subject-matter fields, are meeting with defeat.

V

Why should all this be so? How does it happen that Johnnie Jones and Susie Smith spend a good deal of time on various subjects with such disappointing returns? What can we do about it?

The trouble is that Johnnie and Susie set up a *ligne Maginot* of sheer mental inertia, through which the attacking forces of education cannot break. For this the fault is ours far more than theirs. It is their inevitable and instinc-

tive reaction to the whole apparatus of an education centring about the traditionally determined curriculum. We are trying to sell Johnnie and Susie an unsalable bill of goods.

Let us see as simply and clearly as possible just what we are asking them to do. We assume a standard body of content, including, by way of illustration, the atomic law, the conditions leading up to the American Revolution, the *Tragedy of King Lear*, and the skills required for solving a quadratic equation. Obviously Johnnie and Susie cannot learn everything in the world, though in an earlier and simpler day some very considerable thinkers did suppose that an educated man was one who knew everything. To-day, however, the proposition is manifestly impossible. Since life is short and school days fleeting, Johnnie and Susie can assimilate only a very small fraction of human culture. So we must make a selection.

How do we make it? We make it on the basis of nothing more intelligent or reassuring than long tradition. The material taught in the schools goes far back through the years, some of it to a remote antiquity. Of course, like every other tradition, it has altered somewhat with the passage of time, but slowly and superficially. It has a sort of independent life of its own, which is highly resistant to change. Textbooks and syllabi tend to be based on previous textbooks and syllabi. Teachers tend to purvey what they themselves have learned. The pattern of the basic curriculum is extraordinarily rigid, and has never been critically reconstructed from the ground up, except in a few favored institutions. In the main the schools continue to teach it for no better reason than that it has always been taught.

Now how much confidence can we have that a body of content so selected is really worth learning? Surely very little! Can we say that it is a balanced and representative sampling of the best and finest that the human spirit has

achieved and is achieving? By no means. In the standard curriculum there is some fine gold, but also an unconscionable quantity of dross. If we wanted to give our convenient inquiring friend, the Man from Mars, an idea of the best in human culture, we would hardly hand him a set of school texts and syllabi. Why should we do it with Johnnie and Susie? Or can we say that what we offer is vitally related to the interests, concerns, and needs of young Americans? Again the answer is: No! Nothing of the sort has been considered in making the selection. Indeed, it is notorious that this material has been assembled in advance, without any reference to the kind of people who are supposed to learn it.

But this is a fatal weakness. If we ourselves can have no great confidence in the importance of the things we teach in the schools, how can we expect Johnnie and Susie to believe in it? And if they have no authentic sense of the importance and value of the things they learn, they cannot — literally they *cannot* — learn them well. For the human mind is not naturally docile. It is capable of amazing feats of resistance and rejection, beneath a tame and dutiful exterior. It assimilates into its life and makes its own only those things which, for some genuine reason, seem to matter. Everything else stays on the surface and soon evaporates. This is no recondite scientific discovery, but simple common sense. Everybody knows it from his own experience, though not everybody drags it into consciousness as a guiding principle. Watch Johnnie and Susie at work on some hobby. Then contrast them as they work at school tasks. The difference? Obvious!

Here, I insist, is where our trouble starts. We set up a body of material which, in the nature of the case, must be mastered not because of its intrinsic and manifest appeal, but under some kind of duress. Learning under no urge except external duress, however, is contrary to all natural tendency. Resistances are set

up which frustrate the process, no matter how 'good' or docile the learner seems. These are the forces which defeat the schools.

Is there a way out? Of course there is. The first necessity is to abandon the *idée fixe* of a standard body of content which everyone must learn. People young and old learn what matters to them, what seems of genuine moment to them. Whatever fails to come with the authentic impact of reality and need is automatically and fatally rejected. In a very genuine sense each one of us makes his own curriculum; for the only curriculum that matters is the one a person carries in his head, rather than the one in the textbooks and syllabi.

Hence the great necessity is for far more flexibility in our whole treatment of children in the schools, and above all for flexibility in what we ask them to master. Many reformist and experimental schemes have this as their controlling principle, and they succeed in so far as they put it into effect. Teachers should be free to bring to their pupils those portions and aspects of subject matter which are of immediate and living concern. They should not be doomed to keeping a rigid lock step, or to covering a predetermined area.

This does not in the least mean that we shall stop teaching mathematics, natural science, literature, and the like, and substitute current events, wood carving, and cookery. It only means that not everybody will learn the same mathematics, natural science, and literature, and that people will not always learn them in the same internal order and sequence. We seem to have heard that one man's meat is another man's poison. Why not apply this hackneyed wisdom here? Any person's cultural meat — the culture which he is able to assimilate, and which nourishes him — depends upon his present life interests, his status, his needs, his concerns. And our schools must be so organized that it will become possible to choose for a given individual

or a given group at a given time those elements of culture which will indeed provide nourishment.

Will this prevent pupils from mastering the 'logic' of mathematics, or natural science, or social science? They are not mastering it now! Strange to say, they are not mastering it precisely because we present it to them as a logic. Mathematics, for instance, is a technique or tool of thought. That is its essence, its logic. But we do not learn to use this tool by first studying its inner structure and organization up to a certain point, and then applying it. We learn to use it by actually using it, in no matter how haphazard and fumbling a fashion, upon problems which we really want to solve. So with all the other disciplines. Let us handle our subject matter as something which is alive, and its logic will take care of itself.

To organize the schools in terms of flexibility rather than rigidity is no small or easy task. It calls for much revision of conventional procedures and instrumentalities. Yet it can be done, and in fact the work is going on apace. For the benefit of those conservatives who may think that the way to get children to learn more in school is a return to the good old days of high pressure and rigid requirements, I project one more nugget of ascertained fact. It has been shown that the experimental schools actually produce better subject-matter learning than the conventional schools, with pupils of equal ability. Carry such tendencies further, and we have good reason to expect still more satisfactory results. What we contemplate is, to be sure, a breach with some of our most adamant traditions and customs. But we have before us the problem of an intelligent rather than a stupid approach to the task which is of such supreme importance in a democratic society — the task of bringing to the individual his birthright of culture. It is a task in which we cannot afford to, and need not, accept defeat.

HEAVEN LIES ABOUT US¹

BY HOWARD SPRING

XVIII

FROM the time I left Basham's office till now I have had to do with newspapers, but my becoming connected with newspapers was, like everything else at that time, haphazard and accidental. I felt no vocation, followed no star more compelling than the need to get a job.

There I was, thirteen years old, thin as a rail, wearing ridiculous short trousers and big boots. There I was with a week to go, and then my job would be ended.

My mother, always optimistic, thought that a year's service as an office boy qualified me to apply for work as a junior clerk, but things happened otherwise. One of my sisters was a domestic servant in the house of a man who was a subeditor on a Cardiff newspaper. She learned from him that a messenger boy was wanted in the office. I was given the job. The manager who interviewed me was a haughty personage with an unsmiling manner. One of his cheeks was afflicted with a persistent tic. That, and a very dry cough, made him seem terribly aloof and impersonal. And from that day till the day I left the office to go to the *Yorkshire Observer* in Bradford nine years later, the manager remained an austere Olympian, a sort of very polar bear on a very tall iceberg.

But if the manager was aloof, the editor was familiar with an awful and

embarrassing familiarity. Never shall I forget the first time I was called into his room. His appearance was no surprise to me, for his was a well-known figure about the Cardiff streets. On the thin and awkward body of an Abraham Lincoln, clothed always, summer and winter, in a dark gray suit of very thick broadcloth, was imposed a head that reminded me at once of Tennyson's, as I had seen it portrayed in the frontispiece of one of Frank's books. The bold high forehead with a sweep of hair flowing nobly back, the beard, the nose — all were there, amazingly Tennysonian.

Now, at close quarters, I looked at him with awe. He addressed me in a voice that was deep and completely without tone. There was no light or shade in it. It was a sepulchral rumble coming out of the beard. 'Boy,' he said, 'how is it with your soul?'

This was awful. Mr. Basham, good Plymouth Brother though he was, had never allowed the soul to intrude into the office; and there was my editor, the high and mighty chief of everything that constituted my new universe, tackling me on first principles at the very outset.

I stood and stared at him, then mumbled: 'I don't know, sir.'

He placed a hand on my shoulder, propelling me kindly towards the door. 'Boy,' he said, 'your soul comes first. Think of your soul.'

I wondered for a time whether there was about me some imprint of the primal curse, some mark of the beast which said

¹ In the January *Atlantic* Howard Spring, English novelist and critic, began the glowing account of his boyhood in Cardiff, where he played, worked, and picked up his education on the run. — EDITOR

to all beholders, 'This boy's soul needs watching,' but I soon learned that this was not so, that the editor's concern about souls was all-embracing. He would come into the subeditors' room and boom his famous question at subeditors wrestling with the peak confusion of the day's chief edition. He would ask men at street corners and in tramcars how it was with their souls.

The aureole of poesy that was about his brow was a fraud and a deception. He once swooped upon me when I was reading verse and informed me tersely that I should be better employed reading political economy. He looked with suspicion on all musical and dramatic criticism that went into the paper, and once, when Shakespeare was on our local boards, declared forthright that Shakespeare was 'all rubbish.'

This dark consistency of his proselytizing character I was to learn bit by bit, learning at the same time his generosity, his selflessness, the reality of what I can only call a perverted saintliness. But during that first startling interview I knew nothing of that; I knew only that I felt upset and afraid, and I crept away to see what work there was to do.

XIX

There was work of all sorts. There was running to the station for parcels of news sent in by the district correspondents; there was opening the unending stream of telegrams and learning to sort them into home news, sporting news, foreign news, and to deliver them to the subeditor concerned. There was running down to the machine room for editions. A grand place the machine room, worked by steam in those days, and it was thrilling to see the engineers, incredibly daring souls, crawling about in the pits beneath the stationary monsters, to leap out at the sound of a bell, just in time, as it seemed, to escape annihilation amid the rushing cogs and whirling cylinders, the noise and deep, satisfying vibration, that

all culminated in the neatly folded pale primrose sheets spewing out dozen by dozen and filling the air with the hot scent of fresh newsprint.

There was going down to the boiler room with the pipes of subeditors and reporters to have steam blown through them; there was running with copy to the compositors, watching their deft fingers tapping their machines to produce those long galleys of type that, afterwards, were all picked to pieces again by the girls upstairs.

There were journeys through the streets to places where reporters were at work, so that their 'copy' might be taken bit by bit to the office; and thus one moment you would be in the police court listening with rapt attention to the charge against a girl of soliciting, or against a big buck Negro of using a razor on a policeman in Tiger Bay, and the next you would be at an inquest, or a meeting of the City Council, or the august Assizes, to which in the morning you had seen the judge drive up to the music of trumpets and with all the solemn pomp of black and scarlet.

Through it all was threaded the feeling of an immensely enlarged horizon, of belonging to a great and intricate concern that was so much more spacious than the little brown office in Mount Stuart Square, where Hallows and Hadley were still toasting their toes by the gas fire and discussing the anxieties of the aunts.

And one memorable day there was to be an important political meeting. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was coming to the Park Hall. I was ordered to be there to run to and fro with 'copy.' I had never before been at a political meeting of any sort; I had never seen a 'great man.' The excitement was immense. The hall was packed with a cheering, singing crowd. The gaslight filled the place with a sizzling heat and the organ pealed as the local grandees filed on to the platform. Then suddenly everyone on the floor and in the galleries

stood up and cheered and cheered. I was standing by the press table under the platform, too small to see anything. A hefty reporter took me under the arms, hoisted me up, and there I was, with my nose and eyes just above the platform level, gazing from two feet away at the bottoms of a pair of creased trouser legs and a pair of big boots. They were Campbell-Bannerman's. I raised my eyes to the other end of him, and saw him standing there, ruddy, commonplace, kind-looking: my first 'great man.' He looked very much like the doctor to whom I had said that we would pay him if he came quickly.

XX

Though blind chance took me to a newspaper office, I was happy there at once; and I have been happy in newspaper offices ever since.

It was clear from the first that the way up was through the reporters' room; and the way to the reporters' room in those days was by learning shorthand. It was a lucky thing for me that there was another boy in the office who shared my passion for learning shorthand. It is the easiest thing in the world to learn; but when we had learned the principles there came the question of practice.

We solved this by coming to the office at eight each morning. Our work began at nine, and for an hour before that time we harangued and declaimed to one another from a volume of Sir Edward Clarke's speeches, borrowed from the office library. To this day, I could pass with honors an examination upon Sir Edward Clarke's reactions to the burning problems of his day. It was a hard and long-continued grind, but we made ourselves efficient shorthand writers, and in due course we both earned such laurels as efficient shorthand writers may hope to wear. But that is another story.

What is more important is that in

time my brother and I made the discovery, which seemed astonishing to us, that you can work for a university degree without attending a university. We learned of such things as the London University, and extramural students, and Tutorial Correspondence Courses.

My brother was now in my newspaper office as secretary to our strange editor. He had never ceased to regret that missed scholarship. Some of the boys who had gone on that time to the Higher Grade School could now be seen a stage further in their careers, going through the streets with mortar boards on their heads and gowns fluttering in the wind, undergraduates of the University of Wales. The thought of all they were getting and all we were missing gnawed him, and suddenly he hurled himself with what can only be called passion into the acquiring of knowledge. With his day filled by the earning of his living, with a wretched physical constitution that was the bequest of our childhood, he nevertheless drove at learning with sustained frenzy. I have come home late at night and found him asleep with his head on the table amid a pile of books and with a penny bottle of ink upset at his hand. It killed him in a few years. He took a trip round the world on a cargo boat in the hope that a wrecked body might be repaired, and he died at sea.

For all of us they were toilsome years that came now. We had somehow got embarked on a grand push. A death-or-glory atmosphere was abroad and used us up. Our editor had something to do with it. Evening classes were held in the University College, a hotchpotch collection of wooden shacks surrounding a building that had once been a hospital. They were good classes. Many of them were conducted by the professors of the University, seeking, even like my old friend Simey, some small addition to what they could earn by day. But the classes differed from night school in this: they had to be paid for.

This was where our strange editor came in. For all the secret laughs we had at that man and his passionate evangelism, he was one of those rare souls who practise what they preach. Out of his scanty means he was a generous giver. He would call you down and inquire about your soul, and then go on to call your attention to the classes at the University. You could join as many as you liked, and he would pay the bill.

With the major problem solved, my brother and I leapt at it, and for about five years we slaved as I hope never to slave again. It grew worse as the time went on, because by then I had found new work in the office. From nine in the morning till five or six at night my job was to take over the telephone news reports from district correspondents for the evening paper. Then forthwith I switched over to the status of reporter for the morning paper, which meant working all through the evening. From seven to eight I might have a class to attend in those old University buildings; then on I would go to pick up a bit of news somewhere. The tail end of another class could be reached when that was done. Back then to the office to write my report; then home to supper and homework, and on again in the morning at nine.

We found a flaw in our arrangements. Latin was compulsory for the matriculation of the London University, and there was no Latin class on the syllabus. We decided heroically that we would find a private tutor. We would raise the money somehow. We would give lessons in shorthand. That would fetch in a bit. I did indeed begin to teach shorthand. One small boy, a few months younger than I, began to attend at our home. That was something else to fit in. Either I was a bad teacher or he was a dull scholar. Anyway, we got nowhere. I threw up the whole thing, and hopes of an income from that source died. In any case we could never have

paid for those private Latin lessons. We advertised for a teacher. The answers shocked us. The cheapest offer was ten shillings an hour. It seemed a monstrous sum; but we did n't give in. We took our case to the principal and urged him to found a Latin class. He said he would do it if we could guarantee a dozen students. We beat them up somehow. Soon they declined to four or five; but by then the class was started, and it went on. We fitted it in. Everything, in those days, seemed capable of being 'fitted in.'

XXI

English, French, Latin, mathematics, and history were somehow fitted into our bursting days. They had to be, because they were the matriculation subjects. Now all that struggle seems very far off, very dim and dusty, singularly unenriched by human contact — all save the French classes. Who that ever sat under him will forget the boisterous, swelling humanity of old Paul Dalou? For all his long residence in England, he never dimmed the rich Gallic flavor of his being. With his imperial and fierce mustachios, his hair which he treated like a hayfield, allowing it to grow to a luxuriant crop and then having it scythed down till the very skin of his scalp shone through the stubble, with his rolling voice full of deep and splendid inflections in which he would declaim the verses of his country's poets, with his fondness for little English puns as feeble as the gusto with which he produced them was heroic, he was indeed a moving and inspiring figure of my infancy. He dragooned us mercilessly, drove the conjugations into us with oaths of mock ferocity, and for reward, when all that dry and arid preamble was done, he would take up a French anthology into which, as it were by the gracious afterthought of a tolerant editor, there had crept some verses by his son.

'*Et maintenant,*' he would cry, '*les poètes, les grands poètes français.*'

Before each poem he would utter the name of the author in tones of a deep, vibrant veneration, so that we felt we were permitted to quaff of cups which gods had charged with wisdom and beauty. And when he had gone through his list — Hugo, Verlaine, de Musset, and the rest — he would end: '*Main-tenant, un poète de nos jours* — Paul Dalou *filz.*' And he would read his son's poems with his voice running lovingly over the lines like a light hand caressing velvet. It was an impressive performance.

But how long — how long, O Lord! — it seemed before the stubborn tongue would yield to us, unaided, the riches that came as gayly as light leaping at the touch of a switch when old Paul Dalou's was the master hand. Hour by hour, dictionary on knee, we ploughed through the obvious elementary books with which the learner is lured: Daudet's *Lettres de Mon Moulin*, Souvestre's *Philosophe sous les Toits*, and one or two others. But these authors seemed tough and grudging till the night of illumination came. I was reading Hugo's *Quatre-vingt-treize*, dictionary and notebook at hand, going as lightly as a clodhopping ploughboy through clay. And then I forgot the dictionary, forgot the notebook, forgot that I was 'studying' French, forgot everything, till I came to with a start and realized that the miraculous thing had happened — the thing that comes to the cyclist and the swimmer — the sudden swift enjoyment of having, Heaven knows how, done the trick. It was Hugo's gorgeous passage about the fight with the gun that got loose on the ship — one of the most exciting passages, I still feel, he ever penned — that had caught me up and by the magic of its invoked scene made me a participant unaware of the medium through which I was seeing. And after that it was all right.

I shall not pretend that I ever found myself on such happy terms with Latin. I never read it with joy, never without a sense that it was both a dead and a foreign tongue. There was a dilapidated arcade, making a right angle from the Hayes to Queen Street. Now, I believe, it is very neat and modern. But then it had a phrenologist's shop where a white plaster cast of a well-developed pate stood on moth-eaten black velvet; and it had a 'pets' shop, where puppies and kittens, little caged birds, and goldfish of a dim debased currency existed in a warm atmosphere of sawdust and excreta; it had all sorts of queer, remote, and somehow dubious businesses existing in its right-angled enclosure of warm and breathless air. It had a bookshop, blessed of impecunious students; and there, for twopence a time, the fruits of all man's wit and wisdom could be picked up as it were from under the contemptuous and unregarding feet of time.

It was thence we salved our Latin readers: the dim brown-covered version of *De Bello Gallico*, the little slim blue volumes which enshrined Cicero's reflections *De Amicitia* and *De Senectute*. We dutifully ploughed through them, and through many another Latin book, bought in the same place, which always seemed to me to be, in that moist creek of an arcade, like a ship breaker's yard to which limped up the crippled residuum of lofty fleets launched with high hopes that had dwindled down the years.

But if Latin never meant to me more than an occasional creep of the spine as the echo of an intended cadence made itself heard through words at best but poorly grasped, yet at any rate it helped to fortify me in another direction. It won me a prize, and for the prize I took Taine's *History of English Literature*.

Till then, what with the books my father had instilled into my mind, what with the rich and heterogeneous mass Frank's brother had left behind him,

and what with the vast and unrelated forays I had here and there made on my own account — what with all these things, English literature was for me a glorious, colored jigsaw, not yet composed. And, reading Taine, I saw all the bits and pieces shuffling to their places; I saw new and unguessed bits moving into the pattern; I saw at last not a welter but a design, the rich and royal road of letters, marching from the rugged cell of Bæda to the fertile and watered meadows of Tennyson's England. And that, too, was one of the grand and unforgettable adventures of the spirit, such as might come to a watcher of the skies, not when some new planet swims into his ken, but when he suddenly apprehends the rich and ordered harmony in which all the planets swing together about their celestial business.

They were great moments, those on which we went to receive our prizes. Gone now was the dingy old Town Hall of Cardiff. No longer were we mere townsfolk: we were citizens, whose Mayor had become a Lord Mayor and been knighted to boot, and we had built for ourselves goodly white palaces, dragon-straddled domes, and slender campaniles whence the mellow bells called the hours of that golden and prosperous day.

That day is ended, but it is good to recall those white buildings and some of the happy occasions they housed. One of them was our annual prize giving. A long, packed room, a formal and academic array at its upper end, a distinguished visitor to give away the prizes, which reposed before him on a table like a rich-colored cake which bit by bit was nibbled away as the evening proceeded.

On one of those occasions, for a variety of subjects, I had won three pounds' worth of books. It was in the happy days when the volumes of the Everyman Library cost but a shilling apiece. Decorously the students walked

up and received their books — one, two, or three. But with a lust for quantity, and to the devil with morocco bindings, I had staked out my claim on Everyman. On my first call I was received with ironic cheers as I bore away a toppling pile of thirty volumes; and when, called later, I added another thirty to the store and walked back to my seat, chin firmly pressed into the topmost volume, there were roars of laughter. It was a business getting home those sixty volumes. I had taken the precaution to provide myself with plenty of string, and, what is more, I got on to a tram, a rare thing to do in those days.

XXII

Why does one start to write? And how? Long before this, I had been at it, on the sly. And, again, why is it that one hides those early writings as furtively as one hides some secret sin?

I had a small notebook with a hard shiny cover. A piece of elastic, fastened to the back, snapped round it. To this I confided my first literary work, which was an Ode on the Death of Gladstone. I had read about Gladstone's death in a newspaper, and that fixes the date. I was nine years old. I do not know why Mr. Gladstone's decease should have given birth to my Muse. He was, I assure you, nothing to me or mine. Nor do I remember anything of the Ode except the last line — an unfulfilled prophecy which is indelible upon the tablets of my memory: —

The Sun that sets in cloud shall rise in Glory.

Having inscribed the Ode in the shiny notebook and snapped the elastic round it, I placed the book in a flat tobacco tin, and the tin under the contents of the topmost drawer in a chest of drawers. From time to time I would sneak up to the bedroom, unearth the Ode, gloat sinfully upon it, and then bury it again.

An idea that the writing of books was an almost supernatural occupation per-

sisted in my mind. I began to keep a scrapbook into which I pasted every piece of gossip concerning literary people that I could rake together, dozens of photographs of nonentities, reviews of books, interviews. The last time I looked at that book I noticed that the net had been trawled with generous indiscrimination and had landed Tom Gallon, Henry James, Meredith, and 'Iota.' Who to-day knows, as I knew then, that Iota's name was Mrs. Caffyn?

When I had settled down in my newspaper office, I discovered with an unimaginable thrill that it had two authentic contacts with books. One was that a member of the staff had been a reporter on the Nottingham paper which had employed Barrie; the other was that in this very office had worked the novelist whom I shall call Henry Francis.

Francis was already a legend. It was told how he used to come into the reporters' room wearing an amazing check suit, with a sporting gun over his shoulder and a setter at his heels; how once, when there had been an important coal arbitration in the town, he had been commissioned to take a shorthand note of the proceedings, and with the money thus earned had bought a part share in a small sailing ship, in which he spent much of his time on our adjacent seas.

I never entered a railway station at that time without scanning the rows of sixpenny novels, whose colored covers had a curious shiny attractiveness. There were always a number of Francis's books among them, and merely to see his name there, and to realize that I was working in the very room where this man had worked, gave me a feeling of personal pride that seems a little ludicrous now, but which I can recall with the least effort of the imagination.

The something bizarre and foreign about him must have had its part in the matter. I knew from *Who's Who* all about his mixed parentage of French and English, about his education in a

Continental seminary, about his having left our humble paper to work in one of the Dominions. That gesture of taking a part share in a boat seemed to me very fine. I knew how the men in the office scrambled for their bits of 'linage' and shorthand notes like dogs for bones, and nothing but a fiercer scramble seemed to come of it. But to wire in like that, intensively, on one good slog, and do something liberating with the cash! That was another matter.

I used to think with a thrill that some day Francis would stroll casually into the office to see his old companions. He never did. Nor is his photograph in my cutting book. I never found a picture of him anywhere, but his picture is still clearly in my mind. I made it up myself. There is a foreign swarthiness about that face, its strangeness mitigated by a love of homely English fields. It is a young face, alert and energetic, and in the poise of the head there is something that suggests a glance accustomed to horizons. The body is lithe and athletic; and all the romances that Francis writes I see as prompted by his own quick and varied experience. I never read one of them. Why, I wonder? What instinct was preventing me then, when perhaps it was good to have a hero, from taking the first step towards smudging the fair canvas my mind had painted?

It was written that I was to meet Henry Francis. More than twenty years had passed. The war had come and gone, and up and down the country memorials were being unveiled to the dead. My work took me to many of those mournful ceremonies. I was in a hotel one night, far from home, that I might be ready for an unveiling by a royal personage the next day. It was a bleak and inhospitable winter night. I had dined and saw no resource for the evening but a novel in the hotel lounge. Suddenly I recalled that Henry Francis, 'settled down' at last, was living in that town. An impulse to call upon him

seized me. There was no reason why I should not. He was not the great man I had thought him; a less prolific Guy Boothby was about his mark. And our common association with a certain old rag would be an excuse for an evening's talk. Some inhibition prevented the impulse from going far. I began to perceive that Henry Francis would never be for me merely a creature discerned by the intellect.

I cannot say how it was that I knew him as soon as I saw him the next morning. The memorial was unveiled, and we stood with heads bared on a rainy hill overlooking a sea of lead. The old man — oh, so old and sad! — who stood opposite me, twisting in his fingers a ruffled silk hat, was Henry Francis. He wore an old-fashioned frock coat. He had scanty white hair, and his face was flabby and sagging. He looked very poor. The purple ribbon of a commonplace order was round his neck. I asked a local reporter who the old man was, knowing well enough. 'Oh, that's Francis, the chap who writes stories. He lost his only son.'

In the hotel that night I completed the disillusion by reading one of Francis's novels. And yet . . . When, rarely, something brings Francis to my mind — for he is dead now and his work forgotten — I do not think of an old man with a crumpled face and a crumpled hat, standing on a cliff in the rain, and taking what doubtful consolation he may for the death of a son. I think of a swarthy youth bustling into an office I once knew, whistling his dog to heel; or, on a day all blue and white and blowy, setting a sail to catch a fair breeze down the Channel.

XXIII

In that new house to which we had moved, and where Frank's brother's books were for so long spread out for our delight, we were piling up some stylish things by the simple means of buying

tea in the right shop. You got coupons with the tea, and furniture for the coupons. There was a bamboo tripod which supported an aspidistra, a table lamp with an ornate base, plush photograph frames. All these things were in the 'front room.' We had all that fanatical devotion to the 'front room' which is peculiar to the poor. It was a sacred place. A room of our own to work in would have suited me and my brother splendidly. But the whole family, including us, still crowded into the kitchen for all purposes. It was a fine, comfortable kitchen with an open fireplace, a cheerful room to be in if you had nothing to do but read or talk. Not so good, though, if you had any other sort of work to do.

The simple fact is, of course, that the use of one room for all purposes, in a house with a beggarly income and no servants, arises from the necessity to save money and labor. Using another room would mean laying fires, and fires would mean money, and so would light. That is what really lies behind all the old jokes about the unused 'parlors' of the poor. But the consequence is the creation of the 'sacred' feeling where the parlor is concerned. Even in the summertime, when light and fire were not in question, one kept out of it.

So when the time came for me to write a novel my bedroom was the only refuge. The work could not be done while the winter classes were on, but once they were out of the way I set to. Under the window in the bedroom there was a washstand, supporting an immense basin containing an immense jug and flanked by a covered soapdish and a small vase, presumably for toothbrushes. I have no recollection that any one of these things was ever used. For all ablutions — labor-saving again — a tin bowl under the scullery tap, supplemented by the Wash All-Over, and later by the cold bath, had sufficed. Yet there was that imposing 'set,' and there was another like it in another bedroom,

cumbering the earth. To propose that they be sold, given away, or taken into the back yard and smashed, would have seemed to my mother subversive, if not revolutionary.

So the first thing to do was to shove the set, piece by piece, under the bed. Then I could get on with the novel. I had just been reading *David Copperfield*. I had wanted to read it for a long time, and I knew where I could get a fine edition for a shilling. My brother's birthday was due, so I borrowed a shilling from him and gave him *David Copperfield*. He was a boy who never took back money lent.

My hero, suspiciously, was named Dangerfield, and when the novel was finished, knowing that Messrs. Chapman and Hall had been Dickens's publishers, I gave them the first opportunity of keeping in the great tradition. But if they have records going back over more years than I care to count they will find that they returned the book with scant encouragement to its author. It was a heavy blow to me, and scarcely a lighter one to my brother, who had taken the stuff day by day to the office, arriving early and staying late in order to knock it out on the editorial typewriter.

Dangerfield never went out again, nor was another novel begun. The labor was so immense, both for my brother and for me, that we decided I had better try short stories.

A new weekly for boys had just come into being, and, shifting the set again, I sat down to see if I could give it what it wanted. I wrote a rollicking tale of life in a public school. My mind was as virgin of knowledge concerning public schools as it was to be later concerning the theatre, when I sat down to assess the merits of *A Wrecker of Men*. I filled the tale with prefects and quads, introduced a Doctor and devised gay doings in the Upper Sixth. What was Talbot

Baines Reed born for if not to give ideas to hard-up boys?

And the consequence was a check for £1.12.6 — the first check ever to fall through the letter box of a house we had lived in. It was incredible! One and a half guineas for two evenings' work! Something like delirium settled upon us all; and before the first flush had faded I struck again, and again the editor reacted. He was one of those splendid editors who pay when they accept a thing, not when they use it. And that was fortunate, for neither of those two stories ever saw the light of day, nor did a third, which was bought and paid for.

A man-to-man letter came from the editor. The new paper was not making the headway that had been hoped. He was asking all contributors whether, for the time being, they would write for half rates.

I felt so much affection for that editor that I would have supplied him with boundless quads and unlimited prefects for a great deal less than half rates. But, alas, soon there were no rates at all. The good ship sank, and the Doctor with his prefects disappeared into the limbo where Dangerfield was already with the unhonored dead.

But blessings on that editor's name. He had demonstrated that it was worth while to shove the set under the bed, to take up the pen and lay into it.

'You want a new overcoat,' my mother said, when we discussed the spending of the £1.12.6. 'Put on your cap and come with me.'

I resisted. Never before had I bought clothes alone, but I did not want my mother to buy that overcoat. I would buy it myself. I did, and there was half a crown change to jingle in my pocket. It was a responsible moment, a moment of beginning to fend for myself and make my own choices. It was the end of infancy.

(The End)

JAPAN GOES FISHING

BY WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

I

IT is a long way, geographically, from Munich to Canton; and there is little in common culturally between the old Bavarian capital, with its well-known excellences in music, art, and beer and its new Nazi public buildings, swastikas, and Storm Troopers, and the teeming, turbulent City of Rams, metropolis of South China and spiritual home of Chinese nationalism. But there is a direct causal connection between the Munich Conference, with its capitulation of Great Britain and France to Hitler, and the hoisting of the Rising Sun Flag over Canton three weeks later. Convinced that its 'anti-Communist' ally, Germany, held the upper hand in Europe, Japan felt free to put aside all regard for British susceptibilities and to march boldly into what has always been considered a British sphere of influence in South China.

When, two weeks before the Japanese landing in South China, I visited the proud British crown colony of Hong Kong, perched on the imposing rock overlooking the magnificent harbor, it was booming with the familiar swollen prosperity of wartime trade. Japan had sealed up every other port of consequence in China; but Hong Kong, under the Union Jack, could not be touched. And through Hong Kong a steady stream of munitions had been pouring into China by rail and road, with Canton as the main point of transshipment. The munitions included airplanes from the United States and Great Britain,

tanks from the Soviet Union, machine guns and small arms from Germany (business was business, despite the Anti-Communist Pact), Sweden, Belgium, and Czechoslovakia. The swift and almost bloodless occupation of Canton is probably accounted for by a combination of military incompetence and unpreparedness on the Chinese side and a judicious distribution of 'silver bullets' among the more approachable Chinese commanders. It has placed Japan squarely athwart China's most vital route of communication with the outside world, destroyed the significance of the Canton-Hankow Railway, and reduced Hong Kong temporarily to the status of a large rock in the Pacific Ocean, bound to suffer lean times so long as its commercial hinterland is cut off.

Japan has drawn two lessons from the Munich Conference and its aftermath. The first is that the democracies are on the run before the dictatorships. Typical in this connection is the comment of the Berlin correspondent of the *Osaka Mainichi*, a leading Japanese newspaper: 'I need scarcely say that the Munich Conference ended in a sweeping victory for the Italo-German axis and in complete submission for the Franco-British bloc.'

The second impression in Japan is that no fundamental reconciliation has taken place in Europe, that the arms race is destined to continue indefinitely. And a divided Europe is a primary desideratum of Japanese foreign policy.

It is believed in Tokyo that, so long as Great Britain and France see formidable potential enemies at their doors, they will have neither ships nor guns nor men to spare for backing up any vigorous policy in the Far East. Fishing in the troubled waters of Europe promises to be a profitable occupation, in the opinion of most Japanese.

It is interesting to note that such a representative Chinese nationalist spokesman as Mr. T. V. Soong accepts this view that Europe's disunity is Japan's opportunity. I talked with this well-known financier and brother-in-law of Chiang Kai-shek during a recent trip to Canton, and he said to me in substance:—

'What is worst for China is a state of suspense, of suspicious armed peace in Europe, because this prevents China's friends in Europe from making their proper influence felt in the Orient. War in Europe might bring some disadvantages to China in the beginning. But in the end China would benefit, because the democratic countries, although slower-moving, possess far greater resources than the dictatorships and would emerge as victors. China would share in the benefits of this victory. China would also stand to gain if there were a definite appeasement in Europe.'

Another aspect of this situation was touched on by Mr. Toshio Shiratori, frankest and most extreme of Japan's diplomats, whom I recently interviewed on the eve of his departure to take up the post of Ambassador to Italy. Mr. Shiratori, who believes that if Great Britain can hold India with seventy thousand British troops Japan can hold China with one or two hundred thousand, gave the following answer when I asked him about the significance for Japan of the tripartite Anti-Communist Pact¹ between Japan, Germany, and Italy:—

'It has prevented the powers that are unfriendly to Japan from assuming too

provocative an attitude. At the time of the Manchurian crisis, in 1931-1932, Japan stood alone. Now it has powerful friends. An attack on Japan would directly or indirectly lead up to a world war.'

Would Japan have been a participant if the threatened European war of last autumn had broken out? At the height of the crisis I was in Hong Kong, an admirable Far Eastern listening post under present conditions. One could have tea with an ardent spokesman for left-wing Chinese nationalism and dine with an unofficial Japanese emissary in the same hotel.

The British authorities at Hong Kong had made all preparations for the worst—namely, for Japanese intervention on the side of the Fascist powers. Practically all the British warships in Chinese waters had been shifted from the exposed ports of North and Central China, where they would have been easy prizes, to the relative safety of fortified Hong Kong. One of the two battalions of British troops at Shanghai was transferred to Hong Kong with lightning speed just when the outlook in Europe was darkest. And it was clearly the British intention, in the event of war, to withdraw all troops from the indefensible International Settlement at Shanghai and from the British Concession at Tientsin, concentrating all available forces for a stand at Hong Kong.

The defenses of the Colony had been unobtrusively strengthened with underground hangars, new gun emplacements, a line of pillboxes along the frontier on the mainland. Volunteers for anti-aircraft work were in demand. Faces in Hong Kong were as grave and anxious as in any European capital during the fateful days of late September.

But I am inclined to doubt whether Japan would have taken a European war as the signal for a rush on Hong Kong. This would have meant the automatic cessation of all trade between Japan and the British Empire, and

¹ Mr. Shiratori was one of the early sponsors and advocates of the Pact.—AUTHOR

quite probably with the United States as well. For it is unlikely that the United States would have continued to supply Japan with the financial sinews for a drive against Great Britain that would certainly, in the long run, not spare other Western interests and possessions in the Far East.

I do not share the view that Japan could be 'brought to its knees' by economic sanctions within six months (a favorite term of armchair economic strategists) or within any definitely predictable period of time. History shows too many examples (Germany in the World War and the American South are good cases in point) when war continued long after one side, by all orthodox rules, was both bankrupt and exhausted in material resources.

Japanese business sentiment and moderate political opinion would certainly have been solidly against such a leap into the unknown as a stoppage of the greater part of the country's foreign trade. Even the army and navy would not have welcomed a cutting off of such military necessities as oil, copper, and scrap iron. To some extent, barring prompt and effective Anglo-American naval action, these deficiencies could be made good by raids on the Philippines, the Netherlands Indies, and Malaya. But this would be the strategy of desperate emergency, rather than of conscious desire and design. Japan has quite enough on its hands in China without seeking new problems by disrupting normal trade contacts.

The chances are that Japan would have stood aloof from a European war, at least in its first stages. It would have pressed on its campaign of conquest in China. It would have driven as hard a bargain as possible with Great Britain and France for nonintervention. But I do not believe it would have taken the risk of a direct plunge into the European conflict unless the course of hostilities had clearly designated Germany and Italy as the winning side.

Now the imminent threat of war has given way to what Lord Halifax calls armed peace in Europe. At the same time, the capture of Hankow and Canton represents an important milestone in the Sino-Japanese war. The first phase of the Japanese offensive in China, the occupation of the ports, the largest cities, and the railways, has been virtually completed. While Chiang Kai-shek is apparently determined to continue resistance and unquestionably possesses the material means to carry on warfare for some time, the character of the struggle seems certain to change. There will be fewer big campaigns and battles, with large cities as goals. Operations will be more mobile and on a smaller scale. More importance will be attached to Chinese proficiency, or lack of proficiency, in guerrilla fighting. The record on this score thus far is rather mixed. In mountainous Shansi Province, in the Northwest, and in some adjacent regions, the Chinese Communists, who possess a decade of experience in partisan warfare, have incessantly harassed the Japanese lines of communication. On the other hand, the showing of the Chinese guerrillas in other regions, notably in Central China and in Shantung, has been feeble, causing little damage to the Japanese and merely adding a new element of banditry on the countryside.

II

Unquestionably Japan looks forward to further success in its policy of fishing in European troubled waters. The capture of Canton and Hankow was quickly followed by the publication of a government statement defining Japan's war aim as 'the establishment of a new order which will ensure the permanent stability of East Asia.' This order, it is stated, is to be based on 'a tripartite relationship of mutual aid and coördination between Japan, Manchukuo, and China.'

It is a Tokyo joke of the 1937 vintage that a foreign visitor, annoyed by re-

peated questions as to whether Japan's 'real intentions' were properly understood abroad, finally resorted to the crisp retort: 'I'm afraid they are.'

Certainly there is little excuse for misunderstanding these intentions now, when the Japanese flag is flying from the Great Wall to Canton, when Japanese armies have advanced into the interior of China beyond Hankow, when Japan has acquired almost complete control of China's railways and sea outlets. This is not a mere punitive expedition, designed to force from China some concession, to slice off a bit of territory or take over a strategic port. It is nothing short of an effort to establish Japanese hegemony, Manchukuo style, over a large part of China. This is, in essence, the 'new order' which Japan envisages in East Asia, an order as divergent from the régime established by the Washington Treaties of 1922 as the maps of Europe to-day and to-morrow differ from those which were traced after the World War. Indeed, Japanese often recognize a parallel between the crumbling of the Versailles structure in Europe and the breakdown of the Washington arrangements for the Far East.

For the Nine-Power Treaty Japan proposes to substitute a three-power pact, in which its voice will be that of its junior partners, Manchukuo and those parts of China which are under Japanese control. As for the 'open door,' if Japanese plans are realized, it will be open just as far as and no farther than Japanese political, military, and economic exigencies permit. It is the contention, no doubt sincere, of Japanese spokesmen that foreign powers will make more money out of trade with a Japan-controlled China than by dealing with an independent China. But this is a purely incidental consideration. Japan sees in the present world situation an opportunity to carve out a vast continental empire with a minimum of political risk, and is making the most of this opportunity.

Just as Kipling's phrase, the 'white

man's burden,' furnished the moral apologia for the Western imperialism of the generations before the war, so the doctrine of Pan-Asianism throws a convenient cloak over the naked contours of conquest for Japan. The war in China is represented as a crusade to save Asia from the domination of the white race. As Mr. Tatsuo Kawai, official spokesman of the Foreign Office, recently wrote: 'What Europe and America expected of Asia was that it should forever remain a colony or semi-colony of theirs. That Asia should be kept in such a state is quite intolerable to all Asiatics, whether they be Japanese or Chinese or members of other nationalities.'

Here is an idea that is practically more subversive of Western colonial interests than the agitation of the Communist International. Should Mr. Kawai's theory be taken literally (and many army and navy officers do take it literally), Japan would enjoy a moral roving commission to terminate this 'intolerable situation' by 'liberating' the colonies of Western powers in Asia. This is not, to be sure, an immediate issue, for Japan is too deeply involved in China to look further afield.

What are the prospects of this modern attempt to follow in the footsteps of the Mongols and Manchus who conquered China in the Middle Ages? The thing that saved China from reduction to colonial status in the last century was not its own military strength. China's unwillingness or inability to emulate Japan in learning what the West had to teach in industry and armaments left it helpless against the military and naval attacks of comparatively small foreign forces. China's effective defenses were its size, its remoteness from the expanding European powers of that time, and the rivalries of these powers. No single country was strong enough to swallow China whole.

Has the situation now altered so that Japan can reasonably aspire to the creation of what will be a vast continental

empire, regardless of the name that may be applied to it? The element of distance is not among Japan's handicaps. In this respect Japan as a conqueror in China enjoys an immense advantage over any European or American power. China's size, of course, remains a formidable obstacle, although this is somewhat diminished, especially in the regions within a few hundred miles of the coast, by the railways and roads which have been built during the last two or three decades.

Prophets of disaster for Japan have sometimes compared the Japanese position with that of Napoleon in Moscow. This analogy is, I think, misleading for several reasons. Napoleon lacked even a mile of railway and had no large river as a means of bringing up supplies. The Japanese, on the contrary, are able to camp down indefinitely in the large towns which they have occupied, using railways and waterways to bring up such supplies as they cannot obtain on the spot. Moreover, the Japanese technical military superiority to the Chinese today is far greater than was that of the French in relation to the Russians of 1812. There has been no battle in the present war in which the Chinese made a showing comparable with that of the Russians at Borodino.

Is Japan strong enough to brush aside its international rivals, to drive the white race, politically at least, out of the Far East? Four major powers, Great Britain, the United States, France, and the Soviet Union have been adversely affected by the forward march of the Japanese legions and have made no secret of their resentment. Great Britain so far has been much the heaviest sufferer, because it possessed the largest vested interests in China. But the United States is indignant over the closing of the open door. Japan in South China is a nightmare to the French colonial authorities in Indo-China. The Soviet Union knows that its hold on Eastern Siberia becomes more precarious as the Japanese flank an in-

creasingly large part of Siberia by their westward push in North China.

Taken together, these four powers command military, naval, and economic resources far in excess of those of Japan. Does this mean that Japan is riding for a fall in provoking their displeasure? Only time can give a definite answer to this question; but the members of the anonymous corporative group of military leaders who are wielding decisive influence on the shaping of Japan's policy are confident that it will be in the negative — that Japan is on the highroad to empire, not to downfall. They regard the formation of a hostile Washington-London-Paris-Moscow bloc as a paper fantasy which will never materialize.

Take first the Soviet Union, the sole power that is in a geographical position to fight a land war against Japan in China. Japan has watched with keen interest the growth of the Soviet military establishment in Eastern Siberia, the rising line of forts on the Soviet bank of the Amur River, the emergence of new airdromes and submarine bases. It has made corresponding upward adjustments in its own troop concentrations and military defenses in Manchukuo.

Yet, rightly or wrongly, the consensus of Japanese military opinion is inclined to write off the Soviet Union as a serious factor in the politics of East Asia. The continual purges which have gone on for more than two years without showing any signs of coming to an end, the latest victim being Marshal Vassily Bluecher, Commander in Chief of the Soviet Far Eastern Army, have been largely instrumental in removing Japanese apprehension of the Soviet capacity to wage an offensive war.

Judgments in Tokyo, as elsewhere, are divided as to the credibility of the trials, open and secret, which have accompanied the execution and 'disappearance' of so many Soviet generals, admirals, diplomats, captains of state industry, and veteran revolutionaries. But the Japanese feel that no interpretation which

can be placed on the trials is flattering to Soviet political and military strength. Whether the Soviet system, two decades after the Revolution, is actually as honeycombed with treason and sabotage as the amazing allegations at the trials would indicate, or whether Stalin is cynically employing false or exaggerated accusations in order to rid himself of all potential rivals, is hard to determine. At the moment the Japanese fear little from a régime lacking in elementary loyalty, as in qualities of efficiency and coördination. What has made an especially strong impression on the Japanese military mind is the setting of commissar spies to watch every high officer in the Red Army. This system is regarded as quite incompatible with the successful conduct of operations which require quick decision and initiative.

The 'little war' around the border height of Changkufeng has not enhanced Japanese respect for Soviet fighting capacity. The versions of this fighting circulated from Tokyo and from Moscow are so divergent that a neutral observer is well advised to reserve judgment on many points. But it is the general Japanese impression that the Soviet tanks gave a poor exhibition and that the Soviet infantry showed little stomach for the hand-to-hand fighting which Japanese officers regard as the supreme test of an army's morale. One thing, at least, is certain. If the Changkufeng conflict was designed to retard the Japanese advance in China, it conspicuously failed to achieve its purpose.

The likelihood that Great Britain and France will exert naval pressure in the Orient is not taken seriously in Tokyo. Both countries are regarded as too deeply immersed in Europe's troubled waters, with French internal dissension as a further weakening factor.

There remains America, most disengaged and potentially strongest of the large powers. America bulks larger than Great Britain, France, or the Soviet Union in Japan's reckoning of conquest.

It is significant in this connection that the tirades of wrath which are periodically unloosed in the Japanese press against Great Britain and France are never directed against America. The press in Japan is not so completely an organ of the state as it is in Germany, Italy, and the Soviet Union. But it is highly amenable to official suggestion; and the Japanese authorities have shown a desire to reduce the risk of incidents affecting Americans by damping down polemics against America, even when American criticism of Japan has been most bitter. There has also been a little more effort to offer compensation for injuries to life and property when the case has involved Americans.

But Japan is convinced, for several reasons, that America will not fight for an open door that is fast becoming an historical memory. There is, first, the supposed reluctance of Washington to take a position in advance of that of other countries with Far Eastern interests. And since Great Britain and France, under the shadow of Hitler, are considered incapable of strong action, it is assumed that America will not go beyond scoring legal points in diplomatic notes and perhaps inflicting pinprick economic reprisals. It is remarkable how often the European situation crops up as an indirect determining factor in shaping Japanese policies and actions.

Frequent expressions of isolationist and pacifist sentiment and the division of opinion over the New Deal are considered additional indications that America will not resort to arms. Another consideration is the relatively small stake represented by American trade and investments in China. (The total value of American investments in China is about \$200,000,000, approximately one sixth of Great Britain's total. America's export trade to China in the three years preceding the war averaged about one quarter of America's sales to Japan and was about 1.5 per cent of America's total export trade.)

It may be that Japan's analysis of the American attitude leaves out of account some intangible emotional factors. Clearly it is founded on the assumption that there will be no second *Panay* incident. But it will require more than diplomatic notes, however stiffly worded, to convince Japan that America is in earnest about the Far East.

III

Japan believes that possession is nine parts of victory; that foreign governments, however much they may protest at first, will finally accept the hard fact that Japanese locks have been placed on practically all of China's doors. Hitler's demonstration of the possibility of getting what one wants by giving a convincing exhibition of willingness to fight for it has not been lost on Japan. This is also true as regards the crumbling of paper schemes for a coalition of powers much stronger than Nazi Germany.

Apart from foreign opposition there remains the question of Chinese resistance. Indeed, there is a close relationship between these two stumblingblocks in Japan's path of empire. Foreign indirect aid to China in the form of action calculated to harass Japan is likely to rise and fall in pretty direct ratio to the proved ability of China to defend itself. Japan has won battles and taken China's

seven largest cities (Peiping, Tientsin, Shanghai, Hankow, Canton, Tsingtao, and Nanking). But it cannot reasonably regard the war as finished until the nationalist régime is definitely overthrown.

Were such an overthrow to occur, with Chiang Kai-shek a fugitive and some of his associates making terms with the Japanese, the ground would be pretty well cut from under foreign protests against anything Japan might choose to undertake in China. The *fait accompli* of Abyssinia and of Austria would have been repeated on a larger scale. On the other hand, any conspicuous Chinese success would strengthen the groups in foreign countries which favor a vigorous anti-Japanese policy.

So the next months, quite possibly the next years, will see Japan engaged in a twofold struggle, on the military front against Chiang Kai-shek, and on a front that is as yet only diplomatic against the powers with political and economic interests in China. The stakes in the struggle are high. For Japan the alternative is world power or downfall. For China the question is whether its development is or is not to proceed under Japanese hegemony. For the Soviet Union the issue is the security of its eastern marches; for the Western powers, the maintenance of old vested interests and of new opportunities for development in the Far East.

MEXICO'S DEFENSE

BY ANDRÉS MOLINA ENRÍQUEZ

[WHAT is the philosophy which provides the mainspring of Mexico's action in its agrarian reforms and in its expropriation of the oil lands held by American and English interests? The results of Mexico's action are known to every citizen of the United States, but the reasons which prompted such action are variously interpreted. In an effort to reach an open understanding of what each side has in mind, the *Atlantic* presents the following statement of one of the most influential Mexicans now living.

Don Andrés Molina Enríquez has been for thirty years professor of aboriginal ethnography in the National Museum of Archaeology, History, and Ethnography of Mexico; in 1909 he published a book, *Los Grandes Problemas Nacionales*, which has been called the Bible of the revolution; he has written a five-volume history, *Outline of the History of the First Ten Years of the Agrarian Revolution of Mexico (1910-1920)*. In 1911, during the ascendancy of Madero, he was the moving spirit in launching the 'Plan of Texcoco,' an action which led to his imprisonment for a year. He is the author of the legal doctrine that separates the status of the subsoil from that of the soil; was the author of Article 27 of the Mexican Constitution, under which the expropriations have been carried out; and, finally, is the popular leader of the present campaign for the 'second independence' — that is, the economic independence — of Mexico.

The following questions were submitted to Professor Molina Enríquez by

Captain Fred Pool, the meeting taking place in Mexico City late in 1938.

— THE EDITORS]

WHAT historical antecedents must be taken into account in order to understand the questions involved in the present disagreement between Mexico and the United States?

As I have expounded in detail in my *Outline of the First Ten Years of the Agrarian Revolution*, the human race has come to be divided into two great cultures, the Oriental and the Occidental, mainly because one, that of the East, is the result of a mentality formed by the activity of the visual organs, and the other, that of the West, is the result of a mentality formed by the auditory organs. The Oriental process of thought is a series of pictures that the memory presents or the imagination creates subjectively, whereas Occidentals think by remembering, or subjectively making, spoken phrases. This is why mutual comprehension is so difficult.

Moreover, those of Oriental culture are still fundamentally organized in accordance with the pacific system of the tribe (patriarchy), and the Occidentals have created the warlike system of organized public powers (the State). Among Oriental peoples the idea of authority stems from the old common father of the tribe, whose subjects are his sons; among Occidental peoples, the authority is the power of coercion of society as a whole. The subjects of the nations of Oriental culture, since they

were sons of the common father, have not had to create any means of defense against him; they have not created, do not know, and do not adapt themselves to the idea of *legal rights*. The citizens of nations of Occidental culture are champions of opposing interests in conflict, and any advantage gained in the conflict tends to become consolidated, to function as, and be called, a legal right; from this notion of legal rights there has been developed among them the concept of *property rights*.

Now then, the population of Mexico is made up, on the one hand, of an immense majority of Indians of Asiatic origin and visual mentality, without any idea whatever of legal rights, and, on the other, of a small minority of white men of European origin, having an auditory mentality and with a civilization organized within the framework of Roman law. As a matter of plain fact, until the days of the Spanish conquistadors there did not exist among the Indians of Mexico any idea whatsoever of legal rights, much less of property rights.

How, then, were property rights organized during the Spanish domination?

Since the conquerors of Mexico were not settlers, as were those who founded the colonies of the United States, but soldiers who established a domination for the purpose of open and unscrupulous exploitation, they set out to acquire not only land, but also people; that is to say, they wanted slaves to work the mines and the fields. The great Conquistador Cortés was given, along with the lands of the marquisate del Valle de Oaxaca, many thousands of slaves, the number of whom he tried to increase still further by claiming that with the heads of families given him went all members of the family. Furthermore, the will of Cortés was kept from public view until a short while ago, because in referring to the Indians he very clearly called them *slaves*, and the Creoles (descendants of the Spaniards) thought that this did not

reflect honor on the supposed founder of Mexico.

It has now been rigorously proved that during the early days of the Spanish conquest many slaves were branded with hot irons, in the very presence of the monks. Notwithstanding this fact, the conquistadors, through a certain shame before the judgment of posterity, managed to give to their division of the spoils a moral justification in the guise of religion, as was typical of the era. They did this by creating mandates called *encomiendas*, each of which marked out an area of land to be assigned to a conquistador, who was obliged to convert to Christianity all the natives living within its boundaries. By degrees the *encomiendas* became rural estates, great haciendas which included the land and the men on it.

Although this was, in general terms, the way the colonial régime was built, it must be remembered that the vast extent of the territory, the number of the Indian tribes, and the racial differences between them, together with the infinite variety of means of resistance opposed to the advance of the conquerors, served to lessen the effect of the transformation of the *encomiendas* into great estates and to restrict them to the fertile and arable flat lands, leaving the Indians free in the mountains and remote desert regions.

The first viceroy of the colonial era, and surely the most remarkable man of that whole period, Don Antonio de Mendoza, represented at the same time the ancestral tribal common father to the Indians and, to the Spanish, the king, of aggressive, powerful, and warlike authority, in whose name he introduced the régime of private property according to Roman law, set up through the ferocious brutality of the Twelve Canons. Thanks to his calm view of things and his understanding of the fundamental and essential necessities of the moment in history when it fell to his lot to live and act, Mendoza was able to reconcile within one régime and one system the great

estates derived from the old *encomiendas*, the small holdings created on the sites of newly founded towns, and the communal property of the Indians. The latter, because of its remoteness from the principal towns of the colony, came down by degrees from the status of property to that of lands held by *de facto* possession and without deed, and finally to communally occupied lands with no distinctions of individual ownership.

Once the régime of property was established, what were the specific conditions of individually owned property in Mexico under Spanish rule?

The exact situation of individual private property, so far as land and water rights are concerned, is hard to set forth in a few lines.

Ever since the first important dispensations put into effect by the Spanish in America, there can be seen the passive and hidden but predominant influence that the Indians, by reason of their numerical mass, exercised over the whites; indeed, it may be said that the Indians were the determining factor in the creation by the whites of a new system of property.

It was possible for the régime of private ownership of land to be transplanted from England to the United States with its individual character, in the form that Roman law, with its lucid appreciation of existing conditions, had given it after twenty centuries. But in Spanish America it was necessary to create an entirely new system. The individual ownership of all the lands that came under the sway of the kings of Spain was vested solely in the Crown of Castile in such a manner that these sovereigns — hereditary owners of the rights of this crown — were the sole private owners and held *individual private title* to all the lands of Spanish America.

Naturally the character of this individual ownership that the King of Spain held to the lands and waters of Spanish America absolutely excluded all

right of private ownership on the part of the inhabitants thereof; but, since they could not get along without some distinction of property, there were granted, with the name of property, certain *rights of possession* which had all the conditions of outright ownership except that they were so wholly contingent upon the King's will that he could, if necessary, revoke all rights to the supposed property. Such was the meaning of the Law of Reversion which all colonial legislation recognized, all the historians have verified, and with which all jurists are perfectly familiar.

It is easy to understand, then, that by virtue of the Law of Reversion all rights of ownership over land and waters within the national boundaries were precarious and revocable. Hence it comes that, from the Conquest until now, what we call the right of private individual ownership — and this is defined by numerous acts of legislature and even more numerous opinions of the courts — may be *revoked, and revoked without indemnification*. Article 27 of our Constitution is the complete juridical expression of the nature of property among us and of the workings of the Law of Reversion.

[Translator's note: Mr. Stuart Chase in *Mexico*, a book written in collaboration with Miss Marian Tyler, gives an excellent brief summary of Article 27 of the Constitution of 1917. I quote from this book: 'Article 27 . . . lays down the principle that the physical territory of Mexico belongs at long last to the nation. Its subsoil and waters can never be alienated to private ownership, but only exploited by limited concession. The nation retains rights and powers over the surface of the land even when passed to private title, including specifically condemnation for public-utility purposes. The lands of the free villages are adjudged a public utility. What is or is not a public utility is a matter for government to determine, not subject to review by the courts.']

In virtue of the Law of Reversion,

inherited historically and legally from the Kings of Spain, the national sovereignty can legally decree the extinction of the *latifundia*, or estates of vast extension, as set forth in Article 27 of the Constitution, without creating any right to indemnification. The government may simply order that the great estates be broken up within a set time, under penalty of ceasing to have legal existence and so of lacking the guarantee which the same article of the Constitution assigns to property. The guarantee which this article provides and protects in its second paragraph with a provision for expropriation could not possibly apply to the great estates which it orders broken up, but only to the small holdings which are the only form of property that it recognizes and orders to be respected.

If the *latifundia* had been divided up as Article 27 orders, they would have been protected by constitutional guarantee and could not have been occupied as a whole or in part except by expropriation, and in this case the right to indemnification would have been just and legal. But the estate owners not only have resisted the dispensations of Article 27, but have tried, by efforts from within and international pressure from without, to impose the nullification of the whole Constitution. They have, therefore, incurred the penalty of losing the fundamental guarantee to the legal existence of their estates. They have tried to live *above the law*, and this has justified the law's course in exercising the right to extinguish their equity. The Law of Reversion makes it possible for the sovereignty to do this without creating any right to indemnification. However, though no legal right to indemnification has been contracted, and though the land does not, strictly speaking, belong to the landowners but to the nation, our government has, from *moral* considerations, offered to pay just indemnities in every instance where the occupation has been for *ejidos*. [Translator's note: *Ejidos* were the village lands owned and culti-

vated in common by the Indians during the colonial régime and under the republic till Díaz disestablished them. The present government is seeking to re-establish them. *Ejidos* might be rendered by 'commons' were it not for the fact that this word connotes 'waste land.'] Our government has always offered to pay these indemnities, but it is absolutely impossible to *exact* this payment of us, much less on the basis of what other countries understand as *property rights*, something entirely different from what property rights are among us.

Whether our conception of property be good or bad, we have the sovereign right to formulate it according to our best knowledge and understanding, and no foreign power can impose upon us a conception other than that which we have formed. The original grants given to the landholders by the kings during the colonial period were written in conformity with our conception of property rights, and to this day these titles are still the point of origin of the rights of the estate owners; their rights have been transmitted from generation to generation side by side with the right of reversion of the sovereign power — that is to say, they are, by their nature, liable to revocation without indemnification. Our colonial legislation is full of concrete cases of limitation, suspension, and full revocation of ownership of property by private persons, *without indemnification*. During the dictatorship of Porfirio Díaz, the American railroads imposed upon the entire republic the condemnation of private property great and small for their tracks and stations, *without paying any indemnities whatsoever*. These railroads established the precedents of doctrine and procedure, both national and international, afterwards adopted by the agrarian reform. Upon grounds of public interest, preferred above private interests in all civilized nations, the railroads prevailed upon Díaz to remove from the laws of expropriation the condition of previous payment of indemnity, in order

that they might occupy *without indemnification* whatever lands they needed, whether property of natives or of foreigners. Nobody raised a voice against it.

Outside of official circles, what do we think in Mexico about Mr. Hull's notes?

The notes of our government express the national feeling very well. As for Mr. Hull's notes, we are beginning to see far more in them than we thought at first. From them we have come to realize that there exists between the United States and Mexico a complete lack of agreement in the understanding of *property rights* and the consequences each nation derives from its interpretation of these rights. Not only this, but we also see that the United States, forgetting its own doctrine of the 'good neighbor,' has returned to the 'big stick' policy of the other Roosevelt, Theodore. This last is due, in part, to the plan suggested by the English oil men to make such impossible demands upon Mexico and to put such pressure behind them that we shall have no other recourse than to return the occupied lands, thus establishing a precedent of restitution that would make possible the satisfaction of the oil men's demands. Another reason is an intention to put a stop to the movement in emulation of our example, which is making itself felt throughout this hemisphere and which jeopardizes all the vast acquisitions of imperialistic countries.

Reduced to strict essentials, the matter stands thus: In the United States, ownership of the soil and subsoil is a right which cannot be touched except by immediate payment of an indemnity in hard cash; in Mexico, on the other hand, there has never existed in the past, nor does there exist in the present, any title of ownership that does not include the colonial right of reversion susceptible of being put into effect by the State, the successor to the monarchs of Spain, without any indemnification whatever. This fact has not kept the public powers of Mexico — out of moral considerations,

or rather from considerations of a high order of foreign policy — from being always disposed to pay the indemnities they deem equitable. The indemnities referred to in Mr. Hull's notes would already have been paid if the United States, by its periodical dispatch of untimely and immoderate notes, had not prevented the completion of the agrarian reforms. The fundamental disagreement between the United States and Mexico is that the United States considers that it can *exact* the indemnities and the manner of paying them, while in the opinion of Mexico these obligations are of a moral (not legal) character and cannot be exacted by anybody.

What do we think about the settlement that has been reached by the United States and Mexico?

The recent settlement, which concerns the question of the agrarian expropriations exclusively, seems satisfactory to me, as it does to the eighteen million Indians and part-Indians who form the true Mexican nation. The Creoles, who do not consider themselves Mexicans, but Spaniards, or members of whatever other European race they are descended from, are dissatisfied, as always. We who are the true Mexicans accept this solution for two reasons. First, since our great president, General Cárdenas, accepted it, we believe it was the best that he could arrange. Secondly, we think it is well worth the sacrifices it entails, because it is a step forward toward the friendly understanding with the United States we have always held to be a fundamental necessity of our foreign policy.

However, the way Mr. Hull stated the question of the land indemnities seemed to be in accordance with three postulates with which we could not agree, although we understood why a nation as powerful as the United States should advance them. First, the United States considers that its nationals who settle in a country not their own carry, in their personal estate, their own conception of property,

and that it ought to prevail over the one which the said country has formed. Secondly, it is believed that practical recognition of the United States' superior conception of property ought to prevail in every case over the laws of the land its nationals enter, whether by dint of direct backing of the United States or by the combined pressure derived from a tribunal of arbitration made up of representatives of powers with the same conception of property. Thirdly, it is implied that recognition of the superiority of the conception of property that the United States has formed or inherited from English law ought to be held as an international principle to which all the nations of Latin America should adhere as to a written law.

All this seemed to us to say, when translated into plain words, 'I am enlightenment, civilization, and international law, and whatever I tell you to do you ought to do.' Naturally this sounded to us just like the voice of the European intervention against the reforms of Juárez, coming back with the same pretexts of civilization, the same words of benevolence, and the same definite insistence upon pecuniary advantage.

It was bound to distress us when we saw, just when the last stronghold of the great landholders, the insolent inviolability of the oil concessions, had been destroyed, and when we were struggling through the acute economic depression which the great interests, wounded by the termination of the concessions, had brought upon us, that, in place of the support we might have expected from the government of the 'good neighbor,' there sprang from this government a singularly imperative note, saying, 'Pay at once for the expropriations you've made,' which was equivalent to saying, 'Since you can't pay, give back what you've expropriated' — that is, 'Undo your reforms and reestablish the régime of the great estates.' This note, and the one that came after it, were enough to plunge us into despair. The United

States could not possibly have found a more effective way to arouse in Mexico the spirit of the oligarchy against the agrarian reforms just on the point of completion, and at the same time to irritate en masse the popular elements who are struggling, through these reforms, to form a nationality.

For all of us who make up the true Mexican nationality, the situation is this: Article 27 of the Constitution of Querétaro decreed categorically and finally the breaking up of the latifundia by their owners, so that these owners could sell the divisions and thus incur no loss. However, since the owners would not make such divisions, and, in defiance of the constitutional law, tried to impose by force the continuation of the régime of the great estates, the State had to punish this rebellion by invoking the Law of Reversion which the public powers of the nation have possessed ever since the conquest. The American estate owners in Mexico could have avoided their loss simply by obeying the constitutional law. Instead, they rose up against it not only for themselves but also on behalf of all the landholders, and sought to avail themselves of the power of the United States to stop the completion of the agrarian reforms. We had to penalize the American landholders just as we did the Mexicans. In applying to the Americans the same law that governs the Mexicans, our nation was absolutely within its rights; we could do it in exercise of our national sovereignty, since, as I have pointed out, it was a question of the fundamental law of the State.

Thus, instead of the Americans having any right to complain of Mexico, it seems to me it was Mexico that had reason to complain of them, all the more when they came forward as 'victims' with a 'right' to indemnification. In agreeing to this last, Mexico has yielded not to justice but to force.

The untimely action of the United States produced immediate consequences in Mexico's interior affairs. Under the

leadership of the American landholders, the Mexican landholders reasoned this way: 'Mexico can't pay indemnities to the American landholders without paying the other foreign landholders and the Mexicans on the same basis, and, since all this will add up to millions of pesos, it would be folly for Mexico to assume such an obligation in the very time of the disturbances caused by the application of the reforms. It would be senseless for Mexico to attempt payments it is financially unable to make because the United States will never permit the completion of the agrarian reforms. And in case Mexico does not make the payments demanded of it, and goes on with the occupation of lands, what is the United States going to do?'

As can be seen, the demands of the United States created internal disturbance by encouraging the landholders, who had become resigned because they thought the dispensations were irrevocable, to think that if the indemnifications could not be paid the United States would demand the return of the lands. Such a restitution would have undone all that has been accomplished toward agrarian reform and would have even gone so far as to include restitution of the rights and properties taken away from the oil companies.

Did Mr. Hull want to go so far? We do not think that he did, but when the opportunity had come for us to complete the breaking up of the great estates by decreeing the automatic transformation of the hacienda communities into townships, his notes brought to a sudden stop the application of this measure, and, by attempting to return the agrarian question to the status it had twenty years ago, prolonged unnecessarily the disturbances we have been suffering from.

As I have said elsewhere, I have always been a most ardent advocate of the doctrine that the foreign policy of Mexico ought to be built around an irrefragible principle of understanding with the United States. We have accepted the

agreement to pay the indemnities, but in the recent Pan-American Congress at Lima the United States was able to see a foreshadowing of the far-reaching effect of this settlement on the doctrine of the 'good neighbor.' Just before this Congress opened, I wrote as follows: —

'In order to understand clearly the position of Mexico in this dispute, it is necessary to take a detached position, in order to get the broadest possible view of things; and we must have, at the same time, a clear vision of the future: the note Mexico sent in answer to the intimations of the first note of Mr. Hull has hit centre. Indeed, the sound doctrine that every foreigner who goes to a country not his own ought to be subject to the same advantages and risks as are the sons of that country, without being able to ask for or get more, will prevail by the very force of its rightness and will undo the framework of all the imperialisms. The fear that such a doctrine should be formulated and promulgated — a fear that seems to have inspired the notes of Mr. Hull — is to a certain extent justified, because the United States would be helpless against the concerted action of the nations of the Western Hemisphere all following Mexico's example at once. And it is clearly to be seen, as by the light of noon, that when all the nations of the continent deliberately do what Mexico has been bound to do in the application of Article 27 of its Constitution, the continent will feel an immense relief, and, once the claws of imperialism are withdrawn, its component nationalities will rise up and grow with all their potential forces in expansion.

'I believe that President Cárdenas bears in his hands a standard for the continent far more real and more liberating than that of the "good neighbor" policy. This, however, does not prevent us from recognizing President Roosevelt's good intention in raising up the latter standard.'

The world can see that we were not deceived.

PAN-AMERICAN PEACE

BY ALBERT GRAND

I

THE traveler returning from Lima has hardly unpacked his bag before he is asked whether the eighth Pan-American Conference was a success or a failure, but the one who asks this question takes jolly good care not to define his point of view — which is one of the main reasons, I believe, for the incomprehension concerning the results obtained at Lima.

This is particularly true when one considers these results in their relation to the policy followed during the last five years by the Secretary of State, Mr. Cordell Hull, because the Declaration of Solidarity has been presented as his crowning achievement.

Roughly speaking, the Lima Conference had to face two sets of problems: the first were perennially American or Pan-American, and they have been the subject of such conferences since 1826; the others have emerged in recent years from the events which occurred in Europe and Asia. These were already approached at the Buenos Aires Conference called in 1936 by President Roosevelt 'to guarantee Pan-American peace.'

These two sets of problems will be considered here separately, especially since the second group has attracted worldwide attention, involving, as it does, the security of the United States. Criticisms were launched against the American delegation and more particularly against Mr. Hull for having brought back from Lima nothing more than a 'declaration,' while a treaty or a convention establish-

ing collective security in this hemisphere was expected.

In fact, the need for collective security was felt by all, and the principle of it was embodied in the Lima Declaration.

Two events had an immediate bearing on the Conference: the Chaco Peace signed last summer in Buenos Aires, and the Munich Agreement. The Japanese factor can be left aside, as it can come into play only when peace is established in China. This eventuality is not in sight for the moment, and in any event Japan would play a part only when the Anti-Communist Pact binding Germany, Italy, and Japan was really functioning.

The Peace of Chaco was the foundation which enabled the twenty-one American Republics to approach without *arrière-pensée* the formidable agenda of the Conference, and to agree on 110 resolutions. It was a test which proved that differences between American Republics could be settled between them peacefully. It gave expression to the 'new spirit' of Pan-Americanism.

On the other hand, the Munich Agreement and the assurance given by Chancellor Hitler that he had no more territorial claims in Western Europe compelled the American Republics to adopt a common attitude. It was realized that Germany might be looking soon for expansion outside of Europe, either through colonial acquisition in Africa and perhaps elsewhere, or through economic expansion throughout the world. The

American Republics faced at Lima a situation which, in fact, was not so different from the one they had to meet a little more than a century ago when they were confronted by the Holy Alliance backing the Spanish claims on the empire which had just been lost.

This common attitude was also registered in the Declaration of Solidarity, proclaimed on the very first day of the Conference by Dr. Cantilo, Argentine Minister for Foreign Affairs, and by Mr. Hull.

II

What is the Lima Declaration? It is first of all an expression of the will of the twenty-one signatories to consult with one another in order to organize common resistance against any foreign intrusion. Secondly, it provides that, if one of the American Republics feels itself threatened by internal agitation backed by a non-American country or doctrine, the threatened Republic can appeal to all the others for help. For instance, in the case of Brazil, which has one million non-assimilated Germans within its borders, any attempt on the part of this minority to overthrow the national government by force or otherwise could be checked by mutual efforts of all the American Republics, if Brazil so desired.

The Lima Declaration has an ideological basis in the sense that all those who signed it agree on a certain number of principles — namely, desire for peace, respect for international law, equality of states, and respect for individual liberty without racial or religious discrimination. This is not a defensive alliance, as some states represented at Lima would have wished it to be, but the importance of the pledge taken in the face of the world situation to-day cannot be minimized. The Lima Declaration bans any form of aggression either by force or by indirect penetration.

It was noticeable at Lima that the various Republics felt differently as to the imminence or possibility of an out-

side aggression. Brazil, with its long, poorly protected coast line, would feel very much threatened if the Italians or the Germans should gain a foothold on the African coast, and the head of the Brazilian delegation, Mr. Mello Franco, made this very clear when he expressed the hope that the Lima Declaration would eventually develop into a stronger instrument of mutual assistance.

Argentina, on the other hand, does not feel any immediate danger. At Lima the Argentine delegation was anxious to obtain a 'minimum declaration' that would be acceptable to the sensitive public opinion of that country, which has always shied at any suggestion of Monroeism. Besides, Argentina does not want to bind itself to a system which excludes the relations of America with Europe or any other part of the world.

In fact, the problem of solidarity and Pan-American coöperation which was put forward at Lima is not very different from the problems which confront the members of the British Commonwealth. In each case all parties concerned are linked together by powerful interests, but at the same time they suffer from an underlying fear lest one of the partners in the system should take precedence over the others. The British Commonwealth is not a federation. Pan-Americanism is not a system of alliances. This the Lima Declaration tried to express. But it does not mean that an association formed within a flexible frame cannot be coherent when action is required.

By the declaration and pursuit of its policy the Third Reich performed the miracle of drawing the United States out of its traditional isolationism, and it may well be that the solidarity which was established at Lima will eventually acquire much wider meaning, far exceeding the limits of Pan-Americanism as it is conceived to-day. It would seem, to judge by the German press, that this has been perfectly understood by the Wilhelmstrasse. After prophesying that

the Lima Conference would be the tomb of Mr. Hull's foreign policy, the German press now clamors against 'Yankee imperialism' and against the policy of encirclement. And in this, by the way, the policy of Hitler resembles once more the *Weltpolitik* of the Kaiser. Hitler, in *Mein Kampf*, denounces the errors of this *Weltpolitik*, but he seems to be on the point of repeating them himself.

III

From the point of view of the United States, the Declaration of Lima corresponds to a fundamental and historical national preoccupation. This preoccupation was already expressed more brutally one hundred and fifteen years ago by Monroe and directed towards Imperial Russia. The Washington Government considers it still, as it did then, of vital interest for the United States that no extra-continental power should set foot on the American Continent.

In practice this means that the United States must in any event be protected against attack from the outside; and, in case that attack occurs, it must hold the key positions and all the raw materials necessary for a successful defensive war. It means also that the Panama Canal, as the life line of American communication, must be safe against any possible attack. The Caribbean Sea is the American Mediterranean.

Bearing this in mind, the American delegates at Lima established contacts and started negotiations with all the countries in the vicinity of the Caribbean in order to conclude treaties of assistance which would enable the United States to secure in that area the necessary bases and key positions that it needs. The American military experts have not forgotten that a rather troublesome German submarine, the *Deutschland*, came safely to the West Indies in 1917.

In short, the principal aims of the American delegation at Lima were

reached: the Buenos Aires Agreements were completed; suspicions concerning 'the great neighbor of the North,' his 'dollar diplomacy,' and his 'big stick,' were dispelled; the seeds of mutual confidence which were sown by President Roosevelt under the name of the good-neighbor policy as far back as 1928, in an article published in *Foreign Affairs*, bore fruit. Finally the security of the United States is tremendously reinforced at the very moment when President Roosevelt proclaims that the United States resolves to stand as a champion of democratic integrity against the Totalitarian International.

IV

But what is the use, one may ask, of signing pacts and declarations of solidarity if we have 'Sudetens' in our midst?

This kind of remark was frequently heard at Lima.

The answer was given by two resolutions, one proposed by Brazil, and the other by Argentina, both limiting the political activities of foreign minorities. Those resolutions gave the Conference the opportunity to express an opinion on the vexed question of propaganda from abroad. Each state is left free to take any appropriate measure, according to its own legislation, toward this end. But the general consensus was that each Republic should prevent alien residents in the Americas from exercising collective political rights claimed for them by their country of origin. It must be recalled too that the Declaration expressing continental solidarity does provide for consultation *to oppose any foreign intervention or activities likely to threaten the signatories' sovereignty*. Here the warning to certain countries in Europe is clear enough. This provision is taken to refer to Fascist and Communist activities or campaigns such as that carried on by the Nazis in Austria before the *Anschluss*. In Brazil, for example, the government

is determined to deny any special group privileges to alien minorities; in Argentina, meanwhile, even the descriptive term 'minority' is denied to the foreign communities, whose political rights are strictly limited.

This is another important result of the Conference, and it was completed by a declaration presented by Cuba reaffirming the equality of race and religious tolerance, and recording the conviction of the Conference 'that all persecutions from religious or racial motives, which place a number of human beings in a position where it is impossible to obtain a decent livelihood, are contrary to all its politics and juridical rules.'

These resolutions were aimed directly at the totalitarian countries and were voted unanimously. Simultaneously the Conference reaffirmed the doctrine of non-recognition of territories acquired by force, which amounts to an endorsement by Latin America of the policy followed by Mr. Hull in regard to Japan.

The resolutions show how important the question of foreign propaganda was considered at Lima. This may explain why, for the first time in a Pan-American Conference, such a large number of foreign newspaper men attended the sessions — German, French, Italian, and Japanese. At the beginning of the Conference the German and Italian newspaper men made themselves very noticeable by their lack of discretion, so much so that rumors of 'spies' circulated freely. This, in my belief, is giving too much importance to a few 'observers' whose attitude only marked the constant progress of the Conference towards an anti-totalitarian front.

When the Conference opened, these German and Italian journalists were never seen in the hall of the Bolivar Hotel, which was the headquarters of the delegations. But every time the Conference encountered some difficulty in drafting the Declaration of Solidarity, — and when German broadcasters were al-

ready announcing complete failure, — these observers would appear.

Indeed the German and Italian press were interested in the results of the Lima Conference, but it is an error of judgment to think that any of the American Republics could have been influenced by 'spies' or *agents provocateurs*. At Lima, as at Geneva or in any international conference, one meets these more or less official agents who go from one group to another trying to 'get the low-down.' But the delegates have long known how to behave in such circumstances. The attitude of the German and Italian press and of their representatives in Lima was very much resented, as shown clearly by the fact that President Benavides of Peru, receiving the foreign press, simply 'forgot' to invite the German and Italian correspondents.

V

It can therefore be said that, coming after the situation created by Munich, Pan-American solidarity is a positive success. As Mr. Hull promised, a new formula for the Monroe Doctrine has been found. It is no longer a one-way policy of the United States, but the expression of all the American Republics seeking Pan-American security. This result was obtained by the efforts of President Roosevelt and by the patient and clever diplomacy of Mr. Hull, but credit must also go to Mr. Alfred Landon, who gave the sanction of American national unity to the attitude of the United States delegation at Lima.

In the field of American commercial and economic interests, Mexico, supported by Chile and Argentina, took the view that a foreigner is not entitled to treatment and protection which is not enjoyed by a national of the country in which he is residing. In other words, they wanted a reaffirmation of the Drago Doctrine formulated in 1902, whereby contractual debts owed to other countries cannot be collected by force, and of

the Calvo Clause which opposes interference in national affairs by alien investors and declares that they must abandon the protection of their government when they enter into business in a foreign country.

The United States was opposed to this conception, along with Venezuela and Colombia, these two Republics wishing to encourage foreign investments, both American and European, which are at the present moment seeking large outlets in Latin America. On the other hand, Secretary Hull maintained that Americans ought to be protected, whatever the particular policy followed by a given country towards its nationals. The efforts of Mexico, Chile, and Argentina to get the Conference formally to adopt the principle that foreign investors or property holders in the Americas should not be entitled to diplomatic protection or intervention by their own countries were nullified. No final agreement was reached, however, between the conflicting theses.

Whether other South American countries will follow Mexico in her campaign of state expropriation both of Mexican and of foreign private property still remains open to question. Here we have to face another set of problems which involve the whole future of the Latin-American Continent, with its peculiar labor conditions, and eventually its will and power to oppose outside influences. But it is noteworthy that this very delicate subject was discussed in an atmosphere of mutual comprehension.

How long will Pan-American coöperation last? Can it resist the efforts of disintegration from within, initiated by totalitarian propaganda, which the victory of Franco in Spain could only stimulate under the slogan of 'a common destiny and a common future for all Spanish-speaking people'? In brief,

what is Pan-Americanism confronted with?

There is no doubt that German immigration into Brazil is a serious problem for that country. The predominance of Italians in Peru and in Argentina is another. The presence of the Japanese in increasing numbers on the shores of the Pacific, and the problems they raise, particularly in the question of fishing concessions in Central America; the ideological Nazi propaganda by radio and by news agencies; the German transatlantic air service; the competition between German and American air services inside the Latin-American continent — all these are pressing problems.

But, however pressing, they are in no way exceptional in young and undeveloped countries, which are naturally open to the greed of other nations more advanced economically. Also, it must not be forgotten that Spain and France, in spite of the fact that they are closely related to the Latin-American countries through their language and their culture, have never succeeded in winning over the political sympathy of the American Republics since these have obtained their independence. This is a guarantee that *Mein Kampf* will never become the 'Bible' of Latin America, in spite of the fact that most of the countries of the Southern Hemisphere have an anti-democratic form of government.

It should not be forgotten, either, that the trade of the United States with Latin America is equal to that of all other non-American countries put together, and that, as long as the United States remains the greatest creditor, American friendship will always be able to prevail against European ambitions. The dictators of Latin America will not accept totalitarian doctrines and methods as long as the United States does not adopt them.

OVER THE BEECHES

BY JOSEPHINE YOUNG CASE

OVER the beeches now the sunlit moon
No more remote or silver than their stems
Whitens against the March-blue afternoon,
Proving no party to those theorems
Which figure sap essential to a spring:
A dozen springs a year instead of one
Brighten upon that face of stone to bring
The breathless renaissance of light alone.
Not in these twigs whose fingers sheathed and smoothed
Restrain until the appointed tick of time
The long-awaiting delicate and toothed
Flutter of leaves that move in lines like rhyme —
Not in these trees is beauty's spring more new
Than on those mountains where green never grew.

THE OX

BY H. E. BATES

I

THE Thurlows lived on a small hill. As though it were not high enough, the house was raised up, as on invisible stilts, with a wooden flight of steps to the front door. Exposed and isolated, the wind striking at it from all quarters, it seemed to have no part with the surrounding landscape. Empty ploughed lands, in wintertime, stretched away on all sides in wet steel curves.

At half-past seven every morning Mrs. Thurlow pushed her great rusty bicycle down the hill; at six every evening she pushed it back. Loaded, always, with gray bundles of washing, oilcans, sacks, cabbages, bundles of old newspaper, boughs of wind-blown wood, and bags of chicken food, the bicycle could never be ridden. It was a vehicle of necessity. Her relationship to it was that of a beast to a cart. Slogging along beside it, flat heavy feet pounding painfully along under mudstained skirts, her face and body ugly with lumpy angles of bone, she was like a beast of burden.

Coming out of the house, raised up even above the level of the small hill, she stepped into a country of wide horizons. This fact meant nothing to her. The world into which she moved was very small: from six to nine she cleaned for the two retired sisters, nine to twelve for the retired photographer, twelve-thirty to three for the poultry farm, four to six for the middle-aged bachelor. She did not think of going beyond the four lines which made up the square of her life. She thought of other people

going beyond them, but this was different. Staring down at a succession of wet floors, working always for other people, against time, she had somehow got into the habit of not thinking about herself.

She thought much, in the same stolid pounding way as she pushed the bicycle, of other people: in particular of Thurlow, more particularly of her two sons. She had married late; the boys were nine and thirteen. She saw them realizing refined ambitions, making their way as assistants in shops, as clerks in offices, even as butlers. Heavily built, with faces having her own angular boniness, they moved with eyes on the ground. She had saved money for them. For fifteen years she had hoarded the scrubbing-and-washing money, keeping it in a bran bag under a mattress in the back bedroom. They did not know of it; she felt that no one, not even Thurlow, knew of it.

Thurlow had a silver plate in his head. In his own eyes it set him apart from other men. 'I got a plate in me head. Solid silver. Enough silver to make a dozen spoons and a bit over. Solid. Beat that!' Wounded on the Marne, and now walking about with the silver plate in his head, Thurlow was a martyr. 'I did n't ought to stoop. I did n't ought to do nothing. By rights. By rights I did n't ought to lift a finger.' He was a hedge cutter. 'Lucky I'm tall, else that job would n't be no good to me.' He had bad days and good days, even days of genuine pain. 'Me plate's hurt-

ing me! It's me plate. By God, it'll drive me so's I don't know what I'm doing! It's me plate again.' And he would stand wild and vacant, rubbing his hands through his thin black hair, clawing his scalp as though to wrench out the plate and the pain.

Once a week, on Saturdays or Sundays, he came home a little tipsy, in a good mood, laughing to himself, riding his bicycle up the hill like some comic rider in a circus. 'Eh? Too much be damned. I can ride me bike, can't I? S' long as I can ride me bike I'm all right.' In the pubs he had only one theme, 'I got a plate in me head. Solid silver,' recited in a voice challenging the world to prove it otherwise.

All the time Mrs. Thurlow saved money. It was her creed. Sometimes people went away and there was no cleaning. She then made up the gap in her life by other work: picking potatoes, planting potatoes, dibbing cabbages, spudding roots, pea picking, more washing. In the fields she pinned up her skirt so that it stuck out behind her like a thick stiff tail, making her look like some bony ox. She did washing from five to six in the morning, and again from seven to nine in the evening. Taking in more washing, she tried to wash more quickly, against time. Somehow she succeeded, so that from nine to ten she had time for ironing. She worked by candlelight. Her movements were largely instinctive. She had washed and ironed for so long, in the same way, at the same time and place, that she could have worked in darkness.

There were some things, even, which could be done in darkness; and so at ten, with Thurlow and the sons in bed, she blew out the candle, broke up the fire, and sat folding the clothes or cleaning boots, and thinking. Her thoughts, like her work, went always along the same lines, towards the future, out into the resplendent avenues of ambitions, always for the two sons. There was a division in herself, the one part stolid

and uncomplaining in perpetual labor, the other fretful and almost desperate in an anxiety to establish a world beyond her own. She had saved fifty-four pounds. She would make it a hundred. How it was to be done she could not think. They were growing, the cost of keeping them was growing. She trusted in some obscure providential power as tireless and indomitable as herself.

At eleven she went to bed, going up the wooden stairs in darkness, in her stocking feet. She undressed in darkness, her clothes falling away to be replaced by a heavy gray nightgown that made her body seem still larger and more ponderous. She fell asleep almost at once, but throughout the night her mind, propelled by some inherent anxiety, seemed to work on. She dreamed she was pushing the bicycle down the hill, and then that she was pushing it up again; she dreamed she was scrubbing floors; she felt the hot stab of the iron on her spittled finger and then the frozen bite of icy swedes as she picked them off unthawed earth on bitter mornings. She counted her money, her mind going back over the years throughout which she had saved it, and then counted it again, in fear, to make sure, as though in terror that it might be gone in the morning.

II

She had one relaxation. On Sunday afternoons she sat in the kitchen alone, and read the newspapers. They were not the newspapers of the day, but of all the previous week and perhaps of the week before that. She had collected them from the houses where she scrubbed, bearing them home on the bicycle. Through them and by them she broke the boundaries of her world. She made excursions into the lives of other people: tragic lovers, cabinet ministers, Atlantic fliers, suicides, society beauties, murderers, kings. It was all very wonderful. But emotionally, as she read, her face showed no impression. It remained ox-

like in its impassivity. It looked in some way indomitably strong, as though little things like beauties and suicides, murderers and kings, could have no possible effect on her. About three o'clock as she sat reading, Thurlow would come in, lumber upstairs, and sleep until about half-past four.

One Sunday he did not come in at three o'clock. It was after four when she heard the bicycle tinkle against the woodshed outside. She raised her head from the newspaper and listened for him to come in. Nothing happened. Then after about five minutes Thurlow came in, went upstairs, remained for some minutes, and then came down again. She heard him go out into the yard. There was a stir among the chickens as he lumbered about the woodshed.

Mrs. Thurlow got up and went outside, and there, at the door of the woodshed, Thurlow was just hiding something under his coat. She thought it seemed like his billhook. She was not sure. Something made her say:—

'Your saw don't need sharpening again a'ready, does it?'

'That it does,' he said. 'That's just what it does. Joe Woods is going to sharp it.' Thurlow looked upset and slightly wild, as he did when the plate in his head was hurting him. His eyes were a little drink-fired, dangerous. 'I gonna take it down now, so's I can git it back to-night.'

All the time she could see the saw itself hanging in the darkness of the woodshed behind him. She was certain then that he was lying, almost certain that it was the billhook he had under his coat.

She did not say anything else. Thurlow got on his bicycle and rode off, down the hill, his coat bunched up, the bicycle slightly crazy as he drove with one tipsy hand.

Something, as soon as he had gone, made her rush upstairs. She went into the back bedroom and flung the clothes

off the mattress of the small iron bed that was never slept in. The money: it was all right. It was quite all right. She sat down heavily on the bed. And after a moment's anxiety her color returned again—the solid, immeasurably passive calm with which she scrubbed, read the newspapers, and pushed the bicycle.

In the evening, the boys at church, she worked again. She darned socks, the cuffs of jackets, cleaned boots, sorted the washing for the following day. The boys must look well, respectable. Under the new scheme they went, now, to a secondary school, in the town. She was proud of this, the first real steppingstone to the higher things of the future. Outside, the night was windy, and she heard the now brief, now very prolonged moan of wind over the dark winter-ploughed land. She worked by candlelight. When the boys came in she lighted the lamp. In their hearts, having now some standard by which to judge her, they despised her a little. They hated the cheapness of the candlelight. When they had eaten and gone lumbering up to bed, like two colts, she blew out the lamp and worked by candlelight again. Thurlow had not come in.

He came in a little before ten. She was startled, not hearing the bicycle.

'You want something t' eat?'

'No,' he said. He went straight into the scullery. She heard him washing his hands, swilling the sink, washing, swilling again.

'You want the light?' she called.

'No!'

He came into the kitchen. She saw his still-wet hands in the candlelight. He gave her one look and went upstairs without speaking. For some time she pondered on the memory of this look, not understanding it. She saw in it the wildness of the afternoon, as though the plate were hurting him, but now it had in addition fear, and, above fear, defiance.

She got the candle and went to the door. The wind tore the candle flame

down to a minute blue bubble which broke, and she went across the yard, to the woodshed, in darkness. In the woodshed she put a match to the candle again, held the candle up at eye level, and looked at the walls. The saw hung on its nail, but there was no billhook. She made a circle with the candle, looking for the bicycle with dumb eyes. It was not there. She went into the house again. Candleless, very faintly perturbed, she went up to bed. She wanted to say something to Thurlow, but he was dead still, as though asleep, and she lay down herself, hearing nothing but the sound of Thurlow's breathing and, outside, the sound of the wind blowing across the bare land.

Asleep, she dreamed, as nearly always, about the bicycle, but this time it was Thurlow's bicycle and there was something strange about it. It had no handles, but only Thurlow's billhook where the handles should have been. She grasped the billhook, and in her dream she felt the pain of the blood rushing out of her hands, and she was terrified and woke up.

Immediately she put out her hands, to touch Thurlow. The bed was empty. That scared her. She got out of bed. 'Thurlow! Bill! Thurlow! Thurlow!'

The wind had dropped, and it was quiet everywhere. She went downstairs. There, in the kitchen, she lighted the candle again and looked round. She tried the back door; it was unlocked and she opened it and looked out, feeling the small ground wind icy on her bare feet.

'Thurlow!' she said. 'Bill! Thurlow!'

She could hear nothing, and after about a minute she went back upstairs. She looked in at the boys' bedroom. The boys were asleep, and the vast candle shadow of herself stood behind her and listened, as it were, while she listened. She went into her own bedroom: nothing; Thurlow was not there — nothing. Then she went into the back bedroom.

The mattress lay on the floor. And she knew, even before she began to look

for it, that the money was gone. She knew that Thurlow had taken it.

Since there was nothing else she could do, she went back to bed, not to sleep, but to lie there, oppressed but never in despondency, thinking. The money had gone, Thurlow had gone, but it would be all right. Just before five she got up, fired the copper, and began the washing. At seven she hung it out in long gray lines in the wintry gray light, holding the pegs like a bit in her teeth. A little after seven the boys came down, to wash in the scullery.

'Here, here! Mum! There's blood all over the sink!'

'Your dad killed a rabbit,' she said. 'That's all.'

She lumbered out into the garden, to cut cabbages. She cut three large cabbages, put them in a sack, and, as though nothing had happened, began to prepare the bicycle for the day. She tied the cabbages on the carrier, two oilcans on the handlebars, and then on the crossbar a small bundle of washing, clean, which she had finished on Saturday. That was all: nothing much for a Monday.

At half-past seven the boys went across the fields, by footpath, to catch the bus for school. She locked the house, and then, huge, imperturbable, planting down great feet in the mud, she pushed the bicycle down the hill. She had not gone a hundred yards before, out of the hedge, two policemen stepped into the road to meet her.

'We was wondering if Mr. Thurlow was in?'

'No,' she said, 'he ain't in.'

'You ain't seen him?'

'No, I ain't seen him.'

'Since when?'

'Since last night.'

'You mind,' they said, 'if we look round your place?'

'No,' she said, 'you go on up. I got to git down to Miss Hanley's.' She began to push the bicycle forward, to go.

'No,' they said. 'You must come back with us.'

So she turned the bicycle round and pushed it back up the hill again. 'You could leave your bike,' one of the policemen said. 'No,' she said, 'I'd better bring it. You can never tell nowadays what folk are going to be up to.'

Up at the house she stood impassively by while the two policemen searched the woodshed, the garden, and finally the house itself. Her expression did not change as they looked at the blood in the sink. 'He washed his hands there last night,' she said.

'Don't touch it,' the policeman said. 'Don't touch it.' And then suspiciously, almost in implied accusation: 'You ain't touched nothing — not since last night?'

'I got something else to do,' she said.

'We'd like you to come along with us, Mrs. Thurlow,' they said, 'and answer a few questions.'

'All right.' She went outside and took hold of her bicycle.

'You can leave your bicycle.'

'No,' she said. 'I'll take it. It's no naughty way, up here, from that village.'

'We got a car down the road. You don't want a bike.'

'I better take it,' she said.

She wheeled the bicycle down the hill. When one policeman had gone in the car she walked on with the other. Ponderous, flat-footed, unhurried, she looked as though she could have gone on pushing the bicycle in the same direction, at the same pace, forever.

They kept her four hours at the station. She told them about the billhook, the blood, the way Thurlow had come home and gone again, her waking in the night, Thurlow not being there, the money not being there.

'The money. How much was there?'

'Fifty-four pounds, sixteen and fourpence. And twenty-eight of that in sovereigns.'

In return they told her something else.

'You know that Thurlow was in the Black Horse from eleven to two yesterday?'

'Yes, I dare say that's where he'd be. That's where he always is, Sundays.'

'He was in the Black Horse, and for about two hours he was arguing with a man stopping down here from London. Arguing about that plate in his head. The man said he knew the plate was aluminium and Thurlow said he knew it was silver. Thurlow got very threatening. Did you know that?'

'No. But that's just like him.'

'This man has n't been seen since, and Thurlow has n't been seen since. Except by you last night.'

'Do you want me any more?' she said. 'I ought to have been at Miss Hanley's hours ago.'

'You realize this is very important, very serious?'

'I know. But how am I going to get Miss Hanley in, and Mrs. Acott, and then the poultry farm and then Mr. George?'

'We'll telephone Miss Hanley and tell her you can't go.'

'The money,' she said. 'That's what I can't understand. The money.'

III

It was the money which brought her, without showing it, to the edge of distress. She thought of it all day. She thought of it as hard cash, coin, gold and silver, hard-earned and hard-saved. But it was also something much more. It symbolized the future, another life, two lives. It was the future itself. If, as seemed possible, something terrible had happened and a life had been destroyed, it did not seem to her more terrible than the fact that the money had gone and that the future had been destroyed.

As she scrubbed the floors at the poultry farm in the late afternoon, the police telephoned for her again. 'We can send the car for her,' they said.

'I got my bike,' she said. 'I'll walk.'

With the oilcans filled, and cabbages and clean washing now replaced by

newspapers and dirty washing, she went back to the police station. She wheeled her bicycle into the lobby and they then told her how, that afternoon, the body of the man from London had been found, in a spinney, killed by blows from some sharp instrument like an axe. 'We have issued a warrant for Thurlow's arrest,' they said.

'You never found the money?' she said.

'No,' they said. 'No doubt that'll come all right when we find Thurlow.'

That evening, when she got home, she fully expected Thurlow to be there, as usual, splitting kindling wood with the billhook, in the outhouse, by candlelight. The same refusal to believe that life could change made her go upstairs to look for the money. The absence of both Thurlow and the money moved her to no sign of emotion. But she was moved to a decision.

She got out her bicycle and walked four miles, into the next village, to see her brother. Though she did not ride the bicycle, it seemed to her as essential as ever that she should take it with her. Grasping its handles, she felt a sense of security and fortitude. The notion of walking without it, helplessly, in the darkness, was unthinkable.

Her brother was a master carpenter, a chapel-going man of straight-grained thinking and purpose, who had no patience with slovenliness. He lived with his wife and his mother in a white-painted electrically lighted house whose floors were covered with scrubbed coker-matting. His mother was a small woman with shrill eyes and ironed-out mouth who could not hear well.

Mrs. Thurlow knocked on the door of the house as though these people, her mother and brother, were strangers to her. Her brother came to the door and she said:—

'It's Lil. I come to see if you'd seen anything o' Thurlow?'

'No, we ain't seen him. Summat up?'

'Who is it?' the old woman called.

'It's Lil,' the brother said, in a louder voice. 'She says have we seen anything o' Thurlow?'

'No, an' don't want!'

Mrs. Thurlow went in. For fifteen years her family had openly disapproved of Thurlow. She sat down on the edge of the chair nearest the door. Her large lace-up boots made large black mud prints on the virgin coker-matting. She saw her sister-in-law look first at her boots and then at her hat. She had worn the same boots and the same hat for longer than she herself could remember. But her sister-in-law remembered.

She sat untroubled, her eyes sullen, as though not fully conscious in the bright electric light. The light showed up the mud on her skirt, her straggling gray hair under the shapeless hat, the edges of her black coat weather-faded to a purplish gray.

'So you ain't heard nothing about Thurlow?' she said.

'No,' her brother said. 'Be funny if we had, would n't it? He ain't set foot in this house since Dad died.' He looked at her hard. 'Why? What's up?'

She raised her eyes to him. Then she lowered them again. It was almost a minute before she spoke.

'Ain't you heard?' she said. 'They reckon he's done a murder.'

'What's she say?' the old lady said. 'I never heard her.'

Mrs. Thurlow looked dully at her boots, at the surrounding expanse of coker-matting. For some reason the fissured pattern of the coker-matting, so clean and regular, fascinated her. She said: 'He took all the money. He took it all and they can't find him.'

'Eh? What's she say? What's she mumbling about?'

The brother, his face white, went over to the old woman. He said into her ear: 'One of the boys is won a scholarship. She come over to tell us.'

'Want summat to do, I should think, don't she? Traipsing over here to tell us that.'

The man sat down at the table. He was very white, his hands shaking. His wife sat with the same dumb, shaking expression of shock. Mrs. Thurlow raised her eyes from the floor. It was as though she had placed on them the onus of some terrible responsibility.

'For God's sake,' the man said, 'when did it happen?'

All Mrs. Thurlow could think of was the money. 'Over fifty pounds. I got it hid under the mattress. I don't know how he could have found out about it. I don't know. I can't think. It's all I got. I got it for the boys.' She paused, pursing her lips together, squeezing back emotion. 'It's about the boys I come.'

'The boys?' The brother looked up, scared afresh. 'He ain't — they —'

'I did n't know whether you'd have them here,' she said. 'Till it's blowed over. Till they find Thurlow. Till things are straightened out.'

'Then they ain't found him?'

'No. He's done a bunk. They say as soon as they find him I shall git the money.'

'Yes,' the brother said. 'We'll have them here.'

She stayed a little longer, telling the story dully, flatly, to the two scared pairs of eyes across the table and to the old shrill eyes, enraged because they could not understand, regarding her from the fireplace. An hour after she had arrived, she got up to go. Her brother said: 'Let me run you back in the car. I got a two-seater now. Had it three or four months. I'll run you back.'

'No, I got my bike,' she said.

She pushed the bicycle home in the darkness. At home, in the kitchen, the two boys were making a rabbit hutch. She saw that they had something of her brother's zeal for handling wood. She saw that their going to him would be a good thing. He was a man who had got on in the world: she judged him by the car, the white-painted house, the electric light, the spotless coker-matting. She

saw the boys, with deep but inexpressible pride, going to the same height, beyond it.

'Dad ain't been home,' they said.

She told them there had been a little trouble. 'They think your dad took some money.' She explained how it would be better for them, and for her, if they went to stay with her brother. 'Git to bed now and I'll get your things packed.'

'You mean we gotta go and live there?'

'For a bit,' she said.

They were excited. 'We could plane the wood for the rabbit hutch!' they said. 'Make a proper job of it.'

IV

That night, and again on the following morning, she looked under the mattress for the money. In the morning the boys departed. She was slightly depressed, slightly relieved by their excitement. When they had gone she bundled the day's washing together and tied it on the bicycle. She noticed, then, that the back tire had a slow puncture, that it was already almost flat. This worried her. She pumped up the tire and felt a little more confident.

Then, as she prepared to push the bicycle down the hill, she saw the police car coming along the road at the bottom. Two policemen hurried up the track to meet her.

'We got Thurlow,' they said. 'We'd like you to come to the station.'

'Is he got the money?' she said.

'There has n't been time,' they said, 'to go into that.'

As on the previous morning she pushed her bicycle to the village, walking with one policeman while the other drove on in the car. Of Thurlow she said very little. Now and then she stopped and stooped to pinch the back tire of the bicycle. 'Like I thought. I got a slow puncture,' she would say. 'Yes, it's gone down since I blowed it

up. I s'll have to leave it up the bike shop as we go by.'

Once she asked the policeman if he thought that Thurlow had the money. He said, 'I'm afraid he's done something more serious than taking money.'

She pondered over this statement with dull astonishment. More serious? She knew that nothing could be more serious. To her the money was like a huge and implacable section of her life. It was part of herself, bone and flesh, blood and sweat. Nothing could replace it. Nothing, she knew with absolute finality, could mean so much.

In the village she left the bicycle at the cycle shop. Walking on without it, she lumbered dully from side to side, huge and unsteady, as though lost. From the cycle-shop window the repairer squinted after her, excited. Other people looked from other windows as she lumbered past, always a pace or two behind the policeman, her ill-shaped feet painfully set down. At the entrance to the police station there was a small crowd. She went heavily into the station. Policemen were standing about in a room. An inspector, many papers in his hand, spoke to her. She listened heavily. She looked about for a sign of Thurlow. The inspector said, with kindness, 'Your husband is not here.' She felt a sense of having been cheated. 'They are detaining him at Metford. We are going over there now.'

'You know anything about the money?' she said.

Five minutes later she drove away, with the inspector and two other policemen, in a large black car. Traveling fast, she felt herself hurled, as it were, beyond herself. Mind and body seemed separated, her thoughts nullified. As the car entered the town, slowing down, she looked out of the side windows, saw posters: 'Metford Murder Arrest.' People, seeing policemen in the car, gaped. 'Murder Sensation Man Detained.'

Her mind registered impressions gravely and confusedly. People and posters

were swept away from her and she was conscious of their being replaced by other people, the police station, corridors in the station, walls of brown glazed brick, fresh faces, a room, desks covered with many papers, eyes looking at her, box files in white rows appearing also to look at her, voices talking to her, an arm touching her, a voice asking her to sit down.

'I have to tell you, Mrs. Thurlow, that we have detained your husband on a charge of murder.'

'He say anything about the money?'

'He has made a statement. In a few minutes he will be charged and then probably remanded for further inquiries. You are at liberty to see him for a few moments if you would like to do so.'

In a few moments she was standing in a cell, looking at Thurlow. He looked at her as though he did not know what had happened. His eyes were lumps of impressionless glass. He stood with long arms loose at his sides. For some reason he looked strange, foreign, not himself. It was more than a minute before she realized why this was. Then she saw that he was wearing a new suit. It was a gray suit, thick, ready-made, and the sleeves were too short for him. They hung several inches above his thick protuberant wrist bones, giving his hands a look of inert defeat.

'You got the money, ain't you?' she said. 'You got it?'

He looked at her. 'Money?'

'The money you took. The money under the mattress.'

He stared at her. Money? He looked at her with a faint expression of appeal. Money. He continued to stare at her with complete blankness. Money?

'You remember,' she said. 'The money under the mattress.'

'Eh?'

'The money. That money. Don't you remember?'

He shook his head.

After some moments she went out of the cell. She carried out with her the

sense of Thurlow's defeat as she saw it expressed in the inert hands, the dead, stupefied face, and his vacant inability to remember anything. She heard the court proceedings without interest or emotion. She was oppressed by a sense of increasing bewilderment, a feeling that she was lost. She was stormed by impressions she did not understand. 'I do not propose to put in a statement at this juncture. I ask for a remand until the sixteenth.' 'Remand granted. Clear the court.'

This effect of being stormed by impressions continued outside the court, as she drove away again in the car. People. Many faces. Cameras. More faces. Posters. The old sensation of mind severed from body, of thoughts nullified. In the village, when the car stopped, there were more impressions: more voices, more people, a feeling of suppressed excitement. 'We will run you home,' the policemen said.

'No,' she said. 'I got my cleaning to do. I got to pick up my bicycle.'

She fetched the bicycle and wheeled it slowly through the village. People looked at her, seemed surprised to see her in broad daylight, made gestures as though they wished to speak, and then went on. Grasping the handles of the bicycle, she felt a return of security, almost of comfort. The familiar smooth handlebars hard against her hands had the living response of other hands. They brought back her sense of reality: Miss Hanley, the cleaning, the poultry farm, the time she had lost, the boys, the money, the fact that something terrible had happened, the monumental fact of Thurlow's face, inert and dead, with its lost sense of remembrance.

Oppressed by a sense of duty, she did her cleaning as though nothing had happened. People were very kind to her. Miss Hanley made tea, the retired photographer would have run her home in his car. She was met everywhere by tender, remote words of comfort.

She pushed home her bicycle in the

darkness. At Miss Hanley's, at the poultry farm, at the various places where she worked, the thought of the money had been partially set aside. Now, alone again, she felt the force of its importance more strongly, with the beginnings of bitterness. In the empty house she worked for several hours by candlelight, washing, folding, ironing. About the house the vague noises of wind periodically resolved themselves into what she believed for a moment were the voices of the two boys. She thought of the boys with calm unhappiness, and the thought of them brought back with renewed force the thought of the money. This thought hung over her with the huge preponderance of her own shadow projected on the ceiling above her.

On the following Sunday afternoon she sat in the empty kitchen, as usual, and read the stale newspapers. But now they recorded, not the unreal lives of other people, but the life of Thurlow and herself. She saw Thurlow's photograph. She read the same story told in different words in different papers. In all the stories there was an absence of all mention of the only thing that mattered. There was no single word about the money.

During the next few weeks much happened, but she did not lose the belief that the money was coming back to her. Nothing could touch the hard central core of her optimism. She saw the slow evolution of circumstances about Thurlow as things of subsidiary importance, the loss of the life he had taken and the loss of his own life as things which, terrible in themselves, seemed less terrible than the loss of ideals built up by her sweat and blood.

She knew, gradually, that Thurlow was doomed, that it was all over. She did not know what to do. Her terror seemed remote, muffled, in some way incoherent. She pushed the bicycle back and forth each day in the same ponderous manner as ever, her heavy feet slopping dully beside it.

When she saw Thurlow for the last time his face had not changed, one way or the other, from its fixed expression of defeat. Defeat was cemented into it with imperishable finality. She asked him about the money for the last time.

'Eh?'

'The money. You took it. What you do with it? That money. Under the mattress.' For the first time she showed some sign of desperation. 'Please, what you done with it? That money. My money?'

'Eh?' And she knew that he could not remember.

V

A day later it was all over. Two days later she pushed the bicycle the four miles to the next village, to see her brother. It was springtime, time for the boys to come back to her. Pushing the bicycle in the twilight, she felt she was pushing forward into the future. She had some dim idea, heavily dulled by the sense of Thurlow's death, that the loss of the money was not now so great. Money is money; death is death; the living are the living. The living were the future. The thought of the boys' return filled her with hopes for the future, unrelated hopes, but quite real, strong enough to surmount the loss of both Thurlow and money.

At her brother's they had nothing to say. They sat, the brother, the mother, and the sister-in-law, and looked at her with eyes over which, as it were, the blinds had been drawn.

'The boys here?' she said.

'They're in the workshop,' her brother said. 'They're making a bit of a wheelbarrow.'

'They all right?'

'Yes.' He wetted his lips. His clean-planned mind had been scarred by events as though by a mishandled tool. 'They don't know nothing. We kept it from 'em. They ain't been to school and they ain't seen no papers. They think he's in jail for stealing money.'

She looked at him, dully. 'Stealing money? That's what he did do. That money I told you about. That money I had under the mattress.'

'Well,' he said slowly, 'it's done now.'

'What did he do with it?' she said.

'What d'ye reckon he done with it?'

He looked at her quickly, unable suddenly to restrain his anger. 'Done with it? What d'ye suppose he done with it? Spent it. Threw it away. Boozed it. What else? You know what he was like. You knew! You had your eyes open. You knew what —'

'Will, Will,' his wife said.

He was silent. The old lady said: 'Eh? What's that? What's the matter now?'

The brother said, in a loud voice, 'Nothing.' Then more softly: 'She don't know everything.'

'I came to take the boys back,' Mrs. Thurlow said.

He was silent again. He wetted his lips. He struck a match on the warm fire-hob. It spurted into a sudden explosion, igniting of its own volition. He seemed startled. He put the match to his pipe, let it go out.

He looked at Mrs. Thurlow, the dead match in his hands. 'The boys ain't coming back no more,' he said.

'Eh?' she said. She was stunned. 'They ain't what?'

'They don't want to come back,' he said.

She did not understand. She could not speak. Very slowly he said:—

'It's natural they don't want to come back. I know it's hard. But it's natural. They're getting on well here. They want to stop here. They're good boys. I could take 'em into the business.'

She heard him go on without hearing the individual words. He broke off, his face relieved — like a man who has liquidated some awful obligation.

'They're my boys,' she said. 'They got a right to say what they shall do and what they shan't do.'

She spoke heavily, without bitterness.

'I know that,' he said. 'That's right. They got a right to speak. You want to hear what they got to say?'

'Yes, I want to,' she said.

Her sister-in-law went out into the yard at the back of the house. Soon voices drew nearer out of the darkness and the two boys came in.

'Hullo,' she said.

'Hello, Mum,' they said.

'Your Mum's come,' the carpenter said, 'to see if you want to go back with her.'

The two boys stood silent, awkward, eyes glancing past her.

'You want to go?' the carpenter said.

'Or do you want to stay here?'

'Here,' the elder boy said. 'We want to stop here.'

'You're sure o' that?'

'Yes,' the other said.

Mrs. Thurlow stood silent. She could think of nothing to say in protest or argument or persuasion. Nothing she could say would, she felt, give expression to the inner part of herself, the crushed core of optimism and faith.

She stood at the door, looking back at the boys. 'You made up your minds, then?' she said. They did not speak.

'I'll run you home,' her brother said.

'No,' she said. 'I got my bike.'

She went out of the house and began to push the bicycle slowly home in the

darkness. She walked with head down, lumbering painfully, as though direction did not matter. Whereas, coming, she had seemed to be pushing forward into the future, she now felt as if she were pushing forward into nowhere.

After a mile or so she heard a faint hissing from the back tire. She stopped, pressing the tire with her hand. 'It's slow,' she thought; 'it'll last me.' She pushed forward. A little later it seemed to her that the hissing got worse. She stopped again, and again felt the tire with her hand. It was softer now, almost flat.

She unscrewed the pump and put a little air in the tire and went on. 'I better stop at the shop,' she thought, 'and have it done.'

In the village the cycle shop was already in darkness. She pushed past it. As she came to the hill leading up to the house she lifted her head a little. It seemed to her suddenly that the house, outlined darkly above the dark hill, was a long way off. She had for one moment an impression that she would never reach it.

She struggled up the hill. The mud of the track seemed to suck at her great boots and hold her down. The wheels of the bicycle seemed as if they would not turn, and she could hear the noise of the air dying once again in the tire.

UNDER THIRTY

[What are the aims, the experiences, and the perplexities of the Post-War Generation? The ATLANTIC intends to find out. Space has been reserved for the best letters written by men and women under thirty. The letters should, if possible, be compassed within 650 words, and those published will be paid for. Under special circumstances, anonymity will be preserved. — THE EDITORS]

ON THE MOVE

Tarrytown, New York

To the Editor of the *Atlantic*: —

My immigrant family moved into the ghetto of immigrants, the slums. We resented the extortionately high cost of even this minimum standard of living. Outgo in America was wedded to income, and the wolf was always at the door.

When we prospered a little, our instinct for security was utilized by high-pressure solicitors for insurance and real estate. They misrepresented their products and terms of purchase and were actually fraudulent. We bought some non-existent real estate and worthless insurance; when, realizing the error, we reported to officials, the attitude was 'Oh, just some greenhorns stuck.'

This attitude toward elementary justice gave us our cue. Law seems profitable in the evasion, and Prohibition was on the books. Soon we were part-time bootleggers; later we were just bootleggers. Before this my father had had impressed on him the idea that foreign labor was just the wedge to force the native wage scale down. There were labor politicians whose function was to receive the tribute to work called dues, as well as to make speeches on occasion.

This environment provided vivid episodes that punctuated drab existence. Cupid's work in dark hallways; no

pretty speeches and flirting — more like the stealthy furtiveness of rats.

Then there were stabbings and beatings and razor slicing, mostly among the Negroes and Latins. These were scarcely ever fatal, but always gruesome. The helplessness of men against organized force was dramatized by the systematic beating of men in a riot by police — terror and brutality are powerful weapons.

There were small tragedies and the free lunch in school. It was often the only consistent nourishment some children had.

There was the ignorant behavior of teachers and social workers, some of them from the suburban families who must have exceeded their earned income on clothes and cosmetics alone. They never could be made to understand that stealing fruit from peddlers might be from some motive besides frolicsome boyishness.

Then at last the keystone of society, my family, broke up. Bootlegging did n't net a living because of the competition, and, when the oil of money was lacking to smooth troubled waters, family problems became acute.

My mother went to work in a suburban family and my father disappeared. I was sent to school in Maine to be educated on a semi-charitable basis.

By the time I got to Portland I knew I was in a different world. Portland's speak-easies were hidden from the

casual observer's glance. In Newark we had n't thought that necessary. People spoke like books — like the suburban teachers.

I learned that all Americans were n't cops, teachers, grafters; that they were n't snobs, rich, and a minority of the general population. It is difficult to believe how these facts surprised me.

Imitative childhood soon made me so Yankee that now I could claim to have come from any part of New England if no one present came from the same place. Textbooks spoke so often of 'our Pilgrim fathers' that I began to think of foreigners as 'you foreigners.'

I have had confided to me by super-natives proposals to liquidate the 'melting pot' question. I've had to make an effort to avoid thinking in like manner.

I graduated from high school after seven years in Maine and entered the job market. I knew exactly what I wanted — a job that was creative or allowed creativeness outside itself. I felt sure I had the spark of creativeness, and I wanted to nurse it to a flame. There was no such job for me.

I considered technical training; technicians have better incomes than bus boys, soda jerkers, brush salesmen, auto line workers — my type of job for the last three years. I decided against it — technicians are hired men, not only hired for their services, but for their opinions, souls, and lives.

I'd be as well off even if I could n't recondition a Diesel. Out of the rut I might hit. If I did not, there was nothing lost in a position that it would be no loss to abandon.

What am I politically?

I am for anyone carrying the torch for youth. For instance, if one is old enough to work when eighteen to support oneself and be taxed, why not old enough to vote? Communism and Fascism woo youth; is democracy only for the 'Ham and Eggers'?

What am I economically?

I am broke, capable of a day's work — and there are plenty like me.

ALDO MISIK

[A product of the Old World, Mr. Misik is fast becoming a citizen of the New. His experiences have given him an unusual knowledge of its variegated aspects.]

HANDICAPPED

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

To the Editor of the *Atlantic*: —

When I was two years old and still unable to walk, my parents took me to a doctor and discovered that I was crippled. Nothing much was done about it, however, until I was almost six years old. My mother died then, and my father, being unable to care for us himself, put me and my two brothers, one of them my twin, into institutions. My brothers were sent to an orphan asylum, while I was put in a home for crippled children.

There, with the aid of two operations and a pair of braces and crutches, I was soon able to walk. Eight years of my life were spent there, during which I had very little schooling, owing to the fact that I was unable to attend the school to which the Home sent its children. It was a block away.

At the age of fourteen I left the institution and went to board with relatives. After one year's attendance at a public school, one of the school nurses persuaded me to go to a hospital and undergo a series of operations to make me walk better. I spent eight months in the hospital and went under ether eight times. At the end of eight months I left the hospital, again unable to walk.

A year later I entered another hospital and remained three years, undergoing three more operations. These operations were successful, enabling me to walk again with braces and crutches.

When I left this hospital I went to live with my twin brother in a two-room

apartment. This, in my opinion, is when my troubles began. My father and my older brother were working and living together in a hospital. Neither was making much money, but my father agreed to pay our room rent. My older brother, Jim, refused to help. Tom, my twin, had a job which paid him \$14 a week. This had to keep us in food, clothes, and incidentals. I cooked, washed the dishes, made the bed, and wrote stories for publication which were never sold. The landlady agreed to clean the apartment once a week for fifty cents more. Tom paid this.

From the start this whole arrangement was a failure. Nearly every payday Tom would make the rounds of the taprooms with his friends before coming home, usually very late. As a rule our food supplies were low at the end of each week, so I spent many a payday without anything to eat. When Tom did get home, he would come in drunk and disgusted. He was in love with a girl who was engaged to another fellow. The engagement was finally broken, but Tom never tried to see her or take her out because, he complained, he did n't have decent enough clothes or the money to buy them. When drunk he would blame me for this, claiming that if he did n't have me to support he could get somewhere in life. He would rail against Jim for refusing to help support me. Many a time he threatened to walk out on me and leave all my support up to my father.

Through all this complaining I would sit still and feel miserable. I would say nothing because I knew there was nothing I could say. I could n't help seeing that there was much truth in what he said. It hurt me deeply to feel that I was such a burden to my family. Yet I felt helpless to do anything about it.

For three years both of us endured this. Finally we moved in with relatives, where I am still living. I am much happier here. My father pays my board. Tom has since gone, because of a new

job, to live by himself. Every payday he gives me spending money. I still write, and enjoy it; but I am sensible of the fact, since my father is getting very old, that if I do not produce something substantial in the way of earning my living, the future will not hold much for me.

J. P. B.

[J. P. B., whose letter speaks for him and for other truly handicapped people, has lived all of his twenty-four years in America, his native country.]

PITY THE PEDDLER

Lomita, California

To the Editor of the *Atlantic*: —

The bitterest dose of education I ever had to take has come to be the most worth while. But nothing in the world would have induced me to swallow the dose if I had n't been hungry, desperate, and crazy-wild for a future — something beyond the next dish of mush. My husband and I were an infinitesimal part of that great depression parade of Humpty Dumpties — eggs on a wall! And to avert the fall which was becoming inevitable we took the one out: Selling. From door to door — a newspaper.

At each door, before I rang the bell or thumped my sore knuckles, I took a deep breath of free air and schooled myself thus: 'If I make a sale we eat.' Sometimes it was 'If I make a sale we're that much nearer to keeping our bed.' Then briskly, with much bravado, I let it be known I was there.

Sometimes the door opened. Sometimes I heard people moving about and disregarding my knock, having seen that I held a newspaper in my hand. Sometimes I saw them around the edge of the blind pretending they were n't there. But usually they opened the door to look down at me curiously and with distaste — like the queen examining a little green worm in her apple.

At the first few dozen doors I thanked the queens politely and considerately and

walked away when they told me: 'No. No! We take too many papers already!' It never occurred to me there was anything else to do. But I grew panic-struck with the fact that I was selling to no one. We had to eat! We had to make a go of this last job on the list or my husband would be done — like Humpty Dumpty. Since he had graduated from the university with distinction and was the possessor of a Ph.D. degree, peddling was rolling him precariously near the edge as it was! Luckily I was only a music graduate. My cup of failure was n't so bitter. I was just plain hungry! So I began getting a little bolder with the 'no' receptions.

'But this paper has your local news! Have you seen the quilt pattern in today's? Look! And here's a whole page of cooking hints. Stuffed pork chops, baked apples!' Gurgles, gurgles. And to my delight, after much more talk about price and service, an occasional queen climbed down off her throne and consented to 'try the paper for a month.' But that was on an average of five women out of fifty. The other forty-five told me: 'No. No! No!' And I — the worm! — was left to crawl away or stand with a dusty, rain-spotted door in my face. Sometimes I did stand there — long enough to tell myself: 'I'm me. I'm not a worm or a rotted cabbage — I'm me! Me.' Then I could walk away with a semblance of cheerfulness in which to meet the next queen.

It was being cheerful that I hated most. I was n't cheerful inside myself; I was panicky, I was hungry, I was desolate! But if I dared let even a corner of these tatters hang out I was all but spat at for bothering people, for toting dis-

couragement to people's doorsteps. The only way I made a sale at all was by pretending I did n't need the money. I had to act as though I liked selling — just did n't mind at all — in fact, enjoyed being a nice, patient, enduring worm!

For three months, from eight o'clock in the morning until five o'clock at night, my husband and I existed on the money we made knocking at people's doors. The world was a queer place! It was made up of black doors, white doors, green doors, women who were great queens in dirty house-coats and bagging slippers, or women who, immaculate, thought themselves most clever in the art of dismissing little green worms from their doorsteps. All the nice people must have died!

At the end of the three months, when my husband was offered (now that things were picking up) a position in the research division of a big oil company, I thought surely it was I who had died. I could n't believe I was still on the same earth! *Everybody* was nice. I could n't find a queen, I could n't even find a sour face! It was amazing! . . . And hidden somewhere around in the bushes I knew I had discovered a valuable bit of human nature, worth keeping.

Peddlers have been coming to my door for over three years now. I seldom buy; I'd be broke in no time. But they never detain me more than a minute. A peddler is too happy to find a friend to haggle and run the risk of losing him.

ALICE SPOHN

[*A Californian, a music graduate, and a wife, Mrs. Spohn speaks for the resilient nature of her state.*]

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

WINTER PLOUGHING

THIS morning after my plough
Starlings streamed and chattered
Shimmering green, and now
Suddenly gold-bespattered.

And a mud lark and his mate,
Bright on the winter ground,
Delicate, prim, sedate,
Followed me round on round.

And one black crow was there
Pulling worms from their burrow
With his solemn courtly air
Beside along the furrow.

And joy was mine though I knew
The roots must die that I bared;
And beetle and grub were few
The crow and the starling spared.

For the birds with tug and nod
Dealt death for the need of their lives,
And my coulter in the sod
Were shining and sharp as knives.

ERNEST MOLL

ANYONE CAN DRIVE DOGS

I WAS taking the dogs out alone for the first time! Earle was away, or I should n't have been going. He did n't think women could drive dogs — white women, that is. Of course the Eskimo women came and went with dog teams, hauling in loads of scraggly willows for wood, making the rounds of rabbit snares and fox traps. But a white woman had no business trying to *mush* dogs without a man along to handle them. Not one of my five white neighbors at Akiak, on the Kuskokwim, in the heart of Alaska, attempted it.

I had, however, an audacious conviction that, given the chance, I could drive dogs as well as any man. Earle knew better. I'd be sure to let the dogs tangle up in a vicious free-for-all from which would emerge hopeless cripples to be shot; or I'd let the sled crash head on into a tree on the portage trail

and smash to bits; or, at the very least, I'd upset on a steep pitch or a stretch of glare ice, the dogs would get away, and I'd be left to walk miles home or ignominiously thumb a ride on some passing native sled.

Now was my chance to show him he was wrong. Called to a village some twenty miles out on the tundra, he had taken only eight of our dogs, leaving five behind. For the trail was perfect: a recent snow had smoothed out all irregularities; nights of hard freezing had packed and glazed it, and the temperature was right for easy slipping. With such a trail, three dogs sufficed as well as thirty. Five would be all I cared to handle for this first attempt.

I was shaking with nervous excitement as I pulled on high reindeer boots and my new spotted deerskin parka, with its beautiful borders of black and white deerskin in intricate design, and its magnificent wolf collar that stood out like a sunburst.

The dogs heard the clink of ring and snap as I lifted the harness from its peg, and bedlam broke loose outside. Frantic to go, they began to lunge and scream and leap the full length of their chains. I drew the light hickory sled around into position and snubbed it to the leg of the cache. My fingers shook as I stretched out the towline and snapped each harness into place along it, trying to remember whose harness was whose.

Then I unsnapped Peggy from her stake and, clinging to her collar, was dragged in enormous leaping jerks across the snow to her place at the end of the towline. Somehow I got her head through the collar — only to find that I had put it on upside down, the leg openings on her back. I jerked it off and tried again; but this time it was twisted, each front leg in the wrong opening. All this while she was plunging and leaping, wild to be off, and by now every other sled dog in the village was plunging and howling in sympathy.

Presently I had taken my place on the protruding rear runners, gripping the handlebars, one foot ready to release the steel-pronged brake.

'All right, mush!' I cried — quite unnecessarily, for we were already under way,

tearing down through the village, swishing about corners of native cache and cabin, past sled dogs that lunged toward us, down the steep icy bank to the frozen river.

Peggy lined out down the open river at the swift trot she could maintain through a forty-mile day; the other dogs strung out behind her, every line tight, each one doing his share.

The sun, glinting on a white world, shattered rainbows of colored light from every ice spicule on the river's surface. Chill air gripped my lungs, fringed my lashes with white. The blood quickened in my veins. Standing erect on the sled runners, I had a feeling of exhilarating power and mastery.

'Haw a little, Peggy!' I called.

Instantly she swerved slightly to the left, unquestioning, though the beaten trail was firm and familiar beneath her feet.

'All right, boys!' I clapped my hands. 'Show a little speed.' All that swiftly moving dog-power, that strung-out machine of living sinew and blood and bone responding to the least tone of my voice as surely as a car swerves to the touch of a hand upon the wheel! And Earle had said I could n't drive dogs!

Then around a big bend in the river ahead I saw a long dog team coming. Two, four, six — seventeen dogs. That would be the mail team, headed for the Yukon after the monthly mail. I'd play safe, I decided, and give them a wide berth. I swung Peggy far out to the left, stepped on the brake, and held my team there while the other team moved swiftly toward me.

Big Hans, the mail carrier, raised his doubled shot-whip in salute. 'So you mush dogs now!' he shouted across the space between us. 'Fine! But don't get out of the trail every time you see a team coming. Make the other fellow get out.'

I nodded, flushing with chagrin, and pulled Peggy back into the trail. For a time she jogged on uneventfully. Then she threw up her head, nose high, sniffing the air. The other dogs moved restlessly, looking back over their shoulders. I turned my head. Another team was close behind me.

An urgent desire to swing Peggy far out of the trail moved me. But, with Big Hans's amused tones still echoing in my ears, I held her on the line while the dogs plodded on with incredible slowness, all turned half-around in their places, looking back.

Then with a rush the other dogs swept by, making a brief arc about us — the Bethel marshal with his team of Labrador retrievers: nine long-legged, yellow, short-haired dogs, the fastest team on the river.

As they passed, Peggy released a burst of speed; then settled down again.

Now, I thought a bit smugly, I was proving to my entire satisfaction that I could drive dogs. And at that moment the sled leaped like a thing alive, almost jerking me from the runners. I clutched wildly at the handlebars just in time to keep my footing as the dogs sprang into action. Across the river ahead of us a red fox was trotting, his enormous brush, held horizontally, looking as large as his body. At sight of the dogs he quickened his trot — and the dogs increased their speed. They were completely demoralized. With all my strength I drove the brake into the hard-packed snow — futilely. Though snow, torn up by the brake's teeth, spewed out behind in a torrent of white, it checked the dogs' progress not one iota.

Reynard broke into a run. Incredibly, the dogs let out another notch of speed. The careening sled struck sideways along a broken edge of ice. Over it went. Rule No. 1 of driving dogs came back to me: *Never let your sled get away from you.* I hung on with clenched teeth, dragging at arm's length, bouncing along behind the sled.

Up the steep slope from river to bank the fox loped — and disappeared among the willows at the top. And Peggy panted after him, burying the sled's bow in the soft snow.

All this time I had been shouting hoarsely, 'Whoa! Whoa!' without effect. Now suddenly Peggy returned to sanity, heard my voice. I rose, shook snow out of neck and sleeves, and righted the sled. With an apologetic backward glance Peggy swung back toward the trail. All five dogs, with drooping ears and tails, jogged sheepishly down-river.

I rode the runners with an increasing sense of satisfaction. One after another I was meeting and conquering the tests a dog musher must face. Hereafter, when some woman friend and I wanted to attend a dance at some neighboring village or spend a week-end with a lonely teacher out at her tundra station, we should n't have to call on a man to get us there. I could drive, myself.

But the supreme test still lay before me — the short cut through timber which cut off a

great bend in the river. I knew these portage trails, knew what they did to the canine cosmos, knew the sheer drop at the end that might mean disaster and an overturned sled.

Peggy took the ascent on the run, and was away through a low white tunnel, snowy branches sweeping so close overhead I crouched above the handlebars to miss them. The dogs, like things gone mad, tore along the rough and twisting way, over roots, in and out among crowding tree trunks, with the sled lurching at their heels.

And then the thing happened which, in my heart, I had been dreading. Around a sharp bend in the narrow trail another team came on the run. In a sickening flash I had visions of the two teams dovetailed together, of taut bodies and slashing fangs, of torn throats and hamstrung cripples.

'Gee, Peggy!' I shouted. 'Come gee!' And, amazingly, Peggy obeyed, swung gee, and trotted steadily past that other team, dragging her teammates with her.

That settled it, I told myself: now I was truly a full-fledged dog-musher. I had sent my team past a strange string of dogs without a fight. Shaken with relief, I halted my dogs and, for the first time, turned to look directly at the other team. Their driver had done the same. Earle and I stood gaping at each other.

Chagrin overpowered me. I had sent Peggy past her own teammates, not a strange team. But confidence quickly returned.

'Can I, or can I not, drive dogs?' I demanded with scarcely concealed pride.

'Oh, anyone can drive dogs,' Earle answered lightly. But pride was in his face, a twinkle in his eyes. I knew that I had qualified.

ELIZABETH CHABOT FORREST

A SOUR PIE

It is always a happy Sabbath for me when it is Brother Porter's day to preach at our Union church. He lives five miles up the mountain and is a farmer except on Sundays. Somehow he brings with him the solemn sincerity of the fields, and when he sternly reproves us we feel that 'Nature never lies' and are abashed.

We drop our eyes when he says, 'The rest promised you in this Book ain't the rest you git when you sell your farm and set around the post office and whittle.'

For we know that the post office is Dan'els Gap's Wisdom Club, and we do whittle on the bench in front.

True, at first it is disconcerting when Brother Porter pauses in his sermon, opens the door next the pulpit, revealing to us misty mountains, spits accurately at the tall pine tree beside the door, and then complacently resumes his sermon. But one grows accustomed to a lack of ritual. I confess that I watch, fascinated, our silver-haired song leader, who between hymns parks his painful artificial teeth in his well-thumbed songbook, and can replace upper and lower with one deft movement of his gnarled hand.

Merely mannerisms. We know these good men.

One Sunday, after service, Brother Porter drove with a rather unregenerate bachelor in his Ford (Brother Porter rides a mule to church) several miles up the mountain to conciliate a widow who had been 'stirrin' up trouble in the church.' He succeeded. As they drove home between green walls of pines, the unregenerate bachelor said:—

'Brother Porter, that was the gol-darnest dinner and the sourest pie I ever et round Dan'els Gap.'

To his surprise Brother Porter cried: 'Stop the car, Bob. I've got to go back. You can't turn here, but you can drive on and wait for me at the post office.'

'What's the matter? Left something? I'll wait here for you.'

Brother Porter set off rapidly up the mountain. The unregenerate bachelor smoked half a package of cigarettes and waited. It was a hot day. When Brother Porter climbed again into the car he appeared weary but serene.

'Find it, Brother Porter?'

'Bob, I've got to preach to-night at Dan'els Gap. I can't preach in the house of God with a lie on my soul. I wanted to get the Widda Cole back in the fold, and to please her and put her in a good frame o' mind Satan tempted me to say, "Miz Cole, that was the best pie I ever et." It was a sour pie. I went back and told her I'd lied—pint-blank.'

'My Lord, Brother Porter! Hit was a mighty hot day to walk plum up the mountain to insult a widda woman.'

'She forgive me, and so'll God,' said Brother Porter humbly.

ELEANOR RISLEY

CONSIDER THE ANT

MOST intelligent people nowadays, so I am told, believe in the doctrine of free will. They believe that each human being is free to choose the right or the wrong road. If he prefers to get too little sleep, or ruin his digestion, or become a Holy Roller, or start a war, that is his privilege; it is not foreordained. He even has the right and the power to change his mind, turning back from the way he has chosen and setting his feet in another path.

But all the psychologists — at least as many as I can understand — tell me this is not true of the lower animals. Life is much easier for them. They are offered no choice between good and evil. They do instinctively and inevitably the thing that is right for them to do, without puzzling about it. In other words, there is no such thing as a wicked animal. Even those lions in the Roman arenas were neither good nor bad; they were just lions. It was right for them to eat when they were hungry, and whether they ate a Christian or a heathen was no concern of theirs, so long as he gave satisfaction.

If I am wrong in these few simple assumptions I should like to be corrected. The fact is, I have become so depressed of late by the behavior of human beings that I have turned to the contemplation of the lower animals, and am not getting very much comfort from them; so I should like to be sure that my opinions are based upon correct premises.

When a man forms a bad habit — that is, a habit which is really harmful to himself or others — he does so of his own volition; and if he forms enough of them he is certainly a bad man. But if an animal forms a bad habit we must assume that he did not choose to form it; else he would be a bad animal. Bad habits among us humans are undoubtedly contagious, and if an animal acquires one of ours it looks very much as though he had caught it from us. If it is possible for us to communicate our bad habits to the lower orders, a responsibility exists which I do not like to contemplate. But let us consider the evidence.

First of all, there are those squirrels on my lawn that have developed careless and unsystematic habits. Not only do they bury nuts anywhere, without marking the spot, but they are in such a hurry to come back for more that they do the job badly, and another squirrel comes along, sees the half-

buried nut, and steals it. This would seem to be morally bad for both squirrels.

The more free food they get from me, the less they bother about feeding themselves. The oftener I give them soft-shelled nuts, the less interested they are in hard-shelled varieties; and if my family continues to feed them unshelled nut meats they will soon become wholly indifferent to uncracked hickories and drop them anywhere without even a form of burial. Then sooner or later their teeth will grow too long for effective gnawing, and I shall become responsible for them as incompetent dependents.

A few years ago, when the State of Maine was notable for its long-established prohibition laws, I saw some regrettable behavior among Maine birds. Woodpeckers near a fishing camp had apparently destroyed a white birch tree. While the tree was in a dying state its sugary sap fermented, and woodpeckers and sapsuckers assembled from all that countryside for a riotous time. When that reservoir dried up they killed another birch tree. A surprising number of letters followed my published report of this incident, many of them highly emotional, ranging from scorn to anger. One would think that some of these reproaches might have been directed against the woodpeckers rather than at me.

But not all correspondents were disputatious, and a few offered further data. One told of robins in the South with a craving for berries that had fermented on the bush; another told of cows who became unsteady in the legs from eating apples fermenting on the ground, and somehow passed the word to other cows who shared the orgy. One wrote of woodpeckers in Pennsylvania that destroyed a church; while other woodpeckers were known to hammer resonant tin gutter pipes just outside bedroom windows in the early morning, though obviously there were no bugs or worms in the tin.

A week or so ago, sitting near my window, I was disturbed by a small persistent squawking sound. It was a young bird, but surprisingly well developed, with a voice that had matured even more rapidly than its feathers. It had the general appearance of a young robin or thrush, though almost too muddy in color. From its behavior I should think it might grow up into a grackle. I started for it, meaning to place it on some low branch, when I saw that it was up to something.

There were several small field sparrows

feeding on the lawn, and this youngster had picked out one of them and was pursuing it with insistent cries. Back and forth across the grass went this strange little procession of two. Now and then the sparrow would pause in its own feeding, glance over its shoulder, find some bit of food, and thrust it down the young beggar's throat. The receptive beak was so large and spread so widely that the sparrow's head almost completely disappeared during the operation. I watched this business for quite a while until finally my sympathies were enlisted, but not on the side of the young bird; so I started out to catch it and give it some food. To my surprise it flew easily up into a tree. Next day I saw the same thing repeated, with several house guests as supporting witnesses. We stood in a semicircle and watched that depraved youngster pursuing another small adult bird and winning the same reward. The feedings first were done with a certain kindly tolerance which soon soured into impatience; finally it was the sparrow that flew away.

I don't know why evidence of this sort seems to be accumulating especially against birds, unless it is that they have more opportunity to gain a sort of bird's-eye view of human beings. They tell me now that there are a number of smaller birds that have taken to hitch-hiking. Hummingbirds in particular will thumb a ride on the back or under the wing of a larger bird to some distant flower garden, while other species cross wide bodies of water on the backs of wild ducks.

The conclusion toward which I am being forced must be fairly obvious. It is no mere coincidence that those bootlegging woodpeckers dwelt in the State of Maine, where for so long a time human beings have been finding ways of producing alcoholic content in homely things. Perhaps there is more than coincidence in the fact that squirrels in my own trees are becoming lazy and improvident. I am almost ready to believe that if dumb creatures in one neighborhood are given to miserly hoarding beyond any conceivable need, and in another are gayly prodigal, then there is something to be inferred about their human neighbors. Swearing parrots are obviously a reflection upon their owners. But there are also park deer that have learned to chew tobacco; and game fish have been spoiled by a perverted appetite for garbage, due to the bad habits of lakeside campers. How many dogs may have learned

from their masters to bully littler dogs? How many race horses have reflected human turpitude and willfully pulled a race? The behavior of that young bird on my lawn was not due to any teachings up among the leaves and branches; for it is a fact that in our neighborhood at this very moment there are men working who are paid out of the public treasury. I have watched their deliberate motions with some annoyance, and it suddenly occurs to me that young birds, too, have been watching them.

Even a psychologist can have no way of guessing the strength and the effect of sympathetic currents that flow between ourselves and the animal life about us, shaping not only the habits but the very appearance of these humbler fellow creatures. For there is more than a fancied resemblance between an old Highlander and a Scotch terrier, or the expression on the face of an English bulldog and a well-trained British butler. As for a dachshund, look into his sentimental brown eyes and you can almost hear him reciting Heine. Word comes to me that some expert in our national Department of Agriculture has discovered that New England katydid and those in Washington and points south utter their cries with different intonations. I can well believe that the Georgia insect says 'Kateh deend.' Some nature lover told me the other day of a sanguinary war that was going on between two neighboring ant colonies in his back yard. It is all very well to go to the ant and consider his ways; but we must realize that the ant may also be considering us.

We human beings have simply got to buck up! We have grown up in the belief that human society exercises a commendable restraint upon its members. There are many improper acts from which we refrain only because other people are looking at us; and that is as it should be. We have to set an example to our young, and to those of our contemporaries weaker of will than ourselves. Yet you and I do like to slip away from this surveillance now and again. We cannot be expected to carry on all the time as though the eyes of other humans were upon us.

But if I must also be aware that robins are looking at me, and cows and hens and ants and beetles are regarding me thoughtfully, it seems to me my responsibilities become a little heavier than I can bear. Life would be much simpler if I too were a lower animal.

BURGES JOHNSON

THE STATE OF THE LANGUAGE

'For the ear trieth words, as the mouth tasteth meat'

WHEN ADVERTISERS TALK SHOP

THE advertising that is concocted, or confected, to sell miscellaneous goods and services to the consumer has long had rather more than its fair share of attention from the literary and linguistic critic. It has had, indeed, so much attention that hardly any has been left over for that special and esoteric activity of the profession, the advertisement of advertising to advertisers. While most of us have been hypnotized by the advertiser's potent public exhibitions of his various (and vagarious) art, he has been quietly at work behind our backs to formulate the dogmatic theology underlying it. This theology, with its weird undercurrents and overtones of æsthetics, religion, and applied psychology, he has now got pretty well codified in a brand-new lingo devised for the purpose. It begins to look certain that this lingo will presently have added more new coinages to English speech and writing than have ever come out of our more general advertising, which as a rule has simply exploited and popularized the existing resources of language.

At least two scraps of the elaborate new jargon have achieved, against protest, so wide a circulation that even those who detest them no longer stop to wonder where on earth they came from. Both are verbs: *to contact* (in the sense of 'make overtures to' or 'sound out') and *to sell*, as a synonym for 'persuade' or 'win over to.' *Contact*, if I may judge by the volume of denunciation in the newspapers and in my own correspondence, strikes many discriminating persons as uniquely loathsome. I doubt, alas, that anything under heaven can keep it from establishing itself; and as soon as it has done so no one will bother to cry alas, for it will have become as natural as *to house*, *to board*, or *to book*. *Sell*, as in 'This idea was easily *sold* to the public,' would pass for a boldly suggestive metaphor if we met it but once or twice. Unfortunately it is now used in the heedless and witless way of all mere cant, to the nullification of better words. Also, it has led to the chronic ugliness of the expression *sell on* ('I am *sold on* this plan') and, as Mr. Gaylord Laue has pointed out (Contributors' Column, December *Atlantic*), to the grotesque negative *unsell . . . on* (an idea or what not). In the pure advertising canon it is always a person who is *sold*, never a thing. You *sell* management executives, *sell* the richest spot (i.e., concentration of persons) in northern Jersey, *sell* a *prospect* (person or concern to be *sold*). An advertised commodity is not *sold*, but *merchandised*, and the periodical that prints the advertisement is the author of a *merchandising service*.

As a literate and informed layman you doubtless read mere magazines and newspapers, and some of them probably have many interested readers and subscribers, or, more vaguely, a large following or wide influence. But if you are a votary of the tenth muse, *Advertas*, any such periodical is to you a *medium* (in the plural, classically, *media*, never *mediums*), and its subscribers constitute its *readership*. If they pounce upon it devouringly the moment it comes into the house, they have *reader heat* — another way of saying that it has *reader interest* — and that makes it a *hot buy* for the advertiser. If his advertisement *pulls*, this *reader heat* is proved. He has not, however, simply inserted an ad, as you or I might do: he has *placed lineage* or *lineage*. (The profession has not made up its collective mind which spelling fills the bill.) In short, some *talk-able* solicitor or agency executive has *contacted* him and at last convinced him that the given *medium* has the lowest *milline rate* for the *readership* that it *delivers* (sinister word!), and that the individual components of this

group are *ready-moneyed*, or *able-to-buy* heads of families, or, latterly, *buy-able*. Such *coverage* is especially valuable to the advertiser when concentrated in *productive areas* — not, you understand, the areas where manufacture is prolific, but those that yield the most filled-in coupons at the smallest *inquiry cost*. If the coupon constitutes an actual order for goods, it is part of a *cash-register campaign*. Some *media* are naturally *geared* to such rapid-fire campaigns; others excel in the presentation of *educational material* — i.e., propaganda for newly invented uses of familiar commodities — or of things whose sale *peaks* at long intervals. The content of our *lin(e)age*, by the way, is invariably a *message*, and its function is to *dramatize a line* (of products) to every possible *volume buyer*, or member of the *upper income brackets*. Such persons are supposed to be constant when once *sold*; in other words, they are *brand addicts*. The *dramatization* is enhanced if the printed *message* can be synchronized with some *dealer help*, such as a striking lithograph, or some sort of *tie-in*, as window demonstrations in important stores or concerted plugging by radio.

There is perhaps no better brief characterization of this new patter than that celebrated advertising slogan, *As contemporary as to-morrow*.

THE DRAGNET

-ABLE. In the foregoing — which hardly scratches the surface of the topic — you will possibly have detected a hint that a very curious process is now overtaking the passive suffix *-able* (capable of being) and its substantive form *-ability*. We constantly read, for instance, of motorcars that have *roadability*. The word is evidently manufactured on the principle of *buy-able* and *talk-able* above; it denotes simple *road ability*, ability to perform on the road. By form and analogy it ought to signify that the vehicle having it is *roadable* or capable of being roaded, which of course is nonsense. (Dean Briggs used to hold up two fingers blackened to the middle joint and explain that he used a ——'s *Non-Leakable* pen — ‘meaning, I suppose,’ he would add, ‘a pen that *can't be leaked*.’) Yes, I know that there are exceptions, chiefly colloquial or archaic: *knowledgeable*, *tunable* (‘made tunable [i.e., melodious] by every sweetest vow’), and others. But that curious collection of euphemisms, the jargon of the modern advertiser, seems to be doing what it can to eliminate the rule in favor of the exceptions; and it has so far succeeded that the very poultry farms now regularly advertise week-old chicks that have superior *livability*.

SAVE . . . UNDER. A form letter by the circulation manager of *Time* advertises, in a location now met rather frequently: ‘This special trial offer *saves* you \$2.53 *under* the newsstand price.’ Is not this an attempt to say a simple thing in two contradictory ways, with the usual result of complicating it? The special offer *is* \$2.53 *under* the newsstand price; it *saves* one \$2.53 *of* the newsstand price.

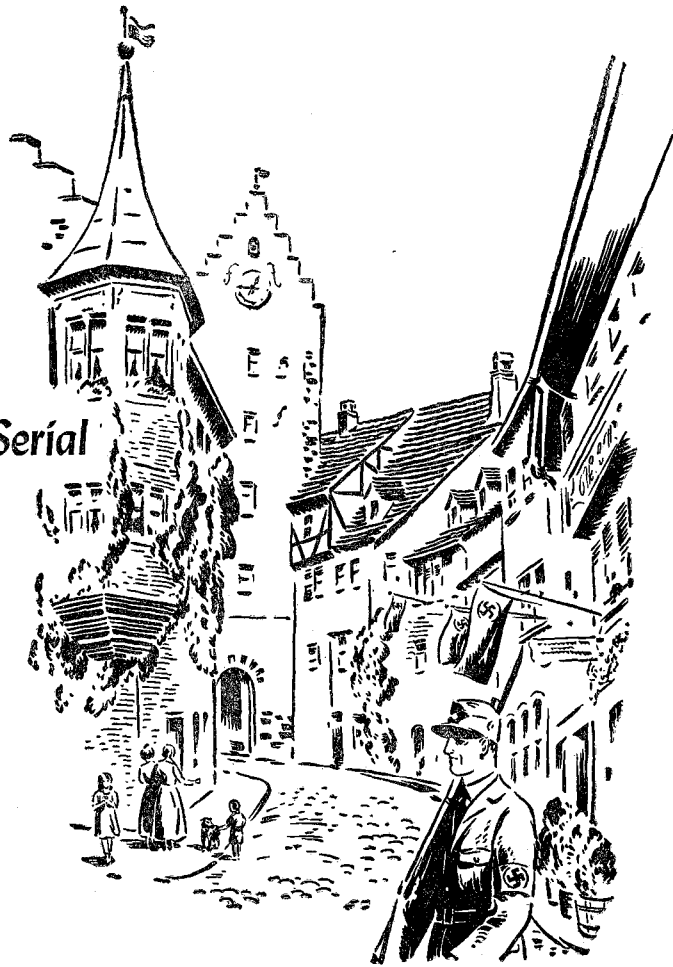
EACH OTHER. Says a Duluth correspondent with all force and felicity: —

In spite of the uneuphonic *ch* in *each* I prefer to have (two) young people fall in love with *each other*, and it irritates me when married couples divorce *one another* (suggesting three or more concerned). — H. H. ROGERS

Each other is clearly elliptical for ‘each *the* other,’ *one another* as clearly committed by its *an* to more than two. Good writing often answers the question ‘Two or more?’ solely by using one or the other (not one or *another*) of these expressions. Thus the distinction is a useful economy as well as a logical and historical necessity.

WILSON FOLLETT

The Atlantic Serial



Reaching for the Stars

BY
Nora Waln

CHAPTERS 37 TO 48

The early chapters of REACHING FOR THE STARS

For four years — from June 1934 to the summer of 1938 — Nora Waln faced the difficult problem of trying to live with and understand the Germany of Hitler. Many friends she made in the Rhine Valley and in Saxony, in the Black Forest, Vienna, Czechoslovakia, and at Dresden. Within the Nazi barriers she found the warm elements of German character — the music, the forest walks, the *Gemütlichkeit* of inns, the happy, healthy children, the family life. Through her husband's work as a musician she was admitted to the inner circle of artists and music lovers. It was all the more disconcerting to her to find the shocking contrast between the deep-hearted tenderness of the German people and the blind cruelty of their nationalistic pride. Like a rock in midstream, this American woman stood up against the surging force and emotionalism which were transforming Germany.

Nora Waln was born and brought up in a Quaker household in Pennsylvania. She learned as a child the fearlessness, kindliness, and tolerance of the Quakers. She learned also a love for another people and their culture, the Chinese, for her family had for a century traded with the great House of Lin. After her study at Swarthmore, she went to China, where she was admitted as an adopted daughter within the Lin family circle — an intimate experience in the understanding of another people which she has described in her first book, *The House of Exile*. Early in her stay she fell in love with an Englishman in the Chinese Postal Service, and after their marriage she lived on in China until 1932. That year her husband retired from service to devote himself to his life-long hobby, music, and with this purpose he and his wife took up their new life in the Rhine Valley.

While her husband studied music, Nora was drawn irresistibly into the web of German life. Everything that met her eyes in Germany made her aware of the new order, a strict régime of nationalistic pride and powerful direction: the disciplined customs officials, the formalities of pass cards, the Labor Corps, the Hitler youth,

the radio speeches, even the road signs — 'Germans, while you enjoy life in the Fatherland, remember your brothers in the Saar'; 'Hitler — Work and Bread'; 'Thank the *Führer* for 415,673 hours of work.' But it seemed to her that the vigor and healthiness of such achievements were in terrible contrast to the impoverishment of the human spirit. This contrast was almost more than she could bear. She could not shut her eyes to the persecution of the Jews, the desertion of free speech and of loyalty to kin, the obedience without mercy which clouded the lives of so many German households.

Here were a people who asked to publish her book on life in China, and received it enthusiastically, yet who forbade her to bring into Germany the books which represented to her the best of German and foreign culture. Here were a people torn between despair and defiant faith; afraid of force, but living under a system grown out of and supported by force; longing for peace, yet tolerating violence. So with patient determination she set herself to learn why such things should be. 'Is Germany dead?' she asked herself. 'Or does she lie as Snow White in a trance from eating a poisoned apple?' To answer that question this American Quaker has told in poignant human terms the true story of her life in Germany during the past four years.

The winter of 1936–1937 she and her husband spent in Vienna, where people were watching anxiously the changes that were taking place across the German border. Vienna, for all its poverty, was still gay, still free. Nora Waln was impressed with the spontaneity of the people, the care they gave to the poor, the pride they took in their parks, their swimming baths, and their model apartments for the workers. Nor could she help noticing the fatalism with which so many of her friends discussed the future of their beloved country.

When summer came she set forth on her travels to Bohemia, Slovakia, and Silesia. Thereafter Dresden was to become her temporary home. And there, as the year ran its momentous course, she was to see . . .

With each twelve months of the Atlantic
**THREE GREAT BOOKS
OF THE YEAR**

REACHING FOR THE STARS

BY NORA WALN

XXXVII

DURING our winter in Dresden, we had a comfortable house with plenty of room and the skiing was good on the Saxon hills, so I asked Otto and Rüdiger to come for a visit.

They arrived equipped to ski. We were but twenty-six miles from what was then the Bohemian border of Czechoslovakia, and their desire was to combine sport with seeing as much as possible of conditions in the region called the Sudeten. I asked if they had visas for Czechoslovakia.

'The visa is not the difficulty,' explained Rüdiger. 'It is money. As you know, one can take only ten marks out of the country. We have been trying to go over there for a long time. We have been refused *Devisen*. But if we are careful we can perhaps manage three days.'

'We have brought chocolate and biscuits from home to help out with the food, and if you will fill our thermos bottles —' began Otto.

'That part is all right,' I interrupted him. 'I have American dollars which I am glad for you to have, but the skiing is just as good, if not better, on this side. Why do you want to go into the Sudeten?'

'Our purpose is not altruistic,' confessed Rüdiger. 'We're not going because we feel particularly sorry for Germans there, and would carry them comforting assurance that they will soon be gathered into the *Dritte Reich*. Our desire is purely selfish.'

'By a sagacious and persistent use of propaganda, Heaven itself can be presented to a people as Hell, and, inversely, the most wretched existence as paradise,' came from young Otto. 'I am quoting from Adolf Hitler in *Mein Kampf*.'

'What has that got to do with it?'

'Everything. Absolutely everything, and you ought to know why it has. One of your own Presidents gave the answer, *Tante Hühnchen*.'

Since we gave these boys a lift on the road from Remagen to Bonn, I have become as fond of them as if they were my own nephews, and I think that they are fond of me. They have been ardent in efforts for my education, but their nickname for me is *Tante Hühnchen*, or 'Aunt Chickabiddy' — scarcely respectful. They take delight in answering me in confusing ways.

'You shan't go,' I threatened, 'unless you are clear as to why.'

'All right! I'll now quote Herr Abraham Lincoln' — Otto was enjoying himself. 'You can fool all the people some of the time. You can fool some of the people all the time. But you cannot fool all the people all the time.'

'I am sure you have n't got it quite accurate.'

'It will serve,' put in Rüdiger. 'The point is that we have heard so much about the hellishness of democracy that we have to visit where it is. We do not want to do our investigating in a place like England or America — even if you

should decide to give us the trip. We want to talk to Germans who have experienced life in a democracy — we want to speak about it in our own language — we want to observe how they live under it. We have read a book written by this chap Beneš — archscoundrel of our age, a villain outranking Anthony Eden in wickedness. And we have read more than one book by the evil genius who taught him, the terrible Masaryk.'

'We know full well, *Hühnchen*, that in such reading we do a great wrong.' Otto likes to talk. 'If caught with any such book, or discovered harboring ideas such as they contain, we shall be immediately arrested and taken to a concentration camp for reëducation. And if we do not learn there we shall be put to death. But some of us in Germany to-day are becoming more cunning than foxes. Brought up as we are, — preached at constantly that we must be ready at a moment's notice to give our lives at a *Führer's* command, — well, some of us are acquiring a different attitude toward death than our parents have. Death is not to be feared, so we are repeatedly told.'

'Our parents were born in a *Blumenzeit* [blossomtime]. They are babes-in-the-wood even now. We were born in a burned-over field, and are educated by tigers.'

They would have talked all the morning if encouraged. I had housekeeping to do. I told them I would take them into Czechoslovakia by motorcar after lunch, and leave them with money enough to stay there two weeks, paying the people who put them up a proper amount. I would not countenance giving poor people who sheltered them as little as possible; and I expected them to eat properly, too, and not return to me half-starved.

They had German money, and went to do some shopping. I thought they were right in wanting wind jackets, and Rüdiger's gloves were too thin. They were late to lunch. When they did

come, Otto's sleeve was torn, and the knuckles of his right hand were bloody.

I have often wondered about walking on air. Otto was doing it. His hair stood up, electrified. His face — no words of mine can describe it. Sixteen years of age — a clumsy, overgrown, flapping-eared lad, he tiptoed on air.

Rüdiger was nineteen. His face was grave — ashen. His is a more sober nature — to my delight he has chosen forestry as his career.

'You had better tell me about it.'

They told. Busy about their own affairs, they had come on Jew-baiting. Dresden is the Saxons' town, and they are Hamburgers, but the victim being tormented was a woman — an old woman — a German-Jewish woman with some spirit. Her back was against a wall and she was answering. She was not defending herself — in no uncertain words she was defending the honor of a Germany some people think dead.

A crowd had gathered. Taller than Saxons, the boys could see over the crowd. The baiting was being done by a boy in the Hitler Youth uniform. Otto pushed in, and told him to stop. He did not, so Otto warned him; and when he continued Otto knocked the boy down. A man then came at Otto.

'He had fine teeth. They are now in his stomach,' Otto informed me.

Rüdiger silenced him, and continued the narration. A policeman had taken charge of Otto. They had walked a long way; they had presumed it led to jail. But in a quiet street the policeman had suddenly released Otto.

He had shaken Otto's bloody hand and said: 'Congratulations. I envy you youth and courage. Now be off — quickly.'

After lunch I took them into Czechoslovakia. They had their fortnight of skiing, came back to me, and I waved them off to Hamburg — relieved to see them go, that I must confess. They seemed too much, just then, for my pacifism.

XXXVIII

When I arrived in Germany, government was absolute, but whether or not intellect and spirit were to be fettered had not been definitely settled. In the press one could watch the progress of argument on this matter. I was interested in it as a general subject, and also as it related to special men.

I meant to hear Professor Karl Barth lecture, but before I could do so he had gone. This newspaper item explains his departure: —

Professor Karl Barth of Bonn, who was suspended in November, has now been dismissed by the disciplinary court at Cologne, to whom the matter was taken. The Court decided that Professor Barth should be granted relief to the amount of half the normal retired pay for a year. Dr. Barth, aside from his request for change in oath to suit his conscience, was charged with observations hostile to the state a year ago, and failure to give the Hitler salute in his lecture rooms after having been ordered to do so last autumn. Dr. Barth's reply was that as a professor of theology he could not do so because it would be tantamount to the recognition of a 'totalitarian' state in theological classes. He has enjoyed unforeseen support among his students, 300 of whom issued a statement at the time of his suspension refusing to recognize a change in professorship.

Dr. Wilhelm Furtwängler's decision of whether to stay or go also concerned me, aside from the ethics of the matter. His way of conducting an orchestra as if he were playing an organ, phrasing with passion and restraint, speaking intimately through the language of the composer, has an emotional beauty which seems to me fundamentally German, and we were here for German music.

His contest over the freedom of music is illustrative of what happened to other forms of art.

On November 25, 1934, in the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, Dr. Furtwängler published a spirited defense of Paul Hindemith, the composer. He declared himself concerned not only to defend

Hindemith, but to bring up the whole question of interference with artistic life by political zealots. The theme of the article was 'What shall we come to if political denunciation is to be turned against art without check?'

On December 4 I saw in *The Times*: —

Herr Furtwängler has resigned the vice presidency of the *Reich* Chamber of Music, the leadership of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, and the chief directorship of the State Opera. Dr. Goebbels has accepted his resignation of the first two posts, General Göring of the third. Early in the National Socialist régime, he addressed a letter to Dr. Goebbels expressing the opinion that in music there should be no distinction except that of a good or a bad artist. Men of ability like Reinhardt, Klemperer, and Walter, must continue to have a voice as artists. Dr. Goebbels expressed his different opinion, and the matter dropped.

In the past eighteen months the majority of Jewish artists have been eliminated; and Herr Furtwängler, despite his known opinions, has been made much of by the National Socialists as an example of Aryan genius. The issue is over the work of Hindemith, which may not be used in Germany because 'for years before the National Socialist seizure of power he had adopted a deliberately un-German attitude, which makes his collaboration intolerable in the National Socialist work of reconstruction.' Herr Furtwängler's resignation leaves a Jew, Herr Leo Blech, whose original appointment was made by the Kaiser, the best-known conductor now remaining at the State Opera.

Herr Blech remained there, under General Göring's protection, until he reached the age of retirement.

In the *Völkischer Beobachter*, on December 6, Herr Alfred Rosenberg, designated 'Special Supervisor of Intellectual Training and Head of the National Socialist Culture Committee,' wrote of the resignation of Herr Furtwängler, stating that his unforgivable offense was to conduct the first performance of Herr Hindemith's new work, *Mathis the Painter*, and then, when this caused a violent conflict, to publish a spirited defense of Herr Hindemith as an artist.

When a talented musician like Hindemith, after German beginnings, lives and works and feels himself at home in Jewish company; when he associates almost entirely with Jews; when he lends himself, in accordance with the spirit of the Republic, to the worst kind of tawdry imitation of German music, then that is his own affair. But it gives others the right to show him and his circle that a revolution has now removed the entire human, artistic, and political associations of Herr Hindemith. It is deeply regrettable that so great an artist as Herr Furtwängler should have interfered in this dispute. But as he persisted in his nineteenth-century ideas, and evidently had no further sympathy with the great national struggle of our age, he must take the consequences.

On January first it was announced that Herr Furtwängler had not gone abroad as rumored, since it had been pointed out to him that to do this so soon after his resignation might be harmful to German prestige.

Then an order was printed in the professional journals. It forbade German artists of all kinds, and German lecturers, to accept engagements abroad without the express authorization of the president of their own subchamber of music, painting, sculpture, speech, or literature.

'To disobey means ineligibility to work again in Germany. This is to ensure that only persons who will leave behind them a really deep impression of German intellectual activities go abroad. Such men as Dr. Furtwängler, if they do not wish to become exiles, are affected. He has canceled concerts in Vienna and London.'

Some months later Dr. Furtwängler accepted the government offer to return to conducting. Herr Erich Kleiber, his associate at the State Opera House, conducted for the last time, handed in his resignation, and left the country immediately. Despite ardent appeals, he refused to return. Next, Professor Knappertsbusch, who had a life contract as musical director of the Bavarian Opera House, was criticized for 'nebu-

lous views' and turned his back on National Socialism.

And so it went on in all the arts, the government always winning, until the Propaganda Minister announced at a 'festal sitting' of the Nazi Chamber of Culture that he had issued instructions forbidding from that day criticism of art, literature, music, and drama. The command against critical expression extends to remarks about stage, cinema, and concert performances. The government decides what is good and what is bad; the people's part is to be grateful for what they are given.

Art is not neglected, or even treated as a side issue, in the *Dritte Reich*. Art from the German past has not been repudiated. It has merely been 'cleaned up' — the Jewish contribution given back to the Jews, and liberal, pacifist, and other 'decadent' tendencies removed for 'the benefit of the people.' Aryan creation is energetically encouraged and supported. The state provides generous prizes, and promotes cultural groups. Genius is not readily producible, as we all know. So far in mankind's experience it has, according to my researches, never yet been possible to force or anticipate it, or even breed it from known variables. But this is a *neue Zeit* — a new time.

Dispute as to whether or not propaganda is an art has been settled. Propaganda is art, and presides over all other art; it has a *Reich* minister, — similar to a cabinet minister in a democracy, only of course far stronger, — and the Senate of Culture is one of the departments in his organization.

The *Führerprinzip* among Germans stands on three legs — the Propaganda Bureau, the Gestapo (*Geheime Staatspolizei* — secret police), and the Army. When I was endeavoring to find the good in Naziism, I did not shirk looking at all three of them as intelligently as I could. I collected an enormous amount of data, so much that it is difficult to select from it.

Of the Propaganda Bureau, I have only space to tell that it is housed in a great white building in Berlin, and is equipped with more than one can imagine. It has a fine collection of books on psychology, shelves for every foreign book published about Naziism, and files for newspaper and magazine clippings from foreign lands. The staff are mostly young, and appear healthy and as if they enjoyed life. Under threat of death should they make a mistake, they seem to obey implicitly. When anything of unusual importance occurs, it is the duty of the Propaganda Minister to meet with those of them who are news writers and tell them exactly how the news is to be handled. They have, therefore, no excuse for endangering either themselves or the internal tranquillity of Germany. This mother-bureau has a little daughter at Stuttgart busy trying to bring all people of German blood now living abroad into the fold of Naziism.

The young man who assisted in my education in Nazi propaganda told me that 'the propaganda is thoughtfully arranged. It neglects nothing — not even the songs on the lips of the people. It is not destructive, but definitely constructive.'

Everything is subject to the pressure of propaganda: painting, music, literature, sculpture, architecture — even God. All are in the process of Teutonization.

Count Gobineau's book on the inequalities of human races, esteemed by Wagner, and *Foundations of the Nineteenth Century* by Houston Stewart Chamberlain, who married Wagner's daughter, are used as aids in this tremendous task.

'We are working for generations to come and we take into account the needs of the future,' the *Führer* has said. 'The art of the new *Reich* shall be given a character which generations to come will see at once has sprung from this epoch.'

His own book tops the best-seller list, climbing now toward its fifth million.

Edition follows edition, each new edition generously expanded. 'All "Aryan" Germans are given a copy on graduating from school, and every "Aryan" bride gets one with her marriage certificate,' my instructor assured me.

I had noticed that for some weeks the newspaper my husband always takes — *The Times* of London — had had columns of letters debating whether *Mein Kampf* has any importance now, as it was written some years ago. The able Propaganda Minister misses nothing. He answered it firmly with a statement radioed to the world: 'We go forward with the book in one hand and the sword in the other.'

And to safeguard everyone from misunderstanding regarding what art is, the *Führer's* definition has been published. He has made it quite clear: —

Whether it is a matter of architecture or of music, of sculpture or of painting, one fundamental principle must never be lost sight of: every true art must give its products the stamp of beauty, for the ideal for all of us must lie in the cultivation of the healthy. Only the healthy is right and natural; and so everything right and natural is beautiful. It is our task to find the will to true beauty, and not let ourselves be led astray by the chatter, half silly, half impudent, of decadent literati who try to decry as trash the natural and so the beautiful, and to put forward the unhealthy and unsound as interesting, remarkable, and therefore worthy of consideration.

XXXIX

The newspaper which I had bought clearly stated that the rumors people were spreading about the concentration of German troops on the Austrian border were without foundation. Anyone who believed in this report believed in a mirage.

'There,' I said to the news vendor. 'See what a liar you are — self-committed. Yesterday you wasted my time telling me about this mobilization, and to-day you sell me a paper telling me that what you said is untrue.'

He winked at me. Another customer was approaching. I waited while he sold wares to several people, taking my revenge by reading one of his magazines with no intention of buying it. Finally we were alone.

'How long have you been in this country?' were his first words.

'Nearly four years — off and on.'

'And you have not yet learned to read the newspapers. Somewhere I got the idea that Americans are quick — it must be a mistake. Let a Saxon give you a lesson. You are not cheated when you buy my newspapers. These are the papers of a new time. You read the news, and then you enjoy the mental exercise of taking each item and transposing it. What is printed is the opposite of what should be there, but there is enough truth mixed in it to confuse and give zest to the solution of the puzzle.'

When I wrote to Germans in other parts that I had to spend the winter in Dresden, I received considerable sympathy. There was not one who failed to tell me that the people of Saxony are *sehr komische Leute*. All mentioned *Blümchenkaffee* — the coffee of a people so stingy that one can see through the pale liquid the flowers in the bottom of their Dresden china cups. On the German comedy stage the *Sachse* occupies the same place that the Philadelphian does on the New York stage.

My self-pity soon wore off. I was at home here. And not since I left my friend the coppersmith on the Taku Road at Tientsin had I met anyone near to being his equal until I met this news vendor at Dresden.

'When you are in a serious mood,' I asked him, 'what is your opinion of present-day printing in Germany?'

'The words I customarily use about that could not be said to a lady, but I will mention that those who are proclaiming themselves leaders of a new culture are without culture. Therefore they underrate the intelligence of their subjects.'

'Now that is nonsense,' I retorted. 'The head of your Bureau of Propaganda and Enlightenment is a university man. I have heard him broadcast that he has had a classical education.'

'A little learning is a dangerous thing,' was the answer. 'Have you ever seen him?'

'Yes — in a hotel. As I was paying our bill I happened to hear a page asking for Herr Doktor Goebbels's bill, as he wanted it taken upstairs. I felt acquainted with him as a radio voice, and was curious to see him. So I sat down in the lobby and waited.'

'How did he look?'

'Well scrubbed, neatly dressed, pleased with the morning. There was a man with him, but merely there; your Propaganda Minister was the person present. Dr. Goebbels gave the lobby a swift glance as he stepped from the elevator, the glance of a man accustomed to looking before he leaps, then smiled cheerfully and shook hands with everyone — the elevator man, waiters who came in from the dining room, pages, hotel guests, desk clerks, and the doorkeeper. He said "Thank you for everything" to all, and was gone, gliding away in a car which had been waiting at the door.'

'Very interesting,' commented my news vendor. 'Dr. Goebbels is scheduled to speak here next week, and people won't take the tickets. It is going to lead to trouble. Last time we were insolent we were punished. The Senate of Culture issued an order that singers at the Dresden Opera were not to sing at the *Hofkirche* any more because it took time needed for their proper work. In Dresden under the kings, it was always in the opera contract that singers must sing in the church on Sunday. That continued up to January of this year. If we do not rally to this meeting we shall probably be told that we cannot drink from flowered cups. But we are *sehr komische Leute*. People are not taking the tickets.'

'Is Saxony likely to start a revolution?'

'I hardly think so. Have n't you heard that we were slow starters in the Great War, and not very much use when we got there? We are a plodding people, quiet and industrious; we should n't like a revolution. Our last king, when taunted, would not take part in one. When approached by revolutionists, he merely said: "Good-bye, have a republic if you want a republic. I won't be responsible for bloodshed in the Schloss Strasse." Sometime later he was traveling from one place to another in Saxony on a train, and at one station a lot of people had gathered to cheer him. The conductor told him that they were there. He went out to the platform, and all he did was to look them over and say, "You are a fine lot of republicans!" and return to his carriage.

'Our kings were in business like the rest of us. His son is in business — one of the best business men in Saxony. Our kings were not dependent on monarchy for an occupation. We had our democracy. Now we have our *Führerprinzip*. The fact that we do not revolt against it does not signify that we endorse it.'

As I walked home I thought, 'I shall never understand the Germans,' and something seen when we were traveling in the Riesengebirge returned to memory. At the side of the road, a little way ahead, we noticed a patch of blue, and, coming up, discovered that it was lupines. They covered the space of a clearing right up to the edge of the wood — tall and in full bloom, as well grown as in a tended garden. In serried ranks, thousands of them stood holding up spikes of intense blue, of lighter blue with white-tipped petals, of bluish purple, of reddish purple, and of pure white. Their beauty, in this unexpected place, was such as makes the heart leap up when the eyes behold a wondrous sight.

Someone had placed a banner in their midst, a long white strip of cloth stretched

taut between two posts that were neatly painted green and firmly planted in the earth. In broad black letters the white cloth bore the words, in German: 'He who does not stand with the *Führer* is no longer German' — words seen in many places.

On this banner set amid the lupines another hand had written below the bold letters, in a delicate script as with a fountain pen, also in German: '*Et tu, Brute.*'

XL

From the time of the proclamation of conscription, March 16, 1935, life in Germany was punctuated by events great and small which kept the thought of war recurrent. During the summer before the reoccupation of the Rhineland, men in neat uniforms who called themselves 'the war protection service' came to give us instruction as to exactly what to do in case of falling bombs. They had sand, and such, which they wanted to put in our attic. I was at home alone; I explained to them that I do not take part in wars, and refused to have the stuff brought in. They listened to my speech and went away without dispute; but they came again when I was not at home and arranged the attic exactly as they had planned, giving the 'household instructions' to our German maids.

That winter, which was our second in the Rhineland, our daughter went to school in Cologne, bicycling to and fro. She was often late for her lunch because of some 'war protection' lesson. My diary holds several pages written in her hand about the different gases that might be used, how to protect oneself against them, and how to give first aid to the injured. She also put there a description of the 'air-raid cellar' which all her class were taught to enter without panic, with instructions on how to conduct themselves when there. There is something very touching as well as terrible in the *Gemütlichkeit* of that cellar,

with its place for a foreign girl, two small books for each child, — good books, — and packets of concentrated food to be rationed sparingly. My child has written in my diary: 'It is really cosy. Our teacher will read aloud to us, and we shall take turns in reading.'

Friends of ours who were building an apartment house had in their plans arrangement for a laundry, in the basement, for each apartment; but they had to abandon this to make a bombproof and gasproof room large enough to hold all the persons that might be in the building when the sirens gave warning. They had also to furnish it and equip it with an 'air-refreshing pump' (the pump alone cost about three hundred dollars). Others, who had inherited a large house and decided to convert it into four apartments, had also to provide such a cellar.

Before the sudden occupation of the Rhineland by the army there were Gestapo arrests, and this time I knew of one case where the secret police broke the house lock and were standing by the bed of their victim when they announced their presence. Gestapo arrests were made again before the march on Austria. And I was told that they recurred before the order for the conscription of labor to refortify the Western Front last summer, and before the march into Bohemia. Each time, key people who might lead rebellion were taken.

When the reoccupation of the Rhineland occurred, I was in Bremen. My sister, who lives in Shanghai, had been visiting me, and I had waved her off to China, sad to see her go and wishing I could go along. With German friends who had accompanied me to the boat, and were now taking me to my Cologne train, I was walking in the main street of Bremen when a loud-speaker announced that German soldiers were again in the Rhineland. There was plenty of time, and we stopped to listen to the dramatic broadcast of how the soldiers had got safely in under cover of the night, and

how the happy people had welcomed them with flowers, cheers, and song.

On the train I shared a compartment with people who mistook me for English and began to thank me for the reoccupation. They were all certain that England had sanctioned this before it took place. They had no apprehension of war, being sure that England would restrain France.

Cologne looked as usual when I arrived about eight in the evening. The next day as I went my round of household shopping, and to call on various people, I met intense apprehension. Some were prepared for bombs to drop at any minute. There was more interest in peace than delight over the reoccupation. I learned that the local *Gauleiter* had given a dinner for all the foreign consuls, and kept them entertained while the troops got themselves fairly well in. No one with whom I talked seemed to consider this so clever, but most told me of it. The length of the dinner and the after-dinner speeches was detailed as if the narrator had been present.

By the time we came to live in Dresden we were accustomed to preparations for possible war, and gave one of our most successful musical evenings on a *Verdunklungsabend*. Silence was not compulsory; the only restriction was against showing any light. Bishop and Mrs. Perry, of Rhode Island, were our guests of honor at this party.

Strengthening the German army was not to us just the recruiting of so many men; it was conscription of Fritz and Hans, Otto and August, Friedbert and Lutz. If a person called was a 'conscientious objector' it meant his arrest. The families of boys who had no religious objection did not talk of war; they avoided that subject, and spoke of the discipline and order which soldiers are taught.

After they had gone into barracks we heard of double-decker beds, with eight men in some rooms and fewer in others.

We learned that each man had his own cupboard, with a porcelain shelf on which to keep stores of food received from home. Letters read aloud explained that, besides morning coffee, they got a hot dinner at noon — usually very good — at the canteen, sometimes with cabbage and sausage, sometimes three eggs and spinach, always plenty of potatoes, and on Sunday often roast beef, carrots, and peas. Once a week they got a large loaf of *Kommissbrot* and butter, and this was eaten in their own room for other meals, with whatever they had from home added to it.

They were not allowed to leave barracks except on Saturday and Sunday, and by permission on Wednesday. They could go to the canteen in the evenings, if they had time, and buy beer and play 'skat.' They received fifty pfennigs a day from the state, and they reminded their parents that this would not allow many drinks of beer. They had to do their own laundry, also to sew names in their garments — and if this was not well done underofficers pulled the work out as many as nine times; they had to press their uniforms and clean their boots, shave early, clean their nails, stand up to be inspected, and bear it if ordered to take off a boot and sock and display a foot so that the underofficer could see if it was clean. German boys are waited on at home, and mothers used to smile as they read such things and say, 'The poor darling!'

As discussed, the army was a very domestic affair. Keen interest was taken at home in how the bed must be made to pass inspection, and just what clothes the state provided. There was a uniform for exercise, and a uniform for street wear, with white gloves, underwear, socks, boots, and nightshirts. We heard all the details of fights against these nightshirts waged by sons who preferred pyjamas, and of a boy put in the guard-house for redressing in his home pyjamas after he had got into bed.

To begin with there were two salutes,

one to the forehead after the manner of the *Reichswehr*, and the Hitler salute given with the right arm stretched out to the front. One boy complained of this, saying that it is the salute slaves had to give in ancient Rome. His father shook his head as the letter was read because he did not see any need to change the old customs of the army. When home on Sunday the embryo soldiers complained of endless lectures and lessons in National Socialism, and of continual grumbling, especially by farmers and workers.

'Grumbling would not have been permitted in my time,' fathers would say, 'and we had no hours to waste on lectures. We were up to learn to handle our guns.'

'The peasants have been told so often that they are the earth's best that they grumble at the state in a way that could not be stopped except by putting them all in prison, and they know they cannot be spared from food growing. As for learning to handle our guns, we do that all right, and have plenty of drill, but we have the lectures piled on top.'

Discussions of then and now between fathers and sons would go on for hours. Only in time of tension was there ever talk of war, and never to the boy. Fathers did not talk of the Front. Asked questions, they skirted away from the subject and would soon become silent, with a far-away, sad look in their eyes, often a bewildered look. Nobody ever mentioned conquest, not even the reconquest of former German lands, although the regaining of these lands was the principal propaganda subject.

XLI

I am sure it is not a windy boast when the Nazis proclaim that they have a peacetime army which is the most powerful striking force any nation has ever possessed. When Germans undertake a thing they do it well.

Under a *Führer* who has absolute power, and is keen on arming, they have

become the most thoroughly fortified and armed nation in all history. When we were first in Germany, many around us spoke of the *Reichswehr* as the most conservative group in the land. Immediately on the death of Field Marshal von Hindenburg, the armed forces swore an oath of obedience to Adolf Hitler. This allayed the worry of many who had been anxious about Nazi deeds, as they interpreted this army action as foretelling the end of Nazi radicalism.

From then on, there were periods of gossip about what might be happening inside the *Reichswehr* — whispers that the generals were not in favor of things planned, and not always satisfied when these plans were accomplished without bloodshed. But the *Führer* progressed successfully to possession of absolute power until he could retire generals with thanks for services to Germany in the past, and have them accept a signed photograph of himself as a retirement gift.

The *Führer's* power is now said to be absolute. My travels were wider than those of many of our German friends, and were not bounded by any class or group limits. Many anxious about the possibility of war used to ask me, 'Do you think the army would march at his command?' To them I always presented a copy of Joseph Conrad's *Lord Jim*, and recommended its reading.

Under Nazi direction the army has increased in size and strength very rapidly. It has a million men standing at arms, an ever-increasing number of trained reserves, and the entire resources of the *Dritte Reich* — including all foodstuffs, and women and children — ticketed and docketed ready for war at a moment's notice if the *Führer* decides war is necessary.

The army is systematically conscripting all men of military age in accordance with the contention that Germany would have won the World War if the imperial authorities in pre-war years had made full use of Germany's man power. In

addition to the conscripts who receive a full military training of at least two years, the annual classes which escaped conscription in the post-war years get a short military training of at least several weeks. The classes born in 1906-1907, who missed conscription, have been instructed to report to the authorities at the beginning of next year preparatory to receiving military training.

There were more boys born during the latter years of the Weimar Republic than during the war and the years immediately following. These are coming on toward military age; in each succeeding year that elapses there will be more to conscript from; and many state measures aim to encourage the increase of births.

Machines and soldiers, mostly technicians, have been detailed to Spain for testing out in actual warfare — 'a better preparation than any sham manoeuvres,' I was told. It was also explained to me that one of the reasons for calling officers home from China, aside from the fact that the *Dritte Reich* had made an agreement with Japan, is that these men have had valuable experience and are needed at home. They, with those who had been in Russia before conscription was reestablished in Germany, were spoken of as General von Seeckt's men.

All the forts that were destroyed have been rebuilt far better than before. Heligoland, the submarine base marveled at by engineers sent to destroy it, is much improved, and there are other bases. Nazis have told me that there is nothing in the Anglo-German Naval Treaty to disturb their ocean plans. The ratio is a ratio of tonnage, and, while England builds large vessels, Germany concentrates on smaller ships — largely 'undersea' craft of the destroyer category.

The Germans have finished the Wilhelm Canal, which makes it possible to shift their navy safely from the North Sea to the Baltic at desire, and will

soon have the Black Sea and the Mediterranean linked up with their system of inland water traffic. They have a network of *Reichsautobahnen*, and the railways are under government control. As for their bombing arm, Field Marshal Göring, its creator, has declared, 'Germany's aviation industry is now organized in such a manner as to ensure German superiority in the air for the coming years. Whatever the aircraft production of other countries, Germany will increase her air force correspondingly.'

Munitions factories are tremendously expanded, and are working day and night, as are the navy yards. Miners work a fourteen-hour shift, or longer if there is a press. Not only are iron and steel made from ore such as was formerly used, but there are new processes for getting raw material out of what was once discarded as useless. Foreign exchange is devoted to the purchase of things needed for armed strength, and to the stirring up of German racial consciousness. At home, whipped cream, white bread, and personal liberty have been sacrificed. Butter rationing has been accepted. Steel railings from parks and private gardens have been used for war preparedness.

Broadcasting from all German stations, the Propaganda Minister has declared: 'We live too fast in these stirring times. The years are filled with dramatic thrills, and as fast as one great event is over another follows it.'

'Owing to this abruptness and speed we are often inclined to forget the difficulties involved. We take the success of the régime for granted. If, in the course of a year, we reap an unprecedented historical harvest, we suppose that it is only the result of luck, or of some sort of historical miracle.'

'There is no doubt that luck is necessary to obtain historical success, and in its totality the work of the *Führer* must be regarded as a miracle. But miracles come not when one just waits for them,

but when one works and fights for them. That is what happened here. The *Führer* did not wait. He collected the forces of the nation, organized, and boldly engaged on the big historical decision of the year. He succeeded.'

The great mass of the people, he proclaimed, 'possess a primitive, unspoilt capacity for believing that all is possible,' and then remarked that 'unfortunately, in certain circles, this faculty has been somewhat blunted, particularly among men of possessions and education, who trust more in the power of pure and cold understanding than in that of the glowing idealistic heart.'

These intellectuals he characterized as knowing so much that they did not know what to do with their knowledge. 'When the Nazi movement was fighting for power,' he exclaimed, 'they could not believe in its victory. And now, too, they cannot bring themselves to believe. They only recognize what is, but do not see what will be.'

'Difficulties for them are not things to be overcome, but things to capitulate to. With such feeble-spirited elements one cannot make history, but happily in all peoples, and particularly the German, there is only a very thin top layer of intellectuals and "society." They will never lead the nation.'

'Formerly they encountered in our country willing and grateful disciples. To-day they can only fling a few cues to members of the intellectual bourgeoisie who live behind the times.'

'The people do not want to hear of these intellectual grumblers. The people live under a nerve-racking tension, and they are happy about the great success the *Führer* has gained.'

Field Marshal Göring has appealed to the German people to continue making sacrifices under the Four-Year Plan: 'The year 1938 rises like an obelisk of granite above the centuries; like a tremendous oak tree it overshadows all events of German history.'

'Nineteen thirty-nine too will be a

year of hard labor. The third year of the Four-Year Plan demands the utilization of the entire strength of the people, because the strength of the nation always depends on the determination of the individual to work on and his willingness to make sacrifices. Every single individual is important — that is the watchword for 1939.'

In the *Dritte Reich*, to harbor behind the clock Bertrand Russell's book on roads to peace may lead a shoemaker into prison. Arrested without warrant, and held without trial, he may pass into that Nazi darkness called a concentration camp, and may not be seen again by his kin. They may be allowed to send blankets, soap, home-cooked food. Receiving a message, 'Be brave,' they must forever question, 'How came that slip of paper with his handwriting on it to be posted at Berlin?' — because no other word of him comes.

But it is permissible to have *Der Christliche Staatsmann*, by Wilhelm Stapel, which ends thus: '*Wenn nun der Germane, der nordische Mensch, seinen Fuss auf den letzten Streifen eroberten Landes gesetzt hat, so nimmt er die Krone der Welt und legt sie Gott zu Füßen, um sich von ihm damit kronen zu lassen.*' (And when the Germanic, the Nordic, man has set his foot upon the last strip of conquered land, he will take the crown of the world and lay it at God's feet, in order that he may be crowned by the Almighty.)

From reading this I turned to reading Ibsen. That is a natural turn. Radio and press repeatedly stressed the Nazis' feeling of the necessity to cleanse themselves, and all other Germans throughout the world, of every characteristic which is not Nordic. The National Socialist Students' Union has been entrusted with the task of coöperating with the Nordic Society in the promotion of Nordic ideals. The plays of Ibsen are in the repertoire of nearly every theatre.

And this is what I read from Ibsen, in words not quite so simple as those

of Matthew: 'If you won all, but lost yourself, then your whole gain was nothing but a wreath around a cloven brow.'

'We have struck the word "pacifist" from the German vocabulary' is a remark which I heard frequently from people of the *Reich* who felt that way. They were using something coined for them by Herr Franz von Papen, last German Minister to Austria. A peculiar thing was that I often heard, even from those who used these words, another statement: '*Ich habe alle Quäker in mein Herz geschlossen*' (I have locked all Quakers in my heart).

This greeted me in castle and cottage. It was said by ardent supporters of Naziism, as well as by German men and women who whispered their pacifism; and by folk who went courageously forward as pacifist until arrested, and then continued pacifism in prison. In fact, I got the impression that pacifism might be out of the vocabulary, but the Germans have not yet done with its practice.

XLII

It was April 1938. The long, too mild winter was over. A false spring had lured the orchards on, and a frost had blackened the blossoms. There would be no fruit in Germany this year, so ran a discouraged murmur, while Nazi journals, in prose and verse, urged citizens to look on the winter wheat, bettered by the frost, and hear its promise of white bread.

The sun, pleasantly warm, streamed in my open windows. Birds sang. Children were playing marbles. A chimney sweep climbed up our neighbor's roof; he would come to us next. By a custom so old that no one could tell me when it began, the city sweeps all chimneys once a month in Dresden.

I was packing. Through the Rhineland, Vienna, Czechoslovakia, and Dresden we had followed a trail of music. Now we were going home to England. I am married to a gypsy whose habits of

travel were firmly established before I met him. Simplicity in possessions is not one of his characteristics. The names of the multitude of housekeeping things we carry are written down in little books — presumably checked by me at each moving. Towels, sheets, pillowcases, table linen, — all English, — fragrant with that nice smell freshly ironed washing has, were piled on tables and chairs. I had finished one box when Christl came up with an armful of blankets.

‘There is a caller. He has brought you lilacs and tulips,’ she announced.

Leaving her to finish, I tidied my hair and went down to the drawing-room. The visitor was from my German publisher’s office. He told me that the head of the firm had hoped to bid us *Auf Wiedersehen*, but he was in Italy and could not get back before the day we had set for our departure. So he had come to bring us the firm’s best wishes for a happy life in England, and tell me that the Leader of All the Germans had just shown their firm a special and gracious favor. A few days ago Herr Hitler had ordered thirty-five copies of my China book to give to his personal friends.

To write clearly is not easy. I am thrilled when I satisfy a reader. I was pleased that Herr Hitler liked my book well enough to give copies to his friends. Spring is a time when hope is all around one. My mood was happy. I like to be given flowers and flattering messages. I did not mean to mislead, here or at any time, by my words or my manner. I may be particularly stupid, but it never occurred to me when in Germany that I should continuously criticize the Nazis lest my silence be taken as a sign that I approve all their activities.

We did not discuss politics. My husband came. Else brought tea, and sensibly the *Linzer torte* which had been prepared for guests expected to-morrow. We spoke of the frivolity of hoarding up butter, doing without it on one’s bread, so as to make cakes for parties. We talked of Austrian cookery and its peculiar

difference from German. Our guest had noticed that Christl, who had let him in, was an Austrian woman, and asked how she came to be with us in Dresden. I told how she has been with us, in about the same capacity as Bald-the-third, our old Chinese serving matron, ever since a winter day when she rang our doorbell in Vienna. She had gone along with us to Czechoslovakia, and was going to England. Then my husband, who dislikes domestic conversation, turned the subject to literature and music, and we expressed our admiration of the heights Germans have reached in things of the mind and the spirit.

We enjoyed our guest. After he had gone, I thought of how short human life is, how there are good and bad in all of us, and what the more energetic in each generation do to others. I considered Herr Hitler. Memory of three incidents concerning him came back to me on the rays of the setting sun. Two had to do with wayside villages. One happened in East Prussia, where we all went to spend three weeks with the friend who was Marie’s governess at Tientsin. The other occurred in the Rhineland.

The people of a hamlet had long disputed with the people of a neighboring *Dorf* beyond the hill regarding their respective rights in a wood. There seemed to be no end to this quarrel. Now that they had a *Führer*, the people of the hamlet decided to present their case directly to him. They drew up a list of their grievances. The schoolmaster wrote the petition on a scroll in fine script. It was rolled and tied with Nazi ribbon. The *Führer* was due to go through on his way to a great assembly.

The tallest man was chosen to wave the petition. Early in the forenoon of the day, the whole population dressed in their Sunday clothes and lined up along their street. It was considerably after country dinnertime when their *Führer* whizzed by. He was in a powerful car. He left ill feeling behind him. ‘Adolf Hitler was born to the people, but he is a

mighty man now. He does not see folk like us — except when he wishes to use us.'

Until evening they grumbled. Then, shortly after *Abendbrot*, a young stranger arrived on a motorcycle. Their *Führer* had seen the petition waved. He had something so important to do that he could not stop for it. But he wanted it. He had sent his messenger to fetch it. They gave it gladly.

In less than a fortnight they had their answer. The disputing was to stop at once. It is forbidden for Germans to quarrel with each other. The man who brought this reply was to hear both sides, and the people were to abide by his decision. Enough German strength had been wasted.

The investigator went about his task quietly. He wrote his decision in two copies, and gave one to each set of citizens. He did not set down any details, the interpretation of which could lead to further dissension. The sum of his decision was that what the wood produced was to be divided without selfishness. He held a joint meeting which everyone from both villages must attend. He led them in singing songs together. The people did as he decreed. The quarrel, two decades old, was over.

The second incident is about people who wove a carpet of flowers from their gardens. They placed this on the road over which their *Führer* was to pass. Either word of it reached him somehow or, as one old man in that village is certain, he has very long sight. His car and those that escorted him halted. He got down. Wheels were not allowed to crush the blossoms.

The cars and the escort went around. The *Führer* walked through the village. He spoke gently to men, women, and children. He took the hands of two little ones who ran to him. Babies went into his strange arms fearlessly.

No one who saw this could correctly call it play-acting. He was moved by the gift of flowers put on his road. He was

grateful for love. Goodness shone in his face.

When he had gone, they said: 'He is our true German *Führer*. He would not let a flower, a bird, or a person be crushed if he knew it was to be done. He is enthroned in our hearts. Heaven sent him.'

This village had been troubled. A few days previously a minor Nazi official had put up a sign: 'Jews must go.' The village had just one Jewish family, who had been there as long as anybody else. The head of the family is an old man, a shoemaker. His son married Anna, the postmistress, and they have a fair child named Hans. Although possessed of very slender means themselves, this family have been very charitable to others in times of distress. In the wartime, people who had no money had their shoes mended and never had to pay. Now, in the butter shortage, the old man and his wife were giving more than half their allowance to a neighbor who was sick. One of the fair babies whom their *Führer* had taken into his arms was little Hans. These village people accepted that as a sign. They took down the anti-Jewish poster.

The third incident was at a review of soldiers. Some people gave a party in their offices, and we were among those invited. Food and wine were served inside; and from a large balcony, through glasses, we could plainly see the officials' platform as well as the marchers.

A company of aged veterans came along, one of them so feeble that I had just thought, 'He ought not to be walking,' when I saw his *Führer* take notice of him. Herr Hitler had him taken out of the line. A chair was placed for him on the platform. Aglow with pleasure, the old soldier enjoyed the remainder of the review from a seat beside his standing Leader.

XLIII

My packing was as near finished as it could be until just before we started. I

had idleness to spend. Enchanting April called me out of doors. Fed by freshets, the Elbe was running high. A white cargo boat went downstream at fine speed, brilliant laundry flapping on the line, and a little brown dog sitting at the prow like a sentinel.

I crossed over to the Weisser Hirsch side, intending to walk a way and then take a tram up to the Kurpark; but the newly grown grass was a lovely green on this bank of the river, and a group of pretty children played a springtime *Ringelreihen*. Rosy-cheeked, they joined hands and circled. Confidence of life was in their every movement as they sang: '*Wir drehen uns, die Wange glüht und Freude füllt die Brust.*'

A well-dressed woman came on to the path. Her small, neatly shod feet paced back and forth restlessly. She stared at the river, and then, as if drawn by their happiness, she stared at the children. Her sensitive face was pale, her eyes bewildered. She began to pace again. Although a stranger, I had decided to go and ask her trouble when I felt someone looking at me.

Turning, I met the gaze of an elderly policeman. I had begun to wonder why he measured me when he strode off toward the pacing woman, who was now going upriver with her back to us. He caught up to her, and walked by her side to the second bridge and back. I could see that he was talking persuasively as they returned.

I sat down on the grass and opened my book. Soon I was interrupted. The policeman stood before me. He paid me the nicest compliment. He said, 'You have a look one can trust,' and asked if I would do a kindness. I replied that I would answer when I knew what he wanted.

He wanted this woman to go to a café he named, and stay there reading the papers all day until five o'clock. It was now about eleven in the morning. She must not go home to her own house until after five o'clock. Then she would

find what she had lost; it would be in the upper right-hand drawer of the desk in her *Frauenzimmer*.

She must not be allowed to stay out of doors. He feared she might throw herself into the river. He needed to be quickly about what he had to do, and wanted me to escort her to the café and sit there with her until she was quieter. I said that the café idea seemed dreary. I would take her home with me for the day if she would come.

She burst into tears when I asked her, and sobbed, 'You are both too good.' Then she was concerned for me. 'I must not get you into trouble — are you married to a German?' I told her an Englishman; that reassured her. The policeman called us a taxi. We took a ride over the Weisser Hirsch and back, because I thought that sight of the leafing trees would do her good. We had the top down, and the air brought color to her cheeks.

Some time ago the Nazi authorities had called in her German passport, and had not returned it. Then they had sent her a notice to be out of the country in a fortnight. She could not go without her passport. No other country would let her enter without it. When she asked for it they told her that they had never received it.

She acted as wisely as she could. She was a widow. She asked aid of her husband's brother. He plainly did not want to be mixed up with anyone who was in trouble with the government. She asked friends. They drew away as soon as they knew her plight. She appealed to every possible official, but to no avail. She was told that she lied if she said that the government had her passport. The very man to whom she had handed it accused her of either hiding or destroying it. They exchanged remarks in front of her about her being neurotic.

Her fortnight was up that night. She did not know what they would do to her if she was there after the hour when she had been warned that she must be away;

but she was sure that it would be better to be dead than found. Germany was her homeland — the homeland of her fathers. She did not think these Nazis, many of whom were not German-born, had any right to dictate as to who should live on this part of the earth. But they had seized power in the Fatherland. As a child she had played that same springtime *Ringelreihen* children were playing now by the Elbe, and had been as confident as they. She did not know why she was in trouble. No one would tell her.

She explained about the policeman. For years he had been on the beat by her home. He was their 'family policeman.' Somehow he had heard this morning about her lost passport. When he did not find her at home, he looked for her by the river. He had promised to get the passport and put it in her desk. She did not believe that he could do it. Her faith in things was worn out.

I felt sure that he would do it if he said he would. My husband was away for the day, visiting some musical people a little way out in the country. I was to meet him at the opera and go to a supper afterwards. In the *Dritte Reich* one cannot telephone about anything private. I decided that it was no use bothering anyone else until the policeman had failed.

We had a quiet day. We played chess and read aloud. At half-past five her passport was where the policeman said it would be.

I helped her pack. She took a small trunk and two bags. She left a nicely furnished house. Both her father and her husband had willed her comfortable fortunes. She could take but ten marks out of the country with her. Still, she was glad to get away even if it proved that all else was forfeit to the Nazis. She gave me good clothes, warm bedding, all the extra cash she had, and a list of poor people she had been helping. Sometime after seven I saw her depart for Paris, where her sister lived.

I felt in a horrible trance as I dressed for the opera. I was so slow that I did not slip into the seat beside my husband until after the bell had rung for the last act. *Tosca* seemed less tragic than present-day life.

From Paris I got a telegram announcing her safe arrival.

XLIV

On the morning we left, beautiful Dresden was daubed with the yellow paint of anti-Semitism, and hung with scarlet in commemoration of the Nazi *Führer's* birthday. We went to Kassel, stopping at Weimar for lunch. In obedience to a command broadcast from the Propaganda Bureau, every habitation displayed the banner of the hooked cross. If anxiety and sorrow dwelt anywhere on this lovely landscape, they hid themselves. Only joy and satisfaction were abroad.

We went by orderly fields, neatly painted houses, trim gardens, and well-kept forests. It was a gala day. People were marching, singing, and cheering. At Weimar we could not drive into the square by the Hotel Erbprinz because it was filled with men in Party uniforms, gathered for speeches and luncheon.

We were politely shown a place at the side of the Duke of Weimar's castle where we could park. We had come early because I wanted to put flowers on Goethe's and Schiller's desks. We went first to Goethe's house, intending only to go to the little room where he used to work. But as we were coming down the stairs a teacher with a class of schoolboys went into the museum, and I had curiosity as to how he taught them. When here with Marie I had wished for other aids than the collection of relics arranged in chronological order in the big hall. Following this teacher past Herr Hitler's statue, I found that he did not need aids. Out of a full mind he was re-creating for his pupils the Weimar of Goethe's time.

Using vivid words, he arranged a background: one Duke of Weimar, and then another; this duchess and her successor; individuals gathered round them; their furniture, their clothes; a few sentences of reminder concerning the stirring of minds through the Reformation and the hard times that followed. He had his boys' attention and mine. He noticed that I listened. I explained my eavesdropping. With that friendliness which I have found everywhere a German characteristic, he welcomed me to his class. He said they were from Bayern, and were celebrating Herr Hitler's birthday by this trip.

This stiff-necked, spectacled, threadbare teacher warned his pupils that the time under study was an era when state control, particularly in Weimar, was lax. There was no Bureau of Propaganda and Enlightenment to guide Germans. Ideas of freedom and liberty for the individual were loose in the air.

There was no *Führer*, and even Goethe failed to devote his genius to the furtherance of national discipline and obedience. Goethe made a hero of Götz von Berlichingen, beleaguered in his tower, defending personal opinion against the forces of law and order which pressed hard upon him. Schiller declared that an artist could follow no voice but the promptings of his own inner self. The little teacher made live people of these Germans of the past. Herder, urging men to be 'masters of their own fate,' went through the Weimar streets, his 'blue coattails flying in the wind.'

The teacher's range was wide. He did not bother about any of the labeled relics of Goethe's life. He concentrated on other things. He touched on Novalis, who defined the best state as one where individual men were powerful, not weak. He mentioned Wilhelm von Humboldt, who demanded that the state should limit its sphere of action to the safeguarding of the citizen's life and property. He dwelt longest on Lessing, influenced by the philosopher Felix

Mendelssohn. He said: 'The author of *Minna von Barnhelm* discounted patriotism. When very ardent he called it unheroic. Anything other than appreciation of all humanity he considered a weakness, a sign that a man was a coward, afraid of men not exactly his own image.'

'I'm not sure these ideas are not right,' said one boy, the tallest and strongest. He was promptly scowled at. Squelched, he became sulky, while the teacher impressed on them all that, as good Hitler Youths, it was their duty to keep their oath and give instant and blind obedience to the *Führer's* every command. Then he announced that for ten minutes they could look at things by themselves. After that it would be time for lunch.

When I had thanked him I went to find my husband. He was waiting in the hotel, which was considerably torn up inside. It was being enlarged because more accommodation for Nazi officials was needed at Weimar. The former duchy, once famous for the musicians and writers entertained there, was becoming an important government centre. Soon Weimar would be almost surrounded by military aeroplane fields, and a concentration camp called Buchenwalde for 'undesirable and antisocial elements' of the German population.

Feeling that the old Weimar was about gone, except in memory, I asked to see again the little suite of rooms which we had occupied when previously here. They were as yet unspoilt. These were the rooms that the Duke of Weimar provided for Hans Christian Andersen.

In the countryside beyond Weimar we saw new barracks, and many aeroplanes. Thuringia, the green heart of Germany, is one of the earth's charming places; we lingered in forested hills as long as we could, then hastened to Kassel. After we had booked a room for the night we went to find a stranger, of whom we had been asked to bring news to England.

She and her family had been working

late in their field, taking advantage of the fine evening, so our plan to arrive after their supper did not succeed. Sitting on the doorstep, a board on her knees, the mother was cutting slices of black bread and smoked sausage. To her children's delight she was giving the food into their hands and letting them eat it by the haystack, or wherever they chose.

Five children were at home, in ages from sixteen to four; a daughter was away learning to be a nurse, and a son studying for the ministry. Her husband, a pastor, was in a concentration camp. She was grateful for the invitation for some of her children to come to England, although she herself was certain that Germans ought to stay in their Fatherland. She would not send any outside, but if they wanted to go they could. No one wished to leave. The 'cause' would be lost in Germany if those with eyes that saw the decline of morals, hearts that felt it, and tongues that dared to rebuke it, went into exile.

The mother and two older boys talked to my husband, while I went with the younger ones to see their cow and newborn calf, three baby pigs a neighboring farmer had given them, and the stone mill, very like home mills in China, on which they had ground rye. This little *Bauernhaus* had been willed to their mother by her aunt. Formerly they had only come here sometimes in summer. But when their father was taken their mother had brought them here to make it their home.

'Father could come out at any time,' said the six-year-old. 'God gives him courage to stay in. We pray for it. He asked us to pray because it helps him to know that we are doing so.'

'To come out he has to sign a promise to support everything the Nazis do. He has to take the oath of blind obedience to Adolf Hitler. Our father is a Christian. A Christian cannot approve or be quiet in the face of the things the Nazis do,' explained the daughter of eleven.

'Christianity is a religion of love,' offered the tiniest solemnly. 'Love and sorrow for all whom the Nazis hurt; and love and sorrow for the Nazis, too.'

XLV

After Kassel, we went to a family who gave us an evening of a string quartette, playing Mozart. In this house they were enthusiastic about the Third *Reich*, and keen on the things their *Führer* has done. They knew that there had been cruelty, but 'revolution is never bloodless.' They believed that Germany would soon be invincible, and that Herr Hitler really does speak for seventy-five million people, whose strength is at his command.

'If you think otherwise, you are misinformed,' I was told.

They talked with satisfaction of the end of unemployment. When I asked what will happen eventually about the multitude now making munitions, they said that the time will never come when they need be turned off. There will always be a market for arms — wars are natural to man; and besides, the larger the *Reich* grows the more need there will be to defend frontiers and colonies from jealous nations.

In the Rhineland we said *Auf Wiedersehen* to many we knew well. Above Aachen we halted before the same red and white barrier that had been opened to us nearly four years ago. 'Heil Hitler!' said the official. 'Heil Hitler!' we responded to his country's convention. My husband went into the wayside office. I waited.

The formalities for exit were soon completed. The way was clear to leave Germany. '*Auf Wiedersehen*' — '*Auf Wiedersehen*.' Until we meet again. As we exchanged that parting with the man who let us out, we knew that often we should be homesick for this land and its people.

En route to Ostend there was time for a detour to take a present to our godson

in Eupen-Malmédy. He had grown splendidly, and could greet and thank us in English. His grandfather hoped for some assurance from us that union with his Fatherland would come soon.

'The Saar and Austria have got home.' He had pride in this. 'Probably it will be the Sudeten next, and maybe the Tirol. Then Memel and Danzig and the Corridor. Our *Führer* seems to be swinging round that way. Our time will come — but it is long. It is long, and I grow old in waiting.'

His daughter-in-law did not want Eupen-Malmédy to be taken into the *Reich*. Belgium is her country. She was five years old when the frontier was fixed at its present place. She has a married sister living on the other side.

'Bibsi is better off under good King Leopold,' she said. 'Our king is of German race. He is a Christian king. I do not want Bibsi to grow up where Christ is rejected.'

'I know English, French, and German,' suddenly boasted Bibsi. He won't be four until June. His English words are less than a dozen, his French is decidedly limited, and German is his daily speech, but he has joy in being trilingual. 'I can salute "Heil Hitler," sing "Bravo King George," say "O. K. Roosevelt," and wave the flag for my king.'

His mother flushed. 'Do you think he is too forward? It is hard not to spoil when there is only one. Perhaps we encourage him too much?'

XLVI

The white cliffs of Dover welcomed us to England. Bluebells were in flower when we arrived. Almost immediately I began to prepare this account of my experience among the Germans. A concern has been on me to do it. Its purpose is to help understanding between Germans and people who live outside the *Dritte Reich*. We who inhabit this earth must draw closer together in brotherly love than we have done. We must take

more interest in each other. Selfishness, ignorance, and fear have brought us to the pass we are in.

We ought to have helped the Germans to a wiser constitution after the war. The Weimar Constitution is a beautiful thing — a code for angels. They needed a code for earthly use. We should have known that they had never learned to carry civic responsibility. In writing this book about present-day life among the Germans I have striven to give a clear, true, and balanced picture. I hope it will rouse wise men to help Germans to get back into the vanguard of civilized people where, by merit of their talents, they rightly belong. In my portrayal I have not used actual names, excepting those of state officials, and I have changed the location of incidents wherever I have thought it necessary. While I have been working at this, German history has moved on in a tragic course.

We now live by a wood into which our gate opens to a path that leads through the wood and fields to Jordans, the Friends' meetinghouse where William Penn used to wait for the voice of God. His grave is in the yard. I am not homesick here as on the continent, because I never feel far off from Pennsylvania. The people round me hold the same views, and order their lives in the same way, as those among whom I grew up. It seems as if I had come home; and it is good to be among one's own in months such as these have been.

Since we have been here, more Germans than we expected have crossed our threshold — each one welcome. We have had exiles, people on holiday, and advocates of Naziism. I know myself fortunate to be mistress of a house in a liberal land where one can listen and talk on neutral ground.

From the many things which my guests have told me, it is my conclusion that through the time of mounting tension up to the destruction of the Czechoslovakia of Masaryk, and on to the end

of the year, havoc which has deeply stirred the German people has been wrought in all the lands over which the banner of the hooked cross waves.

Not all people have been stirred. During my experience I have met a fairly large number of men and women who give to their *Führer* a blind allegiance from which critical judgment is entirely absent, no matter what happens. One of them visited us late this fall. He is a man of education, and successful in business. He told me that Adolf Hitler is a *Übermensch*, a god-man. He said that the *Führer* willed Mr. Chamberlain to go to Munich so that war might be avoided, and that eight days before he flew there Herr Hitler became quite calm and waited for his arrival. The people I know who have maintained a steady assurance that the peace of Europe and the future of civilization can be trusted to one man have all been middle-aged. Among youth I have not known anyone whose confidence has been so steady.

The destruction of Czechoslovakia upset me very much. When Mr. Chamberlain set off by aeroplane for Munich I was thrilled. I thought that he knew a way in which to adjust things differently than was done. I do not blame him for what happened. If there was no choice except between this and war, then this was the better. But I felt things should never have reached this crisis.

In my disturbed mood I wrote letters to a number of people, including young men I knew in the German army. From one — after some time — I got a lengthy answer. He said that he and a good many other young men did not like being moved around as chessmen in a game. He imagined that youth who feel like that are to be found in other countries as well as in Germany, and said if he had any choice in the matter he would order a complete disarmament of the entire world, erase all the frontiers, and have everything run for everybody's benefit by a committee of unselfish men devoted to the welfare of humanity.

He had not enjoyed giving two years of life to the boredom of army training. This is part of his letter, in translation:

I know that things in my country could be ordered better than they are. Many of us talk about that, but none whom I know has devised any workable plan by which a change could be made. We shrink from a revolution which would cause great destruction, and leave us probably no better off than we are at present, and perhaps worse. We rescued Austria last March. Our entrance met with no resistance from a population counted German, but whom we found different from ourselves. They welcomed our soldiers with cheers, but no joy. Soldiers were given a special allowance — extra pay — to spend in the land of the poverty-stricken Austrians, and thus create a feeling of coming prosperity. In the countryside we could pay for nothing. With a courtesy which was somehow embarrassing, people gave us the best they had and refused our money. We had heard that they were poor. So they were in a way, but they had things we had not seen for years — many of us felt like locusts as we passed over their land. After the conquest Austria was as poor in butter, milk, white flour, wool, and the pretty things in shops, as Germany.

We had to let Nazis do things no German should be allowed to do, and then, when it had run a little time, bring them to order. The purpose of this was to make it look as if there would have been civic chaos in Austria but for the German army. The faces of the Austrians reflected scorn. They saw through the whole thing. In Vienna such deeds were done as civilized men have never done before. Ballots were marked 'Yes' for the plebiscite, but we know that it was no more than the acceptance of the inevitable — we were the barbarian hordes.

That was spring. The cuckoo announced the coming of summer. Men were conscripted in Germany to fortify the Rhine. We had a warning of what it means to be governed by mandate — a notice that man, woman, and child can be taken from anything he or she may personally want to do and be set to work at anything the government plans. As for soldiers, they were kept at manœuvres through long weeks — waiting. And again marched to meet no resistance, taking over territory and property, the theft of which

made many feel anything but happy. We have all been to school. We know the historic boundary line of the Bohemian Crownlands. We know how Germans happened to live in the Sudeten, and we've no illusions about Nazi interest in poor people. We've observed the *Winterhilfe* several winters.

Few have any illusions about propaganda. Some of us have skied over there, and have never seen any Czech atrocities. This time a proportion of the rescued ran before us as fast as they could go. Others welcomed us, expecting to receive all that they had been promised.

German soldiers are not beasts, whatever you have imagined. It was horrible to have to leave Jewish sick unattended by the roadside in no man's lands, and be forbidden to allow cars to pass to them with food.

It may be a thrilling thing to make a conquest by battle — the soldier risking his life to gain territory can feel himself a hero, but if we don't find a foe soon who will fight when he is encountered our fine army is going to fall to pieces. [In other mood my young friend does not think this — knowing him as I do, I am certain of it.] We have the guns, and although we may grumble about the lack of butter, that is really not an important thing. It is something quite inexplicable.

And among us many are asking each other, 'What is up? Are we being decoyed as Napoleon was into Russia? We have got 10,000,000 people and their lands. There is no bulwark between us and the Ukraine, or the Black Sea — but we are no better off in Germany than we were last year. We are poorer by far.'

This is the way another man has been affected. He is middle-aged, a prosperous manufacturer. He has been a supporter of the Party, and when I first met him he was sure that this was the way for his country. He was anti-Semitic then, and told me that most Germans were. Recently he has changed. 'I am cured of anti-Semitism because I see now where it leads. We've got to learn to get along with, and protect, our fellow men even though there are some different from ourselves to whom we are not attracted.'

He told me that men who knew better were among those who obeyed when

ordered out of their beds to set fire to Jewish synagogues. He explained that the reflex habit of obedience was too highly developed in Germans in a time when absolutism was not unsatisfactory. He was deeply troubled that men looked on without action, although with apprehension, at Hitler youth destroying property with government encouragement.

'We Germans have been a thrifty and frugal people, and developed a sense of the care of property. Even in the time of the Bolshevik uprisings, in the era just after the war, it was not like this. Although Bolshevik in theory, they remembered that they were German, and put papers on polished floors before they placed guns on them. That may seem queer to a foreigner, but there is a Germanness in it which I like. I am not the only one lost to the cause. Those fires did not please the German populace. The whole anti-Jewish show was a strategic mistake. Five years of intensive propaganda have failed to rouse the German people to a spontaneous pogrom. Our people are humanitarian. They were the happiest when led by kings who saw to it that they practised the Christian virtues.

'This blunder has won us the condemnation of the civilized world, and rightly. It has lost to the government the adherence of vast numbers of people without ability to stand against it openly, yet certain that it is wrong. My workmen were not pleased about it, and other men have told me the same about theirs.

'The people are not ignorant of the fact that ever since the Nazis came into office they have taken as forfeit the money in the treasury of every club and organization, large and small, which they have ordered to be closed. They know of private fortunes — "Aryan" fortunes — forfeit to the state, and the sudden disappearance of good people. And now they see Nazi confiscation of £80,000,000 from the Jews. To peasants

and workers that sort of thing is plain thievery.'

XLVII

Angela is eighteen. She came to me in England because there was something she wanted me to help her do. Three and a half years ago, when she first wrote me, she was a child — a child in Arcadia. Her hair, the color of ripe wheat, was in a braid, and her blue eyes shone as we sat by the Rhine and she told me of National Socialism. She was a Hitler Maid. Her selfless heart, her talent for influencing others, and all her strength were her *Führer's* to use.

She now held a Nazi job, which she combined with an unofficial mission. Accredited as a Nazi worker, she could move about with a freedom she said she would not otherwise have. Her unofficial mission was 'listening to the voice of the people.'

She dialed my radio, picking up a succession of German stations. I heard nothing unusual. Other nations, including my own United States, were being portrayed as dens of iniquity. England happened then to be occupying the centre of the stage. Identical statements, in three different voices, from three stations, followed one after the other, quoting an Arab paper on the wicked behavior of British troops in Palestine. It was but a repetition of the reports, from so-called eyewitnesses or obscure middle European newspapers, of atrocities formerly broadcast as committed by the Czechs on the Sudeten Germans. There was good music. She let me hear only a few bars from Chopin and Bach. There was a weather report, and an interesting talk on cookery had my attention when she dialed off.

She said: 'You may think that our radio is the voice of our people, but it is not. The voice of Naziism is trumpeted, but the true voice of Germany is a murmur so low that only the patient and gentle can hear it. Many of us who were formerly deaf to all but the cause that

had enthralled us are listening now to news that is never published. What we learn we are passing from one to another.'

Earnestly she endeavored to give a report which I would credit. With my young German friends I have a reputation for skepticism. This is owing to the fact that when I was young my educators were Quakers who counseled against too hasty enthusiasm. She covered the map of her country from Königsberg to the Brenner, from the North Sea into the Sudeten. Compatriots had assisted in arming her. I was not asked to accept a general statement for any district until the conclusion had been buttressed with specific incidents, in which she gave the occupation and home background of the person whose 'voice' she reported.

Her record was written in her memory. In Germany they wrote nothing down. They passed what they learned by word of mouth. If record was found in the *Dritte Reich*, at the frontier, or by a German spy in England, the carrier would have endangered the people reported. Also, the carrier's chance to work toward the reestablishment of civilization in Germany would be over.

Discontent is widespread. The Nazis never have represented all the people, and now many who were won by misrepresentation, or were conquered by fear, are stirring. While broadcasting to the world that they speak for the whole people of Germany, the leaders have had to arrest an ever-increasing number, until a total they dare not publish has been taken into concentration camps. They have to silence opposition by beheading; there is an unknown number of martyrs — many seventeen to thirty years of age — whose lives have been taken. Their death fans the cause.

Neither propaganda nor violence is the power that it was. People are uncertain as to how to effect a change, but they want a change. Fundamentally, Germans are good. People are making cults of men who stand against Naziism.

Pastors who refuse the oath, and condemn wickedness from their pulpits, have a greater following than those who do not — and when they are taken into concentration camp that following increases. They are called blessed when they stay in prison, refusing to retract what they have said. Lay folk gather courage against fear by the pastors' setting this example.

In the Sudeten, people who welcomed the union with anticipation are already whispering how much better it was under Beneš. In Austria, people who discounted Herr von Schuschnigg as a narrow, bigoted Catholic take courage from his courage. Peasants who did not know the name of this minor Tirolean nobleman when he was Chancellor tell stories of him: how he threw his service cap into the open grave of the murdered Dollfuss, pledging his life 'for Austria,' and how he has kept that pledge. He could have flown before the arrival of the Nazis, — a plane was ready and his friends urged him to go, — but he stayed to drink the cup of bitterness with Austria. Taunted, reviled, tortured, he has shown men how to keep faith with their principles. Even when the Nazi *Führer* came to try to make him leave, because his presence strengthens the courage of those who have surrendered but not submitted, he would not go.

People in Germany, in Austria, in Bohemia, watch with growing apprehension the exodus of neighbors ordered to leave the *Reich*. Despite what the Propaganda Bureau may try to teach, Hans and Gretchen know whether or not their own neighbors, Jacob and Rebecca, have been folk whom it is good to live beside through thick and thin. They do not have the civic courage to stand by a neighbor, but every time a good neighbor is taken the government loses prestige with those who are left.

What Angela wanted was for me to be less silent than I had been. She asked me to condemn in no uncertain terms every breach of the humanities committed in

Germany, and combine this with outspoken belief in the goodness of the German people. She wanted me to ask all my friends to do the same. She said that it would help.

'You do believe in us, don't you?' she pressed.

I assured her that I have faith in the goodness, the courage, and the endurance of the Germans. They are a people whose true nature is not to hate, but to love all their fellow men. When they had passed through the fires of the Reformation their hearts were neither stone nor ash. They were pure gold. With this treasure they founded a kingdom so strong that they could fearlessly welcome Jew and Gentile, pagan and agnostic, to full citizenship.

In ages past the Germans have reached so high in getting truth for mankind that they have touched the stars. They have brought down for us gifts beyond estimation. That contribution is not ended.

Often I have heard it said that Nazism will last a thousand years. I think that those who speak for it overestimate the time of its duration. The good in this movement will endure. All other elements the German people will discard. They are not an ignorant mass. They are an educated populace. Their future history will be different from that of a less cultured people on whom barbaric emotionalism is used.

It is well to reconsider their past. Before the close of the eighteenth century, the intellectuals among their forefathers had dreamed of a system of education that would raise the moral and intellectual level of the whole people. Rulers were won to the movement. By the opening of the nineteenth century all the German states, led by Prussia, had established schools — and normal schools for the training of teachers — to give the people, rich and poor, opportunity for education. And in 1819 state laws made attendance compulsory. Present-day Germans bear the mark of this attempt so clearly that I am convinced

of its success. It permeates every class.

Circumstance did not seriously press their fathers to sue, and die if there were need, for civic rights. The fact that the Germans have to-day no political liberty is not a true sign that they are a people too backward to assume the responsibilities of government.

In past times, those of their number who made efforts to secure a hold on the steering wheel of state could gather but a feeble following. Ruled as they were, the people felt no necessity to demand ruthlessly more than was benignly given. Civic responsibility is a heavy burden — few cared to assume it. One has but to look into the histories of other nations to learn that we are all akin in this reluctance.

I have talked with many educated in the time of *Freiheit*. Few of them ever considered the possibility that freedom of intellect might lead to what exists under Naziism. They did not dream that such liberty could result in suppression, by men of *Sturm und Drang*, of all voice but their own. Politics were never even considered seriously by many of these descendants of nineteenth-century Germans.

When the war was over they lost their kings and other liege lords so rapidly that many with whom I have talked do not know how it happened; they blame it on the victorious democracies, and tell me that they looked on their own democracy merely as something forced on them by military defeat. Not all, of course. There were loyal supporters of the Weimar Republic, but not enough. The others, harassed by the unruly, who interpreted civic liberty as civic license, were only too glad to hand the responsibility of government to any leader willing to assume it, protect them from all bother, and give back the happier past.

But, alas, that beautiful past has not been restored to them. Some Germans never hoped for it, and warned others, sacrificing their liberty and their lives

in order to do so. Many are only now waking to realization of what has happened. Even when they saw evil done they held on to a comfortable hope that everything would come out all right in the end. Few are evil, but a great number close their eyes to what goes on, and continue to hope. An increasing number do not.

Naziism is a materialism. My estimation is that a very small proportion of the Germans are materialists. They are mostly people whose poetic comprehension is more developed than their common sense — but they are not materialists. On the radio and in the press there is great clamor about a German demand for the return of colonies, but in non-Nazi circles there is a stirring concern regarding foreign affairs which has nothing to do with colonies. 'Colonies' is a subject less important, in many German minds, than a very real concern for civilization. The German people's reluctance to war is not wholly fright that *their* land may be bombed, but encompasses a concern that other countries may be bombed.

Just as Nazi anti-Semitic propaganda has failed to do more than make many stay quiet, and others take part under orders, so the vile propaganda against other nations has failed to make the people as a whole hate them. To my certain knowledge three nations and their nationals are popular in Germany to-day — England, America, Sweden. I have not tested out the popularity of others, but I can state that there is many an admiring word said for Herr Beneš; and it is remembered that he is of the people who gave to Germany, in the seventeenth century, Johann Amos Comenius, 'the father of German common school education,' a Hapsburg exile.

Even when in another land those of us who have a wide German friendship are kept continuously close to the civic troubles of Germans. Our situation is similar to that of all our English friends who have connection with those who

dwell in the *Dritte Reich*. We never know from which German the mail will bring an appeal, 'Help me to get out,' or, 'Will you take my children?' When telephone or doorbell rings we do not know whose voice will say, 'I have had to fly' — we are now beyond all possibility of surprise. German Aryan, German Jew, and German Czech are among those who turn to us.

A government does not stand long, without drastic modification of its tenets, when this begins to happen. It is but a warning of the unrest rising in the land the exiles leave. I learned this wisdom from the Chinese political philosophers.

XLVIII

Of refugees I give one example. Recently arrived from Germany, he sat at my husband's piano, playing as if we were not there, playing German music, Czech music, Russian music, playing with a feeling divinely inspired — a man bewildered, seeking guidance from other musicians.

In the *Who's Who* of German music, a long list of celebrated accomplishments are recorded below his name. He was composing in early youth, and his music has absorbed all his attention until now, when he is no longer young. He was born of Flemish blood, and is on the census as German because his 'speech in daily use' was German — that was the way the census report was made up. In these last years he has had his home in Cologne — a home furnished with things of beauty. He often played in Brussels, and some friend thoughtfully saw to it that he had a Belgian passport. He seems never to have thought of himself as anything but a musician.

My husband knew him, and we were privileged to be invited to his private musicals. Anyone looking over fellow guests soon saw that if his host had ever heard of the 'poisonousness' of Jews he had brushed that foolish noise impatiently away. In April, when we left

Germany, his name was one acclaimed by those who have German voice to-day — and he, deep in a cycle of songs, gave politics no heed.

In June, although he is of pure Flemish inheritance and has a Belgian passport, he received a Nazi request to state his political position. On the form he wrote, 'I am an artist.' In November, about to start on a series of concerts in German cities, — all arrangements settled, — he received a notice that he could play no more in Germany, and had a warning that if not out of the country in twenty-four hours he would be put in a concentration camp. He got this message by telephone.

He consulted friends — 'What is an artist to do?'

'Fly — fly! You have the fortune to be a Belgian — you have a Belgian passport — go to Amsterdam, go on to England — to America. Fly while you can.'

'But is it right to fly before injustice? Should I not fight it — go into *Konzentrationslager* for the freedom of music, if necessary?'

'An artist's first duty is to enlighten pathways with his art. That you cannot do from a concentration camp. Go abroad — tour America — help us all. You have a Belgian pass — you can get out. Go quickly while there is time.'

His German friends — 'Aryans' — persuaded him. Leaving everything, he set forth. Luckily, from his last trip abroad to play in Switzerland he had a statement that he had brought in, and had permission to take out, 430 francs. All his other money, excepting ten marks, must be left in Cologne — most of the money of to-day's exiles stays with the Nazis.

Before the twenty-four hours were up he was in Amsterdam. From there he brought the report: 'The Dutch are alarmed — they arm — they arm — to hold this storm at bay if they can. They see the gathering *Götterdämmerung*. I was preoccupied with my compositions. I did not wake. The burning of the

Berlin *Reichstag* signaled the start of *Götterdämmerung*. We have had our second warning in the firing of the synagogues. Fire is its theme. One hundred and twenty-six beautiful synagogues, all the synagogues of the German Jews, burst into flame in one instant — oil and then fire. It will be the Catholic Church next, — the beautiful churches, — then the homes of the people. It is a crash more terrible than Wagner foretold. Yet he is right — his music is right for it.'

And he continues: 'You remember Frau L.?' We nod. 'They have taken her fortune. First they took her car, the car she used to send for my use; then they took her property — she is allowed one hundred marks a week. Frau L. a Nazi pensioner because she is a German Jew! That lovely park at her country place — I wrote some of my best music as her guest, and she has had to go to her daughter at X. They will make a household with what they are allowed. A twilight of the gods comes on us all, and yet you say I must learn English.'

'No, not *learn* English, but use English. Perfect your English. Don't fall back into German continually. German is a tongue few understand here,' we press on him, attempting to make clear to him the futility of trying to make himself understood in his native language.

He will come through his twilight. He has his art. God has gifted him. Art is enriched by suffering — he will now have more to give mankind than before.

I, too, can see that *Götterdämmerung*. Much in Germany has already gone, but brave men and women there hold up the edifice of civilization, and their support is

an educated populace, a populace waking to realization of the danger.

I do not share the view of those who feel that if that crash occurred it would mean the end of civilization. Nor do I think that a general European war would end civilization. We should have to endure it, as my dear ones in China endure, and those who survived would carry on regardless of which side had the victory. But much of great beauty, which should be the property of our children, and our children's children, would be destroyed. I am thankful for what peace we have to-day.

It is Christmas Day as I write this page. Logs burn brightly on my fire. We have a tree, and there is a smell of candles and hemlock. The landscape beyond our windows is white, with the laurel hedge gleaming, green and glossy. There is snow for my first English Christmas. Holly grows here as tall as trees. In our thicket it was adorned with a glory of berries ready for hungry birds to feast on.

There are many robins. They come to the kitchen door for crumbs. The English robin is small, friendly, and red-breasted. These robins are a great comfort to me. They have the same effect on our German friends. They have power to blot out awareness, even remembrance, of human affairs. Whether or not next Christmas has as much peace as this one, or more, depends too much upon the strength of the faithful among the Germans.

They need the aid we can give them — our prayers, our friendship, and all the recognition and support that our statesmen can devise.

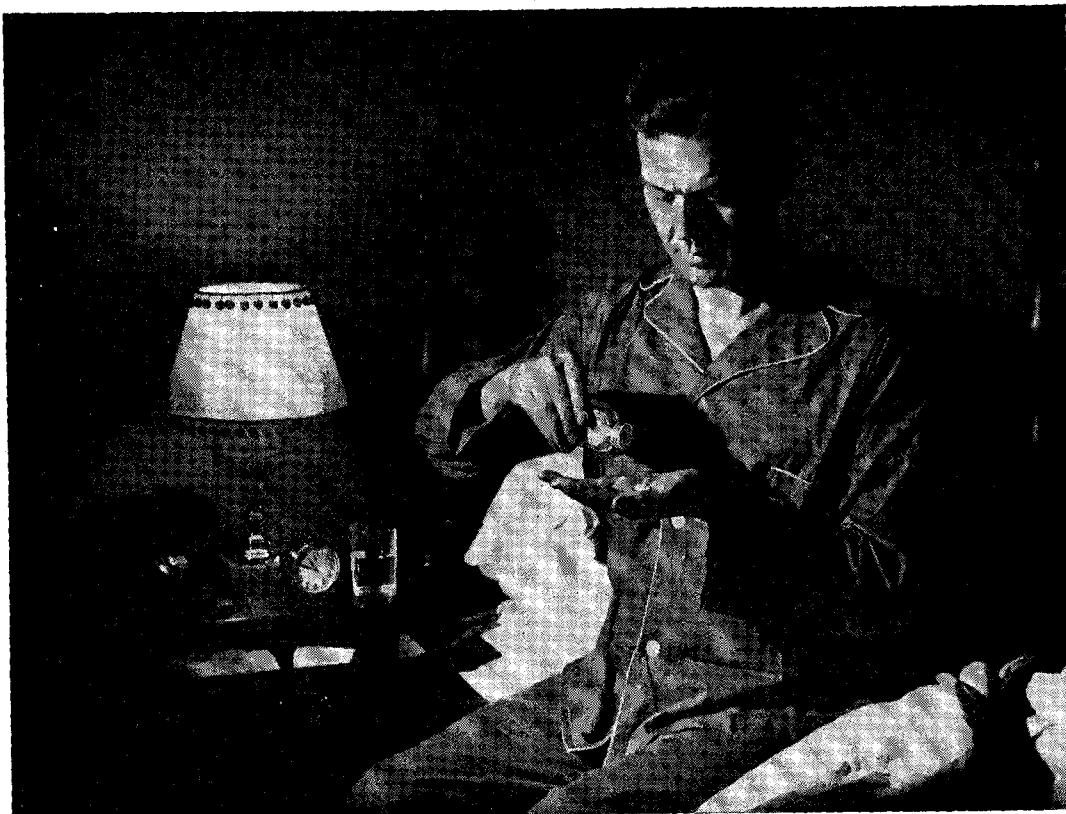
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Don't trifle with chronic INDIGESTION *Be Examined!*

INDIGESTION is not a disease in itself—but it may be a symptom of serious disease. It is one of nature's danger signals.

To ignore chronic indigestion, or to treat it with self-prescribed medicines, is always unwise. But it is especially risky in middle life.

Recently several thousand dyspeptic sufferers were studied at a large American clinic and the underlying causes of their indigestion analyzed. Particularly among patients over forty, a serious condition such as gastric or intestinal ulcer, gall bladder disease, cancer, or heart disease was frequently found to be the cause of their "stomach trouble."

Among younger people, too, recurrent indigestion may be due to disease. But more often it results from neglect of simple rules of health. Common causes are improper selection of food, hasty eating, over or undereating, defective teeth, lack

of exercise, fatigue and, in particular, excessive worry or emotional stress.

The thing to keep in mind is that chronic indigestion, at *any* age, is always a symptom of something wrong. Whether or not the "something wrong" is serious, only your doctor can determine. If your digestive disturbances are caused by disease, habitual self-dosing with pills or cathartics may delay a cure or actually imperil your chance of recovering.

To determine the underlying causes, your physician will require a careful physical examination and a thorough analysis of your symptoms—perhaps even X-ray photographs and other laboratory studies.

Whether the cause is an organic disease, or a "functional" disorder which a change in living habits will correct, your physician may be of most help if you visit him in time.



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THE *Atlantic*



A Deficiency of 56 Billions

THE unemployment problem is centered chiefly in the durable goods industries. There is no serious depression in industries that produce *non-durable* goods.

This difference is reflected by the index of employment, which in September, 1938, stood at 98% for the *non-durable* industries, against only 69% in the durable goods field.

America used to spend about 19 billions annually for durable goods, based on the average for 1919-29. Since 1932, however, the average expenditure has dropped to less than 11 billions annually, according to best

↑ estimates. The deficiency in the creation of durable goods has therefore totalled more than 56 billion dollars in the past 7 years.

Durable goods largely comprise such things as machinery, tools, new plants and building construction, representing capital expenditures that must be financed through new investment. Encouragement of the free flow of capital into private enterprise is therefore necessary to revive the durable goods industries, balance our economy and solve the most important part of our unemployment problem.

*As bankers for industry, and as trustee for the funds of others,
it is part of our responsibility to contribute something to a
better understanding of the facts about private business.*

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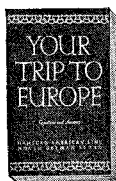
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XA-8



The Bethlehem Steel Quiz

TRY IT ON THE FAMILY

Language is colored by custom, climate and occupation. This month's Bethlehem Steel Quiz takes a swing around the map. A question which is easy for Houston may furrow the brows of Boston, and vice versa.

Score 10 for each question answered correctly. A score of 50 is a passing grade. An economics teacher or a business man may feel pleased at a mark of 80.

Correct answers will be found opposite page 434.

1. Texans and Oklahomans know more about many subjects than wisecracks in the East. In Tulsa, for example, most of the citizens are familiar with the term "seamless casing." Seamless casing is:

- (a) *The skin of frankfurters sold at roadside stands along highways in the Southwest.*
- (b) *A welded steel tank for gasoline storage.*
- (c) *A nightshirt woven in one piece, without stitching.*
- (d) *A kind of steel pipe used in the drilling of oil wells.*
- (e) *A hermetically sealed Indian tomb.*

2. Louisiana people have their special fields of knowledge, also. Thousands of citizens of that state know that a "sucker rod" is:

- (a) *A stick for smiting unsophisticated visitors at the Mardi Gras.*
- (b) *A stainless steel swizzle stick for stirring mint juleps.*
- (c) *A steel rod used in oil well pumping.*
- (d) *An underworld phrase referring to a gun in the hands of an amateur.*

3. The personnel of the metal working and motor industries in Michigan should be able to state in which of the following sentences the word *felloe* could be used correctly.

- (a) *For he's a jolly good_____.*
- (b) *Because of his fine scholarship at Ann Arbor he has been elected a_____ in metallurgy.*
- (c) *In a steel wheel, a_____ is the outer rim of the wheel proper.*

4. Citizens of Wyoming are generally aware

that one of the following steel products can be purchased by the mile:

- (a) *rails*
- (b) *steel roofing*
- (c) *wire rope*
- (d) *barbed wire*

5. Many sections of Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Ohio and Southern Illinois are "coal conscious." The mining personnel in these regions would define "abrasion-resisting plate" as:

- (a) *The home plate in the World's Series.*
- (b) *A grade of steel frequently used in chutes.*
- (c) *A trade name for the plating of Sheffield ware in plant restaurants.*

6. Through Maryland, Virginia, the Carolinas, in upstate New York, in fact wherever by-products are near at hand, farmers use a chemical fertilizer which is a by-product of the coke oven, namely:

- (a) *sodium chloride*
- (b) *cyanide of potassium*
- (c) *ammonium sulphate*
- (d) *bicarbonate of soda*
- (e) *bichloride of mercury*

7. Steel fence posts are used extensively in the Northwest, the Corn Belt, and wherever strong, durable installation is required. There is one kind of livestock for which strong fencing is especially needed. This kind has been publicized recently by a proper name:

- (a) *Petroushka*
- (b) *Ferdinand*
- (c) *Milquetoast*
- (d) *Kosciusko*
- (e) *Chrysostom*
- (f) *Abigail*
- (g) *Karenina*
- (h) *Dryden*
- (i) *Faraday*

8. Florida's vast fruit packing industry is one of the world's largest consumers of

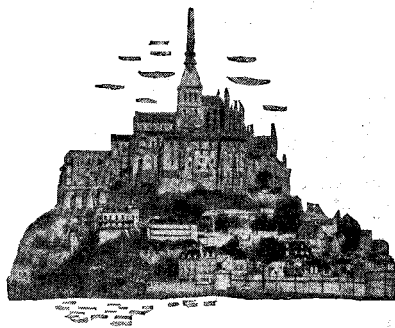
- (a) *steel sheet piling*
- (b) *bolts and nuts*
- (c) *sheet steel*
- (d) *drop forgings*
- (e) *wire nails*
- (f) *pipe*

9. Choose from the following one-syllable words a blast furnace by-product which is handled extensively by roofing-material dealers in New England and New York:

- (a) *slag*
- (b) *crag*
- (c) *shag*
- (d) *snag*
- (e) *sprag*

10. What steel company, now exhibiting at the Golden Gate International Exposition, has steel plants at Los Angeles, San Francisco, and Seattle; and shipyards at San Francisco Harbor and San Pedro Harbor (Port of Los Angeles)?

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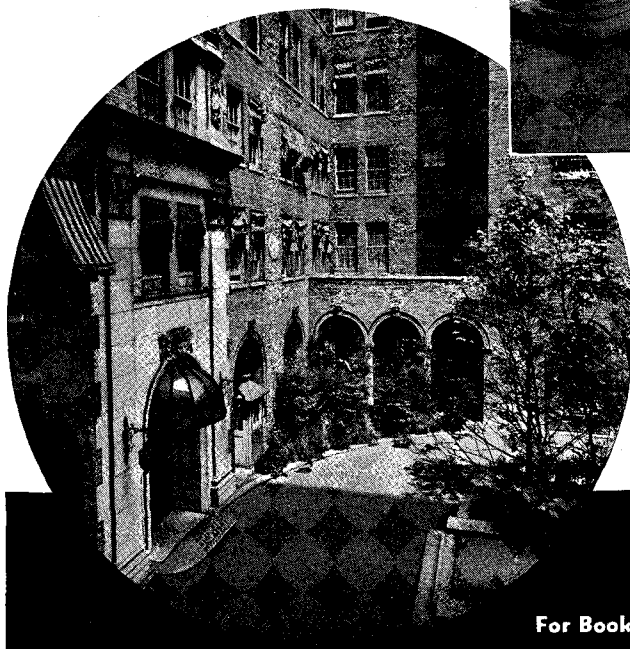
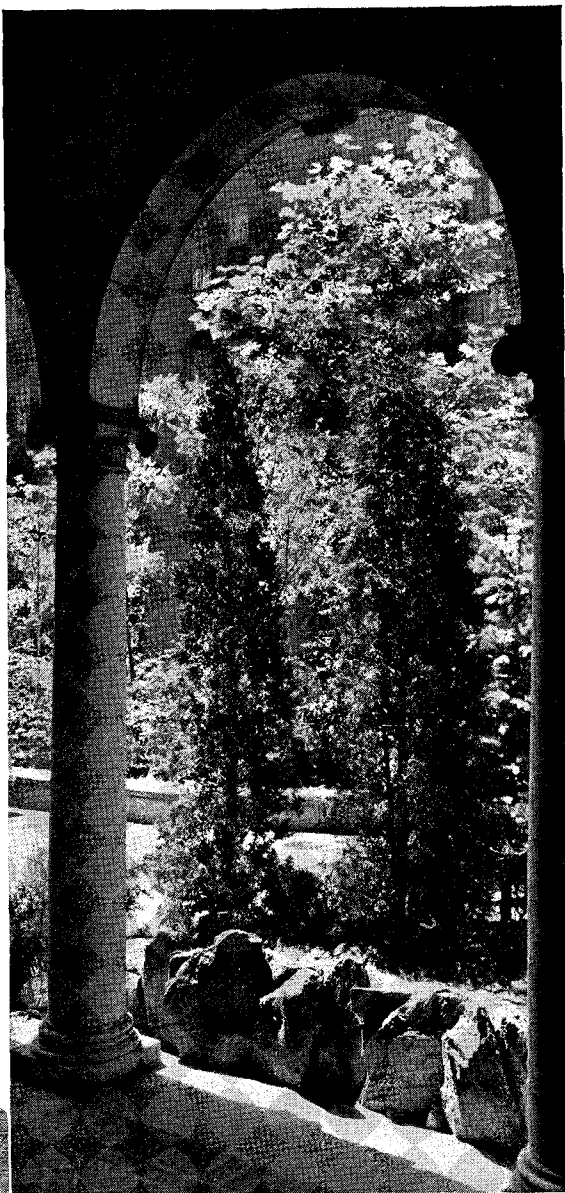
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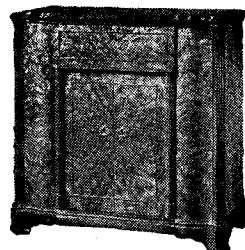
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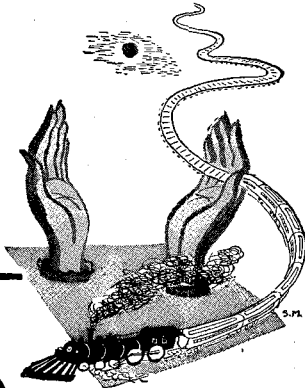
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Answers to "Bethlehem Quiz"

(See opposite page 429)

1. (d) A kind of steel pipe used in the drilling of oil wells. Bethlehem-International Supply Company, with headquarters at Tulsa, will distribute thousands of tons of seamless casing in the oil country this year.
2. (c) A steel rod used in oil well pumping.
3. (c) A fellow is the outer rim of the wheel proper.
4. (d) Barbed wire is occasionally purchased by the mile for fencing on ranches.
5. (b) Abrasion resisting plate is a steel of special hardness used in mining where there is unusual friction, as in chutes.
6. (c) Ammonium sulphate. This product usually is sold through wholesalers and dealers, because of the large tonnages involved at the point of production.
7. (b) Ferdinand the Bull.
8. (e) Wire nails for boxing.
9. (a) Slag.
10. Bethlehem Steel Company.



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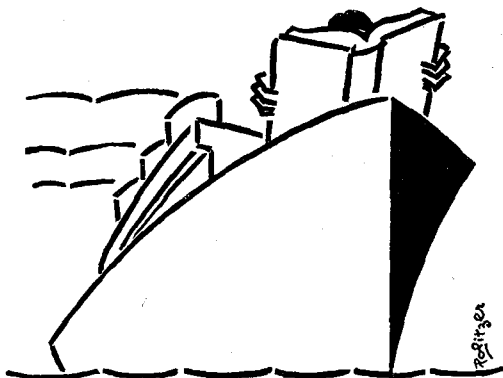
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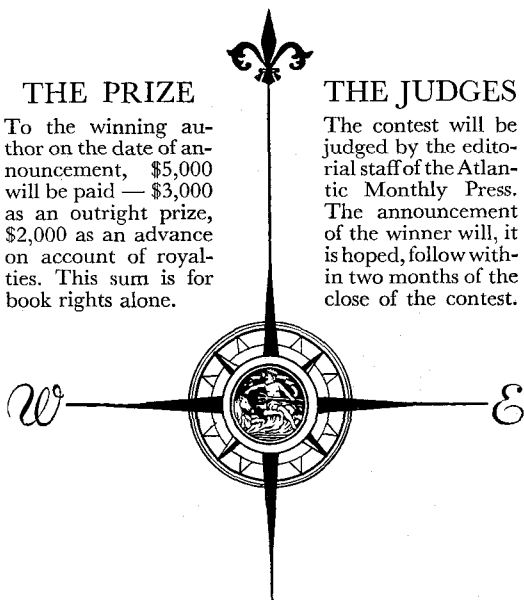
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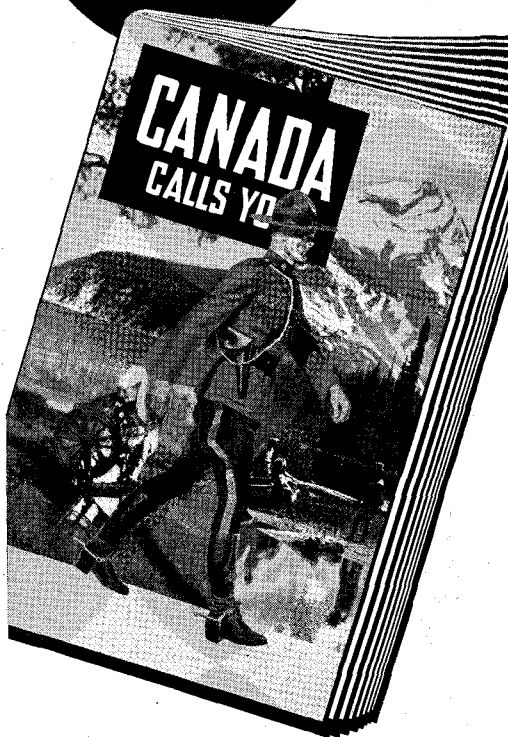


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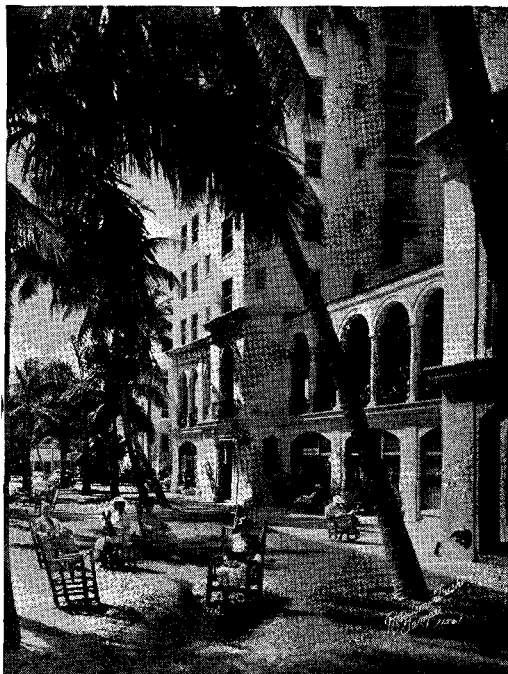
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